THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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CAPES STAY IN FAVOR

CAPES continue to swing jaunty in Fashion's limelight, and overseas authorities predict at least another season of favor for them. This Doreville model is a three-piece kit in feather-weight wool knitted from a novelty looped yarn.
—Air Mail photo.

THE Australian Women's Weekly has secured the Australian rights of "The World's Best Mystery Stories," a remarkable collection of the most compelling stories. Thirty world-renowned writers are gathered together in this really sensational book of stories—900 pages of tantalising, thrilling enjoyment.

Here are a few names that will recall enjoyable hours spent in reading their novels: Somerset Maugham, the great dramatist; Edgar Allan Poe, the brilliant American mystery writer; H. G. Wells, world-famous novelist; F. Marion Crawford, author of many soul-stirring romances; O. Henry, the peerless humorist; J. S. Fletcher, Ashton Wolfe, and Frederick Marryat.

Don't delay in securing this book with its hundreds of pages of absorbing interest, with stories in which sinister figures crouch and prowl, where mystery walks hand in hand with everyday incident, and in which revenge and redress play exciting parts.

The book is handsomely bound in heavy cloth with a striking cover. The value of the collection is not less than 30/-, but The Australian Women's Weekly is making it available to its readers at what may well be described as a presentation price of 4/- if taken delivery of at The Australian Women's Weekly office, Sydney.

Easy To Get

TO secure a copy of "The World's Best Mystery Stories" the procedure is simple. Reservation form and full details appear in the special Book Offer Supplement in the centre of this issue. Send no money with the reservation form. On the inside back cover will be found a token for the book. Similar tokens will be published each week during the currency of this offer.

When four of these tokens have been collected, send or bring them in with your Book Voucher, and on payment of the special privilege price of the book, 4/- (plus 1/- if the book is to be posted), you will receive your copy of this marvellous volume.

Readers are advised to make their reservations forthwith, as the offer will be kept open for only a very limited period.

KNEE-LENGTH SHORTS

SHORTS are getting longer, but, just to keep the balance even, bodices are getting briefer. This three-piece white linen Brayere model shows the very latest idea in shorts-cum-brassiere with a matching dress.
—Air Mail photo.

"Children's Treasure House"

READERS who have reserved the "Children's Treasure House" and have not yet taken steps to secure their volume are reminded that it will be necessary to do so at once, as supplies of the book are rapidly becoming exhausted.

There will be soon no further opportunity of getting possession of this unique collection of stories and verse (the exclusive Australian rights of which were secured by the Australian Women's Weekly) at the privilege price of 5/- (plus 1/- postage).

The New South Wales Director of Education, Mr. G. Ross Thomas, M.A., writes of the "Children's Treasure House": "This book would be a valuable and worthy addition to any primary school library."

Those who have reserved the book may either call at 321 Pitt St., Sydney, with their tokens, or have it sent to any address in N.S.W. by forwarding their tokens together with a postal note for 6/- (this includes 1/- to cover postage).

CHILD HEIR ... *who Cost* £100,000 *at* LAW

Mother's Long Fight for Baby Son's Name and Fortune

From MARY ST. CLAIRE. By Air Mail from London

Seven years ago, a woman won the most outstanding paternity case ever brought before the English courts. To-day, her son, round whom the battle raged, is heir to one of the proudest baronies of England.

This fourteen-year-old youngster is Geoffrey Denis Erskine Russell, only son of John Hugo Russell, now Lord Ampthill. His mother's bitter fight to establish his paternity was waged in almost every court in England, and finally the House of Lords settled it in her favor.

His father has now succeeded to the title and estates of Lord Ampthill, and Geoffrey becomes the direct heir of this wealthy and aristocratic family.

WHEN the Hon. John Hugo Russell, eldest son of Lord Ampthill, married Christabel Hulme, daughter of Major Hulme, of the Leinster Regiment, the announcement caused a great stir in London society.

The bride, reared in a quiet Sussex village, was beautiful and vivacious, and eager for life in the capital; the bridegroom, young, good-looking and rich, was one of the most eligible bachelors in the Royal Navy.

After about two years of marriage, Society was amazed when, in 1922, John Russell sued for divorce, alleging that baby Geoffrey was not his child, and naming as co-respondents two of his wife's men friends, and one person unknown. The two named co-respondents were quickly dismissed from the case, and this cause célèbre then turned on the mysterious unknown.

The husband contended that the marriage had never been consummated, and at the outset of the proceedings it was stated that there was no domestic unhappiness—for the simple reason that there had been practically no domestic life.

Russell was continually with his ship, and Mrs. Russell lived alone at her flat in London.

It was discovered, however, that John Russell had spent one night in his wife's flat, and that eventually decided the child's parentage. Throughout the three long trials, Mrs. Russell was calm and unruffled, though the strain must have been appalling. She stuck to her story that while her husband was in her house on that fateful night he walked into her room in his sleep. In this story she was finally upheld by the judgment of the House of Lords, to whose decision she insisted on submitting the case.

Now Divorced

THE then Lord Ampthill, father of the petitioner, spent more than £100,000 of the family fortunes on the suit.

This, together with the length of the hearings, and the fact that the succession to one of England's great baronies was at stake, gave the case world-wide interest. The affairs divided English society, and embittered the then Lord Ampthill's later life.

He was a man of considerable importance in English political life, had been Viceroy of India, and was head of the Freemasons throughout the Empire. His wife, who was, before her marriage, Lady Margaret Lygon, daughter of the 6th Earl of Beauchamp, a family noted for their pride and unbending attitude to life, upheld her husband in his fight against their daughter-in-law and her child. Lady Ampthill gained the Grand Cross of India in 1898, and in 1917 was created Dame of the Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire. She had never approved of her son's marriage.

Mrs. Russell, however, defended the case with the same tenacity as it was fought against her, and finally triumphed in the House of Lords, when the late Lord Birkenhead delivered his famous judgment.

Within the past year she has obtained a divorce against her husband. She still lives alone at her London flat, except in the school holidays, when her son is with her.

The "dream baby," as he was called at the time of the suit, is now a charming boy, with very good, rather grown-up manners and a roguish smile. He bears a likeness to his father at the same age and, even allowing for the difference in age, the resemblance between the two, to-day, is quite apparent.

Mrs. Russell—she never took her husband's title—now runs a fashionable dress shop in London. Her friends at first supported her out of sympathy, but she now does a fine trade because she is an artist in style and has the knack of suiting her clothes to the personality of the customer.

She is attractive, though six years of litigation turned her from a laughing girl into a somewhat cynical woman. She has kept her sense of humor, and has a low, very infectious laugh, and her son, for whom she fought so determinedly, is devoted to her.

Thousands Want Monoplanes

EXTRAORDINARY interest was shown in the offer made by The Australian Women's Weekly last week of an all-British model monoplane, valued at 25/-, for the presentation price of 4/-, post free to any address in N.S.W.

Over 10,000 applications have already been received so that it will be apparent that the offer can be kept open for only a very limited period.

Full particulars of how to secure these monoplanes will be found on Page 52.

LOIS FAR LOVELIER

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

NURSE AND ATHLETE

NURSE F. DRENNAN, of Sydney, was from 1908/1918 one of our best amateur runners. During that time she secured 61 first places and six second places. She won in 1908 one of the first ladies' championships ever run in N.S.W. The distances were 75yds., 100yds. and 150yds. Nurse Drennan says emphatically that sport is not injurious to women and does not interfere with the duties of a wife.

"Athletics of any kind keep a woman young," she says. She attributes her excellent health and alertness to the sport she has always followed. And now, in her 59th year, she can still run a good race.

Nurse Drennan has always been keenly interested in women's organisations, and during the war she was a very active worker for the Red Cross.

"EYES" OF ARLISS

MISS MAUDE HOWELL is known to the world as George Arliss's "right hand man." This is no libel on Jenner, who has been manservant to Mr. Arliss for over a quarter of a century, but a tribute to Miss Howell, whose job in life it is "to render unto Arliss the things that are Arliss." She sits on the set during the making of all his films and watches every moment with "your" eyes, the eyes of the average patron of the cinema.

Miss Howell made her first visit to England exactly 12 years ago, when she acted as stage manageress to George Arliss when he played in the stage version of "The Green Goddess" at the St. James's Theatre. She has remained with him ever since.

YEARS OF SERVICE

MISS ROSE SYMONDS retired last month after spending forty-six years in the Education Department of New South Wales.

For twenty years she has been headmistress of a demonstration school. She was headmistress of Darlington Demonstration Girls' School, and when it was transferred to Haberfield in 1932 Miss Symonds became headmistress there.

For five years she represented the entire body of women teachers of N.S.W. on the Conciliation Committee. She is now president of the Headmistresses' Association.

During her forty-six years of service she has endeared herself to all with whom she has come in contact.

WOMAN'S *Dream Home* ... is now *World's* STORM CENTRE

The Romantic Founding of Addis Ababa . . . What it is Like To-day

Did you know that, exactly fifty years ago, a woman, feeling unhappy in her mountain dwelling 11,000 feet above the sea, moved 3000 feet lower and called her new home by the pretty name of "New Flower" — in her language, "Addis Ababa"? This "New Flower" rapidly began to bloom, for the Emperor Menelik followed his wife, and in 1892 made the place his official residence.

As she watched its growth, little did the Empress dream that her "New Flower" was destined to play a spectacular part in world history—that, as capital of Abyssinia, its name would be on all lips and on its fate hang stupendous issues of world war and peace.

YET, though the whole world talks of it to-day, Abyssinia, and its capital, Addis Ababa, its hinterland, and its people, remain, for the most of us, a "terra incognita."

If you want to get a real insight into the strange, troubled heart of Abyssinia, to-day, you will rejoice in Mr. Ladislas Farago's book, "Abyssinia on the Eve." Just published by Putnam's, London, a copy of this book was sent by last air mail to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Its author is a young Hungarian journalist, a brilliant linguist, who has won himself an enviable reputation as a writer. On the first signs of disturbance in Abyssinia, he was sent by the Associated Press to Addis Ababa. During his stay he travelled far and wide in Abyssinia, his special facilities enabling him to get a rare insight into the conditions of life both in the towns and in the country. The result is a book of absorbing interest, a book full of surprises and packed with strange life stories.

DO not book your passage to Abyssinia unless you have lots of money. Travel is luxuriously expensive. The 460-mile train journey from Jibuti to Addis Ababa, for example, takes three days and two nights, and the single fare costs £16.

Once there, you are in a strange world. The streets are not lit. Hyenas howl all night near your door. By day the policeman directs the traffic with a hippopotamus-hide whip.

A marvellous mixture of vehicles passes him. Splendid cars creep alongside long-suffering mules, men carry fantastically heavy loads, asses and camels fantastically light ones.

A gorgeous Rolls-Royce with a red "g" on its registration-plate goes by. The coachwork is extended to provide two back extra seats similar to those in old-fashioned State coaches, and on these squat two Abyssinian warriors. More warriors are on the running-board. The chauffeur wears an elaborate green-and-red uniform. In the car a veiled woman sits. The Empress is driving through the town.

VERY interestingly the author traverses the story of the intrigues which placed the Emperor on his throne. He is Haile Selassie I, Negus Negesti, King of Kings. He also styles himself the Lion of Judah. His predecessor, Menelik II, traced his descent back as far as King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

He is about 45 years of age and is self-educated. At one time, says Mr. Farago, he used to sleep on vermin-infested beds and eat raw meat with his hands, but he is now a complete monarch, ruling according to a stereotype model, but undoubtedly ruling with great ability. His country seethes with the spirit of revolution, and he knows he sits on a tottering throne. He works indefatigably and is obviously heavily burdened by the present possibility of war.

He is not on the happiest terms with the Crown Prince, Asfou Wossen, who lives in the mountainous province of Desye, where he is Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the army. His favorite son and probable heir is the 14-year-old Prince Makonnen.

Special Pictures of Abyssinia See Page 15

A HOSPITAL patient paying for his treatment in bullets, which are scarce and greatly treasured in Abyssinia.

No Time Sense

STRANGEST of all things in this strange land is the fact that the Emperor and his Ministers seldom have the latest news of the war situation. Mr. Farago constantly stresses the fact that news is published in European papers days, and sometimes weeks, before it is known to the Emperor or his high officials.

The Abyssinian has no sense of time, and the Government is extremely sparing with the expensive method of communication by telegraph. Abyssinia corresponds with its legations by letter, which is considered a quick enough method. Mr. Farago says that he received more messages from the Associated Press than the Government itself, or the Bank of Ethiopia, and only the Italian Legation beat his record.

While European papers were announcing the approaching outbreak of war in long, special articles, the inhabitants of Addis Ababa were spending their days in uneasy ignorance.

THE Abyssinian army is the youngest in the world, and sadly lacking in equipment, though well trained and enthusiastic. Ammunition is the Emperor's greatest source of worry. None is made in the country, and he probably has only enough for a single day's fighting on a large scale. The Abyssinians, however, are excellent shots, and none of their ammunition is wasted.

Aeroplanes were unknown in Abyssinia before Haile Selassie I came to the throne. As soon as he had the money he bought a collection of old and new machines and, when Mr. Farago wrote, he owned eight machines, and there were only two hangars for the whole Abyssinian Air Force.

MEDICAL supplies are of the scantiest. The Imperial Hospital in Addis Ababa, the biggest hospital in the country, has been planned to hold 800, but the building is not finished, and the completed part has only room for 30 beds. The hospital chief is Dr. Kurt Hanner, a brilliant Swede, who is at the moment broken-hearted because money which the Emperor intended to grant him to complete the equipment of the hospital has now to be spent on bullets. So scarce and expensive are bullets in Abyssinia that they are accepted by the hospital as payment from patients.

EMPEROR Haile Selassie I.

Should war break out, transport difficulties will be almost insuperable. Abyssinia has no transport facilities of any importance, and it is practically impossible to bring up reserves from the interior to the frontier.

One of the most interesting personalities in Abyssinia is General Virgin, known as the White Emperor of Abyssinia, and named in the Associated Press by Mr. Farago as "Italy's public enemy Number One," a nickname now commonly used about him in Italy and by Mussolini himself.

General Virgin is a Swede who came to Abyssinia in 1934 as Military and Foreign Political Adviser to the Emperor. He has worked incessantly on the Emperor's behalf. He does not think that an air force is suitable to Abyssinia, as there are no emergency landing places in the country, and its mountainous nature would make it necessary for every plane to fly at a record height all the time.

GENERAL VIRGIN, known as the White Emperor of Abyssinia.

Also there are no towns to bomb. If the Italians destroyed a village it would be rebuilt next morning.

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SHOULD *Prizes* be ABOLISHED *in the* SCHOOLS?

Prize-giving a Day of Heartburns

Prize-giving day should be of a special significance to parents and teachers this year, for the reason that the wisdom of distributing prizes is being strenuously challenged.

Once regarded as a day of jubilation, teachers and parents now look upon it as a day of heartburns, humiliations, and discouragement on the part of those scholars who have been unsuccessful.

A leading South Australian educationist, who expects to go into the question officially, said that the discouragement entailed by losing a prize by far outweighed the encouragement of winning it.

PRIZE – GIVINGS have been such an institution at most schools in Australia that it would not occur to the great majority to doubt their wisdom, but with their eyes on a number of schoolchildren who have failed to win, members of the South Australian Public School Committees Association decided to recommend to the Director of Education that only two prizes should be given in each class above the third grade, and those two for the most brilliant child in the class, and for the hardest trier.

Even so, some persons who have studied the merits or demerits of prize-giving have decided strongly against giving one to the most brilliant child.

Miss Anna Drennan, herself a headmistress of considerable experience both in Australia and England, thinks that prizes should not be given. "Sometimes students get prizes by swatting hard for them," she said, "and to do so they probably neglect most other things for the sake of one prize, which is not good for their general education.

"Prizes for general proficiency and general improvement would be, I think, much more to the point. But their work through the year should be considered more than just the results of the final examinations."

Mrs. E. S. Levinson as a parent, a former teacher, and a keen observer of the child mind, declares that "Prizes bring more heartburning than good, and if they are given they should be given to encourage all-round development, for the child who has the best influence on his or her classmates, and to the hardest trier.

"I think prize-giving is a disastrous policy. It breeds conceit, and, where awards are made for brilliance, it lays the foundation for favoritism. A child is born with his brains, and there is no actual merit in native brilliance. It is what he does with his brains that matters."

Week by Week

MRS. LEVINSON explained a system of teaching which encouraged competition among the pupils, and at the same time dispensed with actual prizes. She said her children had attended a school in N.S.W., where the young scholars were placed in class according to the work they had done the week previously, so that if one person had done a good week's work he would have the benefit of being rewarded for it by his position in class.

The system also ensured that the class would mix more, and because of the frequent changes of place it did not give any one child a chance to get conceited.

Arguments for and against prize-giving in schools will probably be discussed by the members of the Schools' Committees' Association and the Director of Education in South Australia very shortly.

MISS GLADYS WIRTH with Duke.

DIDN'T *Want* to be "YOUNG LADIES"

Wirth Sisters Worth Their Money in the Circus

Years ago a father who amassed a fortune in an adventurous career in the circus planned that his five daughters should become cultured young women of leisure.

But his daughters were born with a love of horses and a feeling for the romantic tradition of the sawdust ring and the glamor of life under the "big top."

Now three of the five daughters of Philip Wirth are working for their father in the circus at present showing in Melbourne.

THOUGH at first he frowned at their refusal to become "idle young ladies," he now recognises his daughters as among the most valuable members of his staff.

The eldest daughter, Doris, keeps the books for the company. Gladys trains and rides horses, and Madeline, aged 19, is a bareback rider. Another daughter is married and living in London, and the youngest daughter is still at school.

All the girls were educated at a convent in Adelaide, and while the dark-eyed, demure little Wirth girls learned to fell a neat seam, that twice two are four, and that Rome is on the Tiber, their minds were preoccupied with thoughts of tigers, trapeze acts, elephants, gorillas, and horses "dying for their country."

Gladys, having been at boarding-school since she was four years old, emerged in her early teens with a knowledge of sciences, arts and languages and promptly lost all interest in them to go secretly to her father's circus to learn to ride and train horses.

She has been appearing in the circus for nine years. For seven years her able assistant was a fine horse, Duke, who died from poisoning when the circus was on tour in the country.

When the company returned recently from Java, Miss Wirth found a successor to him, and has now trained a new Duke—a magnificent golden horse with flowing cream mane and tail. He has won numerous prizes at shows in the Albury district. Duke is not yet as versatile in his stage performance as his predecessor, but he has acquired a "high school" education in five months, a standard of learning that usually requires 18 months. Part of Duke's salary is a daily ration of nearly a dozen carrots.

In the Blood

A YEAR ago Miss Wirth was married to Mr. E. Muhmel, who trains a big acrobatic act in the circus. Though she likes pretty clothes, and has a flair for unusual jewellery, Gladys loathes housework and cooking. Where other women find achievement in learning a new recipe, Miss Wirth counts it a crowning victory when she teaches Duke to leap through a fire-hoop.

Though Gladys shares with the average layman a frightened respect for wild animals, Madeline is on friendly terms with some of the toughest customers in the circus menagerie. A few years ago she danced regularly in the polar bears' cage.

On one occasion in Sydney she was dancing, and one of the bears knocked her down. Her foot fell near the bear's mouth. He opened his jaws to bite, but smelt sugar on her shoes, and licked them instead. Gladys got up and finished her dance.

The Wirth daughters take a practical interest in the general working of the circus, and share their father's delight in circus anecdotes. They can tell the history of Lady Betty, a malicious-looking baby gorilla they brought back from Java, the failings and the charms of the fierce, sacred baboon. They are firm and understanding friends with Sandy, a jovial little orang-outang, who is a new member of the circus cast, and they can point out from a group of identical-looking elephants which is the elephant that is the only one born in captivity.

Film Star Was Nearly a Monk

By Air Mail from our London Office

RAMON NOVARRO, the film star, is staying at the Dorchester, in Park Lane. He looks the same in private life as he does on the screen.

His tastes are simple—a "gasper" and a glass of beer are his means of fortifying himself against the visits of reporters and admirers, most of whom he very obligingly tries to see.

He has written a play with music, called "Royal Exchange," which is to be produced in a few weeks' time. He wants to finance it, act in it, and direct it.

Asked if he had ever thought of marrying, he replied, "Of course I have. But Hollywood is dangerous for marriage. I think marriage should be a sacred and lifetime partnership, and Hollywood is a superficial place."

Before he started film work, he said, he had wanted to enter a monastery.

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GAY ADVENTURE

By....
Georgette Heyer
Author of "These Old Shades," "Death in the Stocks," "Devil's Cub," etc., etc.

Judith laid her hand on his sleeve, and said with strong agitation: "It is of no consequence! Pray sit down again, Captain Audley!"

THE mad escapades of Judith Taverner, wealthy young heiress, were the talk of nineteenth-century London. She drove her own horses, took snuff, expressed spirited and frank opinions on all topics and persons and, altogether, acted in a way not then regarded as ladylike.

Her guardian, Lord Worth, sometimes seemed the most odious, provoking, detestable creature alive. They quarrelled on almost every matter, though he had shown on occasions that he could be very pleasant.

It irked Judith to know that he had discouraged suitors to her hand, although he had agreed to the marriage of her brother, Peregrine, to Miss Harriet Fairford. Secretly she was often glad of the protection Worth's decision afforded her from unwelcome suitors.

It had been a shock to Judith and Peregrine to find that their guardian—Lord Worth—was none other than the young gentleman with whom they had quarrelled on their way to London. He chose a distant relative, Mrs. Scattergood, to act as Judith's chaperon.

Worth's brother, Captain Audley, a tall, handsome, laughing cavalier, found greater favor in Judith's eyes.

The friendship of Beau Brummell, society's famous leader, meant a good deal to her, too, and she was also impressed with the charming manners of a newly-discovered cousin, Bernard Taverner.

Judith's constant defiance of her guardian reached its zenith when he forbade her to drive her own curricle to Brighton, where the Taverners proposed spending a season. She disobeyed his order, challenged Peregrine to a race, and was well on the way when Worth overtook her, ended the drive, lectured her, and arranged for her to continue the journey in a private coach. To Judith's discomfiture at the ignominious end of her escapade is added the knowledge that she has entirely lost Worth's good opinion, which she was beginning to [illegible] and on.

Illustrated :: by :: BOOTHROYD

FROM the circumstance of her eyes having been full of tears when her chaise had driven into Brighton the day before, Judith had been hardly conscious of her surroundings, and had not even looked up to see the Pavilion, which was placed to catch the traveller's gaze immediately upon entering the town. That must therefore be the first object of their morning's walk, and soon after breakfast the two ladies set out together, accompanied as far as the Steyne by Peregrine, who was bound for Ragget's Club.

A short distance brought them to the New Road and, turning down this, they soon found themselves in North Street, a steep, crowded highway which was always in a bustle of traffic. Several of the principal coach-offices were situated in it, and the two ladies paused for a few minutes to watch the departure of one of the stages to London. A number of shops displaying attractive wares made their progress slow, but they presently reached Promenade Grove, on the south-western side of the Pavilion, and sat down to rest for a while under the scanty shade of the poplars that fringed it.

The Grove was not crowded, for the fashionable hour for promenading was later in the day, when an orchestra dispensed music from a wooden box in the centre, but during the course of their stroll the two ladies met several persons with whom they were acquainted, and learned from one of these that although the Prince Regent was not yet in residence at the Pavilion he was expected to arrive at the end of the week. Colonel McMahon, his secretary, was already in Brighton.

A glance at her watch informed Mrs. Scattergood that the morning was already considerably advanced, and as they had come out with the intention of visiting one of the libraries, and taking out a subscription, both ladies now left the Grove, and, passing the Castle Inn, made their way across the Steyne to Donaldson's Library.

MRS. SCATTERGOOD and her charge reached home again a little time after midday, to find that Peregrine had returned before them, and was seated in the bow-window of the drawing-room on the first floor busily engaged in focusing a telescope on to the bathing-machines lined up along the beach below. It had not taken him long to discover that one of the more popular amusements obtaining amongst the Corinthians at Brighton was to train a telescope on to these machines (which, unlike those at Scarborough or Ramsgate, had no awnings) in the hope of catching a glimpse of Beauty about to enter the sea, and he had lost no time in purchasing a telescope for his own use.

Mrs. Scattergood exclaimed at him, and abused him roundly for being an odious, vulgar boy, but as the summer was not yet far enough advanced to tempt ladies to indulge in sea-bathing he was able to refute all her accusations, and offer her the telescope so that she might see with her own eyes that the only object of interest on the shore was a stout gentleman in a scarlet suit, cautiously dipping one foot into the water. She indignantly declined taking a peep through the telescope, and removing it from his grasp, shut it up, and inexorably drove him down to the dining-parlor, where a cold luncheon was set out upon the table.

The question to occupy their thoughts during lunch was what was to be done with the rest of the day. It was Wednesday, and no ball offered. These took place at the Castle Inn and the Old Ship alternately. Wednesdays and Fridays were devoted to card-assemblies, and although Mrs. Scattergood would have been very happy to have spent the evening playing commerce or casino she knew that her charge was not fond of cards. Happily Peregrine had provided for their entertainment in a burst of brotherly affection, and had not only engaged a box at the theatre, but was willing to take Judith driving all the afternoon.

She was very glad to exchange a card-assembly for the theatre, but the mere mention of driving with him was sufficient to put her out of countenance, and bring a blush to her cheeks. She declined it, excusing herself on the score of being tired from her morning's ramble about the town. He did not press it, but went off shortly after luncheon to seek other amusement. Mrs. Scattergood retired to her bedchamber, and Judith sat down in the drawing-room to occupy herself with her netting-box, and to look out of the window at the lively scene presenting itself on the parade.

She was not left long in solitude. A caller was presently announced, and she got up in a little confusion to welcome Captain Audley.

It was hard to meet his eyes, but from his first question it was made apparent that Worth had not told him of the previous day's escapade. He asked her if she had enjoyed a tolerably comfortable journey. He had too much delicacy of feeling, she was sure, to have put such a question had he been aware of the facts. She returned a rather constrained answer, and made haste to introduce some other topic for conversation. It was not difficult. As he sat down beside her on the window seat he desired to know how she liked Brighton, and on that subject she could be animated enough, free from all agitating reflections.

CAPTAIN AUDLEY proposed escorting Judith for a stroll, to see Rossi's statue of the Regent, which was placed in front of Royal Crescent, and upon her agreeing readily to the expedition it was not long before they had left the house, and were walking up the parade, enjoying on the one side the majestic grandeur of the sea, and on the other the rows of elegant habitations adorned with columns, pilasters, and entablatures of the Corinthian order which had been erected during the past dozen years. There was nothing to offend wherever the eye might chance to light. All was in the neatest style, and a series of well-kept squares and crescents saved the parade from too uniform an appearance, and relieved the eye with their welcome patches of verdure.

Mrs. Scattergood met them upon their return to the house, and, having exclaimed at seeing her young cousin (whom she had not expected to be in Brighton for some days), extended a cordial invitation to him to accompany them to the play that evening. He accepted with evident pleasure, and, after sitting with the ladies for a little while, took his leave of them with a promise of meeting them again later at the theatre.

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Hatch's voice barked suddenly: "Stand where you are!" The newcomers spun about, Kay gave an incredulous gasp. Moonlight flooded the face of Dick Shores; the other man was Mike, the cowhand.

Illustrated . . . by . . . FISCHER

The BAD SAMARITAN

"You're adorable!" he said, and lightly kissed her ear. "Well — I must get back to my rustling."

By - - OLGA MOORE

A Long Complete Story!

THE trouble with outlaws," said Kay, "is that they're not romantic, any more. They don't have lure." She squinted at a distant purple butte and carefully painted it pink on her canvas. Chris watched his sister uneasily. It didn't seem wholesome, a vivacious girl like Kay suddenly mooning around with paints and easels, driving off to strange, bright places on the desert, and daubing her canvas with violent inaccuracies.

"There's Pete Casey," Kay went on. "I can remember when a cattle thief was a personage. He had a black moustache and a tenor voice and piercing black eyes. He was dangerous to men's property and women's virtue. Old Pete sniffles and has a stomach."

"Well, he has to eat!"

"Not that much, my child. And if he ever menaced a woman's virtue—well, she was easily menaced!"

"Your ideas are indelicate and your painting's nutty," said Chris. "I'm going to gallop along and see what mischief Dad's got into!"

"Probably picking his teeth with a rustler's thigh-bone!" Kay guessed. "What a stew he's in! Nice he has cattle-stealing to keep him entertained, though, while he's laid up with his foot. Makes it easier for the family. I started reading aloud to him, but he threw two books at me, and then I sort of gave up. Buried myself in my art."

"Now if you could just bury the art, too," suggested Chris with brotherly tact. She threw a brush at him and followed it absent-mindedly with a small, round stone.

"The family failing!" he grinned, dodging the stone. "Dad's a sort of one-man meteor shower himself—when he thinks of Tom Hatch or the rustlers."

"Probably the same thing!" sniffed Kay, suddenly very busy with a butte.

"You don't have much use for Hatch, do you?"

"None at all! I wouldn't even use him to wipe brushes on. He's the most conceited man I ever saw! I suppose he thinks rustling's clever and original."

"Oh, look here, Sis, I don't think you should call him a rustler!"

"No? Well, I don't think you should stand up for him after what he's done to Dad . . ."

"He couldn't help it if his mare outpointed ours at the fair. He couldn't help it if his yearling Herefords took the sweepstakes over ours. As for his sowing his meadow to bluegrass when Dad wanted him to leave it in timothy—it's his meadow, isn't it?"

"I'm not so sure!" Kay looked mutinous. "Some people think there was a little swindling there!"

"You mean Dad calls him a swindler when he's tired of calling him a horse-thief. Say, what's Hatch ever done to you, anyway?"

"Nothing!" said Kay furiously.

"Oh, I see!" Chris lifted his brows and smiled. "No wonder you're sore!"

"I just despise him for Dad's sake," the girl explained loftily. "And because he thinks he's smart and because he is insolent and because he laughs at people."

"Some people are funny."

"That's what I've heard!" Kay's cheeks crimsoned. Laughter rang in her ears, cool, ironic laughter. She saw again amusement in a man's grey eyes. She felt again a man's hard arm around her waist, a man's deep chest beneath her cheek.

She saw again that scene at the swamp, the green plush slime beneath the cat-tails; she heard again the calf's frantic bawling as he struggled, his little white Hereford face splashed with mire. She had slid off her horse and struck boldly into the soap-hole, cursing that she had no rope. She knew the terror that awaited the unwary, the strangling slow death of the Western soap-hole. When she reached the calf the grimmest part of the battle had begun. For the terrified little animal had thought her just one more strange enemy. He had bucked and plunged and kicked and fought. And finally he had struck her in the chest with his head, throwing her full-length, sprawling and gasping, into the slime.

The soft black mire had closed over her face, had started tugging her gently, persistently downward. She flailed around wildly with her arms and found the calf's neck. His startled lunge jerked her head and shoulders free, and she came up blinded.

And then while she clawed desperately at her muddy eyes, she heard the thud of horse's hoofs and the creak of saddle leather. "Blub—help!" she had sputtered.

"Here!" called a man's voice. "Catch this rope!" And her shoulder stung, as the great cord thudded against her. She caught it, heard the quick orders to the horse, felt a tremendous tug, and an instant later was cleaving the mud like a ploughshare.

She heard the strange man say: "One of them's a calf, but I can't make out the other. Sounds like a girl and looks like a lizard."

She scraped across dry land at last, and an arm came about her waist, helping her up. Weak, shaken, exhausted, she leaned a moment against a flannel-shirted bosom.

"Just like having a mud poultice on your chest!" said an amused voice.

Then he set her gently aside, and recoiling his rope, briskly pulled the calf out of the bog.

"What's your name?" he asked. "So when I get the crocheted bedroom slippers you make me for saving your life, I'll know where to send my note of thanks. I'm the politest son-of-a-gun you ever saw!"

"Modest, too!" murmured Kay through the mud. "But you're an angel to fish me out. And I thank you to death, and I won't marry you and I never crochet and my name's Kay Brandon and I suppose you think I look funny—damn you!"

"Well—a little nasty!" he agreed.

She drew herself up haughtily.

"After all—" she began, when he broke into great ringing whoops of laughter that echoed through the hills.

"When you get dignified"—he gasped "all that mud—you look so funny——"

She'd climbed on her horse and ridden away. The next time she'd met him was at the Bar T dance, and she'd learned then that he was the great Tom Hatch, the most-talked-of man in the county—Tom Hatch, who'd appeared suddenly from the Snake River Valley with a herd of cattle, a string of saddle-horses, and a cook, and had bought up the Harkness ranch next to the Brandons'. He'd promptly gone into battle with old Colonel Brandon on a boundary dispute.

Kay's father was at once the protector and bully of the county. He handled the local government with one hand and his neighbors' private affairs with the other. Hatch had shown an aptitude for keeping his business to himself. This had aroused the colonel's intense resentment and his worst suspicions.

Everybody knew, declared the colonel, that Snake River was a nest of outlaws. Every so often some Snake River denizen had to leave the country. Well—Tom Hatch had left, hadn't he? Ranchmen agreed with him that Hatch was mighty close-mouthed, and the whole thing looked right peculiar. To fan speculation even higher, an epidemic of rustling broke out. So men looked at him slantingly, when he passed by, and women fluttered, for he was handsome in a tall, tantalising manner, with his impudent, slight smile and his reputation for obscure wickedness.

Kay had meant to snub him that night when Billy Cordovan brought him up to meet her. She was at her beautiful best in a slim, shimmering gown of white, her skin as velvety as the flowers upon her shoulder.

He had looked her up and down and smiled. "I like you better in white," he had said, "than in mud. May I have this dance?"

"No," she said, "it's taken."

"Quite right," he declared. "I'm taking it!" And he had swept her into his arms with no further asking.

"You're not as slippery as you were that other time," he said, "and you don't come off on my shirt so much."

"Oh," she asked blandly, "we've met before?"

"Two weeks ago," he reminded her, "you were stuck in a soap-hole, trying to fish out a calf—darned game it was of you, too—and I came by on a horse!"

She knit her brow. "It seems to me I do remember the horse!"

But he only laughed again. "I still think," he said, "that you're funny when you try to be dignified."

A hard man to snub. A very hard man.

"I DON'T see how anyone can doubt it!" Kay said now aloud to her brother. "He acts like a rustler, he looks like a rustler——"

"I see!" Chris lifted his brows. "He's handsome, you mean. Romantic. And he has piercing eyes and a tenor voice. Look here, has he been menacing your virtue?" He dodged philosophically a small shower of stones.

"Well," he went on placatingly, "we'll soon know, anyway. There's a detective here, you know. The Stock Growers' Association hired him."

"No!" She was all excitement. "Who is he?"

"Nobody knows except the sheriff. Have you noticed any new faces in the neighborhood lately?"

She was thoughtful. "There's a new man at Power's ranch. But he wouldn't be a detective. He's a dude out here for his health. Sleeps all the time. Oh, I know! Dick Shores! Just like a detective—steely-eyed and all that. Mouth like a trap."

"You've read your detective stories!" he observed. "With your steely eyes and your mouths like traps. But Dick Shores has been in the country for years. You've flirted with him scandalously ever since I can remember. He travels for a commission firm in Denver."

"That may be a sideline. To keep people from getting on to his real business. Don't you remember, he was around a lot just before Pete Casey was sent up? I'll bet anything he was the one who caught him!"

"Pete Casey caught himself—getting drunk and blabbing. He was only the goat for the outfit, anyway. Everybody says that now . . . Well, I have to be snorting along. Dad's probably fit to be tied by this time, and watching you paint makes me kind of dizzy, anyway. Those blue sheep you're putting in——"

"They're not sheep!" said a deep voice behind them.

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The .. SHUT DOOR

"We have to-night," said the woman. "Just let's live!"

BY PHYLLIS BOTTOME

GENERAL SIR MALCOLM MacKENZIE glanced about the hotel bedroom with critical hostility. His hostility was always caused by what he could not control, and his critical faculties were so highly trained that he was unlikely to overlook any possible flaw; but, whatever the room was like, he would have to put up with it for the night, because it was the best room in the best hotel on the lake. It was the height of the season, and the small Italian town was overcrowded.

According to the standards of the hotel the room was dazzlingly clean; according to Sir Malcolm's idea it was just clean.

There were two wash-basins, and two small, hard, white beds with mosquito nettings.

There was a hole in the mosquito netting which covered the bed Sir Malcolm had decided to sleep in. He had given the choice of beds to his wife; but she had known better than to take it. They were both too well bred to show annoyance, but they had not shared a room with each other for years; and neither of them liked it.

There was a balcony from which Sir Malcolm saw—without paying much attention to it—a small island float on a sea of transparent rose-color. The sun was setting. The mountains behind the island were a deep delphinium-blue. Small rowing boats with terra-cotta awnings crawled lazily, like burnished beetles, over the glassy stillness of the lake. The oars rising and falling cut the smooth surface into sudden ripples of bright gold. It was not the kind of place Sir Malcolm liked.

There was no golf; and no tennis courts. The town drained into the lake, which you were supposed to bathe in. From the look of the people in the hotel, a game of bridge—if there were any—would be bad.

Nothing but his inveterate sense of fair play would have induced Sir Malcolm to come to such a place.

His wife wanted to come. For the whole of his successful career she had gone wherever he wanted, and done what would best serve his interests. She had adjusted her whole existence to suit Malcolm's.

He couldn't—thinking of the fourteen years they had spent together—have chosen a better wife. She had made no social blunders; she had a good seat on a horse; she had never so much as looked at another man. She knew just as much about public affairs as most women did; and never spoke as if she knew more. Sir Malcolm was determined to let her have her innings. She should manage their house on her own lines—which were mercifully not unlike his own—and bring up their only child in the way they both thought children should be brought up. Now that his career was over it was obviously her turn to do what she liked.

She had wanted to come to this queer little hole on the Italian lakes, where she had been as a girl. Perhaps she had had some kind of little love affair there. Malcolm hadn't asked her. He never asked her any personal questions. There was no intimacy between them. They were only man and wife.

IT would be better to tell her about the hole in the mosquito netting before they went to bed. She spoke Italian, and he didn't. Usually, if there was any fault to find, Sir Malcolm preferred to find it himself. He found fault extremely well. For many years he had been in a position where his word was law, and this made him both considerate and courteous; unless he suspected cheek.

He did not suspect cheek from Clara. On the contrary, if he had said: "By the way, Clara, there is a hole in the mosquito netting of my bed. I wish you'd speak about it," he knew perfectly well that in her voice of cultured eagerness Clara would have exclaimed: "Oh, is there, Malcolm? Yes, of course, I will!" Then it would have been mended, and Malcolm could have slept in peace. And yet he could not speak to her about it—not to save his life!

He did not dislike her. He simply felt that as long as he lived there would be nothing that he cared to ask her; or that she cared to tell him.

He knew every tone of her flat, cheerful voice, and every expression of her controlled, and not very expressive, face.

He was going to be bottled up with her for the rest of his life; and there was going to be a good deal of it, for he was only fifty-two and remarkably fit for his age.

Clara sat with her back to him, doing her hair with placid, accustomed fingers.

They could have afforded a maid, but she liked to save unnecessary expense.

MALCOLM looked over her head into the looking-glass.

It was a bitter relief to see his young, spare figure. His close-cut curly brown hair was greying at the temples, and the lines in his well-shaped, decisive face were deep; but he didn't look perceptibly older than he had looked at forty. Nor did he feel any older, though his country, after covering him with second-class honors and giving him a title, had dispensed with his further services.

He had ruled a province as large as a kingdom for twelve years. All its interests, its defects, and its capacities were as close to him as his blood. But he would never see his kingdom again nor use his hard-won knowledge.

Sir Malcolm was not without the physical resources of his type. He could hunt in the winter; he could shoot in the autumn; and in the summer months there was always golf, tennis, and swimming. His wife had money of her own. They were both good bridge players. Politics excited him; and he often read books. Sir Malcolm was a more intelligent man that most retired generals; so that he had more imagination with which to feel the indignity of resources.

That job of loving, too, seemed over with the rest!

After Madeleine had died, Sir Malcolm had known that his heart was definitely broken. He had decided, when he was capable of deciding anything, to marry, settle down, and have children.

Clara had, very opportunely, come out just then to stay with her brother, who was in command of the Central Provinces. Women were apt to like Malcolm, and Clara had liked him. He never knew how much, because she had always behaved properly. After a time, though he would never have admitted it, he got over Madeleine's death, but no other woman had ever moved him.

Madeleine was everything that in theory Malcolm did not like; besides being unfaithful to her husband—quite a decent fellow—in order to give Malcolm the whole of her desperate heart.

She was untidy, unpunctual, often inaccurate; a brilliant, witty, irresponsible Irish girl, with black hair and jade-green eyes; always laughing, or wringing your heart with her tears. They'd had terrific times together, and hours of such bliss that when he thought of them—and he still thought of them sometimes—they made the rest of life seem like a darkened room.

Clara finished doing her hair and gave a brief glance at the result.

She was without vanity and looked better, Malcolm thought, at forty-two than she had at twenty-eight, when he had married her.

"I'm ready, Malcolm," Clara said, meeting his controlled, dispassionate glance. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting too long."

"Oh, no, not in the least," Malcolm replied politely.

He couldn't be kept waiting too long now, he reminded himself; he had nothing to wait for; nor to be in any hurry about.

He opened the door for her and they went downstairs together, side by side.

"I'm sorry about those people coming to-night," Malcolm explained apologetically. "I'm afraid they may bore you rather; but I felt I had to invite them. Commander Erskine's brother was in my old regiment. The girl's not much more than a child, I hear; but he asked to bring her. Fortunately he's a widower, so you needn't do much about them. We might row out to tea with them one day. They live on the island. Can't see what people see in islands, myself!

"I don't suppose they will bore me," Clara replied kindly. "It looks rather a nice little island."

"Nice" was the most important word in Clara's vocabulary. She used it indiscriminately to describe flowers, children and animals, food or clothes. He had even heard her call a storm upon the Atlantic Ocean "nice." What did she mean by calling an island "nice"?

HE was too courteous to pull her up about it; but every time she used the word he felt vaguely annoyed. He looked across the hall and saw Chloe Erskine for the first time.

She had a head of red-gold hair. Her eyes were large and very clear. He was not sure if they were hazel or grey, but they had a dancing flame in them. Her small face was colored like a shell.

She was slender, without being flat; and had very little on, quite natural in that heat, and becoming.

Malcolm rather liked seeing women's figures if they had any. This girl had.

She looked as if she were being blown across the hall to meet him.

Just behind her stumped her stocky little father, a gallant Jack-tar of a fellow, who had lost a leg at Zeebrugge. He hadn't two ideas to rub together. Neither of them played bridge. Malcolm tried to tell himself that it would be a wasted evening. His heart, which had begun to beat unevenly, refused to listen. He was conscious of the girl's every movement. If she put her hand up to her lips, his heart went with it. If she looked away from him, his heart sank.

When her eyes met his, he tried to hold their wandering flame with his imperious, steady gaze; but he paid no direct attention to her.

He was busy in procuring the best table in the room and choosing the most likely wine.

THE head waiter gravitated naturally to Sir Malcolm's side and strained the resources of the hotel to meet his wishes. Malcolm summed up the possibilities of dinner with leisurely skill and succeeded in getting a good one.

Then he talked to the Commander for a while as if the girl didn't exist. She was a very young girl, perhaps five years older than his own child, Peggy. Clara was being kind to her. She was saying that either the fish or the Sacred Mountain, he couldn't quite hear which, was very nice. He went on talking to the Commander for about ten minutes. It must have gone all right, from the Commander's face; but Malcolm hadn't the faintest idea what either of them was talking about. Finally, he had to turn to the girl. He had a curious, dizzy feeling, as if he were a moth banging himself against light.

Chloe was very shy and at the same time curiously alert and avid.

Malcolm could feel the heat of her eagerness under her frightened, nervous talk.

Yes, she liked the island! Yes, she liked swimming and boating! Yes, it was very lonely in the winters! She hadn't many friends! She liked reading; but she liked dancing better!

"Oh, well," Malcolm agreed indulgently, "I think you ought to—at your age. Isn't there some kind of a dance on—in the village to-night? Shall we go down and take a look at it after dinner?"

Her face lit up at this; and Malcolm forgot to take any asparagus. Her eyes shone on him with a child's confident delight. He looked down hastily at his plate and found that he had eaten hardly anything.

For the next few minutes he just ate; then he let himself look up, and said: "We'll make a party then, shall we? My wife and your father, you and I—and see what's up? These warm evenings are rather jolly to be out in. The insects aren't a patch on India!"

She said devoutly: "Oh, I'd so love to go to India!"

She hadn't, of course, been anywhere, or seen anything. He found himself telling her about India. He explained that vast, arid, intricate, filthy, brilliant country to her—as he had never explained it before. He seemed to see it for the first time. She listened, in an intent, intoxicating silence. She was so sure that every word he said was true that he found his familiar clichés breaking down before the admiring wonder of her eyes.

He must have got something into what he said, for neither of them noticed the dinner was over, nor knew how they had reached the Piazza, till they found themselves standing in the moonlight, listening to a gramophone wheezing out an aching, high-pitched jazz.

The Piazza was filled with a chattering, laughing Italian crowd, unconcerned with foreigners, but taking everything in. Beyond the Piazza, the island rose up out of the lake, and sank back in again in long, unwavering reflections, more vivid than its actual substance.

Clara and the Commander sat, as if nailed to their chairs, in a cafe.

What happened to them afterwards Malcolm forgot.

He put his arms round the girl; and they danced.

He knew from the first touch of her responsive body that she was already his.

The same doom, insidious and sparkling, lay upon them both with the weight of water.

Malcolm had long ago outgrown the vanity of the hunting male. He found Chloe's lack of resistance an incentive the more. Sometimes their eyes met gravely. Her forehead rested against his cheek; her body melted into his. The crowd swayed and shuffled, lurched and stumbled against them; but they were as unaware of it as a solitary Atlantic wave in mid-ocean is unaware of the tumbling surf at the sea's edge.

The dances had to break up sometimes; and then Malcolm became conscious of a group of English people sitting near his wife. They tried to interfere in the well-bred, casual way of English people, who resent a break of etiquette among one of themselves.

They were on his wife's side, against him! They thought he was behaving badly! Let them think! His will, fully roused, was more than a match for them!

He cut short their tactful intrusions with a determined ferocity.

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Illustrated :: by :: FISCHER

She had the complete unscrupulousness of a woman in love. They slipped through the crowd, down a flight of stairs, to the lakeside.

When I Am Old

When I am old,
Just this I ask of life:
No strife,
But a calm corner by a glowing fire,
And memories my musings to inspire;
In summer-time a sheltered garden nook,
Sight clear enough to read a friendly book . . .
And strength to fold
A child of my own blood against my breast,
Feeling upon my cheek his warm lips pressed . . .
When I am old.

J. Somerville Walker.

Complete Short Story

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4609485

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

SUMMER FABRIC MOODS

MATERIALS are the foundation of dress fashions. After seeing the brilliant collections of fabrics in all the shops, one visualises the summer mode as being fresh and feminine and full of color. Never before has a climate such as ours been so well catered for. There are scores of cool, washable cottons, colorful silks, and sheer evening materials—materials suitable for the strong sun, for an active out-of-door life, and for hot summer evenings.

Before the summer really starts, you will want a suit or spring coat of one of the new woollens. These are soft and light with interesting surfaces, crinkled and ridged, often patterned with a self-thread design. There are pastel tweeds, light in weight, with rough, knotty surfaces, some of pure wool, others wool-and-linen mixture.

For dresses, there are sheer wools patterned with checks, plaids, and stripes in varied colors.

• ***BLACK** silk sheer for this smart race ensemble. The dress is pleated all the way down, and the cape is pleated from the yoke. White chiffon poppies trim the neck.*

• ***TAILORED** dress in blue alpaca, made to look like a coat. The vest and flower are of white pique. The same flowers in blue trim the hat.*

• ***PALE-BLUE** tweed linen for this tailored suit, which consists of a dress and jacket. The lapels are folded. Leather belt in Dubonnet.*

• ***DEEP** pink blistered crepe for the dress and jacket at left above. Pale-pink crepe for the scarf, collar, and bow—spoke-stitched where it joins the dress.*

• ***SCHIAPARELLI'S** printed crepe suit. Formal rows of white flowers on a brown ground. Note the new wide shoulder effect and the low-shirred fullness in the skirt.*

SPRING woollens come in all the pastel shades — pale pinks, wedgwood and turquoise-blue, pale greens; daffodil-yellow, many greys and beiges.

Real and artificial silks are printed and plain. Printed crepe-de-chines and silk sheers show smooth surfaces, plain crepes and crepons have rough, crinkled surfaces with big and little bubbly patterns, shirred and quilted effects, raised spots, and stripes and ridges. Amongst these are the matelasse and cloque crepes.

Some crepes show a hairline check or stripe in a contrasting color. Silk sheers are smooth, and in weight resemble romaine, being lighter than crepe and heavier than chiffon. Favorite colors for these fabrics are all the pinks—shrimp, shell, bon-bon, strawberry, dusty, peach and rose pink; the blues, from palest turquoise and forget-me-not to deep larkspur and navy-blue. Pale yellow to deep amber, lime-green, orchid-mauve to parma-violet, pale greys, white and beige.

PRINTS show very widely-spaced or small regular patterns; the smartest designs are clear cut, showing the background around the pattern. Two-color prints are the most outstanding; the majority show light patterns on a dark ground. Flower designs are the most prevalent; little bouquets scattered here and there, two daisies with stems entwined lying six inches apart, little white daisies symmetrically spaced on a black ground, bunches of sweet-peas on a light ground.

There are spots, small and large, stripes, tiny checks, patterns of little stars, geometric figures, shadowy lines, leaves, and even little animals and insects.

Cottons and Rayons

THE greatest advancement since last year is to be found amongst the cottons, for here we have many new fabrics, and old ones made uncrushable and washable.

Some of the cottons look like wool and silk, the tweed linens might easily be woollen tweeds, the glazed chintes with their satiny surfaces, silk.

Rarely do cottons show a smooth surface; like the silks they are crinkled, blistered, knotty and rough.

There are masses of new linens, heavy, rough ones, suitable for tailored suits and skirts, sheer crepe linen that is uncrushable, linens woven with colored threads forming checks, silk linens, spotted and printed linens. These in all the smartest pastel shades, soft pinks, dusty blues, greens, yellows and white.

For cool morning and holiday frocks there are french cottons, zephyrs, dimities, muslins and seersuckers—all anti-crease and fadeless. The seersuckers are striped and checked and crinkled, they show lovely color combinations. Then the piques, plain and spotted. There are printed rayons—a combination of cotton and silk, in designs and colors that almost rival the pure silks.

Evening Fabrics

THE sheer transparent fabrics will be almost invariably used for summer evening gowns. Transparent chiffons, cotton and silk net, lace, organza and organdie, silk sheers. Then taffeta, plain and striped, printed chiffons and crepe-de-chines in flowered patterns, heavy shiny satins, and the blistered crepes. For informal evening frocks many of the cottons are used, pique, flowered linen and rayon, spotted muslins and cotton voiles.

For Your Spring Suit

TWEED linen, loosely woven with a rough, knobbly surface in a pastel shade or pale grey, is an ideal fabric for your spring suit. So, too, is tweed linen with a color hairline, check or stripe. Sheer wool is good, too, but if you select it see that it is not stretchy, or it will not hang well.

For your summer suit select a gally-printed heavy crepe or crepon, any of the heavy linens, pique or seersucker.

For mornings all the cottons make delightful short-sleeved trim little frocks. Seersucker and pique are particularly good as they launder so cheerily. They can be successfully worn with a large white hat and white shoes.

For afternoons the pastel colored silk linens and crepe linens are delightful. So, too, are the rough-surface crepons and silk sheers. All these are most effective in pale colors and navy-blue. There are lots of delightful printed crepe-de-chines which make the most charming afternoon frocks.

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MADAME SUZY Shows Her HATS

• *THE hatless lady smiling at you from this page is Madame Suzy, famous creator of hat styles. All the hats photographed on the page are her models.*

• *THE hat above has its brim of one of this season's novelty hollow straws, and its flat crown of velvet in olive-green. Roses and leaves trim it.*

• *ABOVE at the left a rose straw hat of spongy texture, simply trimmed with black ribbon. Below at the left, a hat of black felt crown and turned-up brim in cellophane. New veil with large mesh and a few big dots. Another popular novelty is demonstrated in the "Amazon shape" of the hat in the centre. This model is trimmed with grosgrain, but tufts of ostrich-feathers are also in vogue for trimming this type of hat.*

The Making of a Hat

Written exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly
By MADAME SUZY

WHEN I create my original models, I do not do so on a head. My ideas come to me as I hold the material out of which the hat must be made.

The stuff suggests the type of hat, whether it be a simple sport model or an elaborate creation for a great occasion. A hat is an artistic creation, in which color, line, and material are so handled as to result in something which must be attractive and yet smart. A hat must not be just pretty.

The couturiers in Paris have their difficulties, for they must show a collection of new models four times every year. The modiste has an even greater problem to face, for, besides the four regular showings, new models must be created constantly; women are fickle where hats are concerned, and like to change often, disregarding old favorites without even a look of regret.

Although I create my models independently, still I have two factors to consider, not only the wearer and her tastes, but also the changing styles of the gowns she is wearing. For the hat is the crowning touch to the gown.

Of course, my problem only begins when I have created a model. For when the client comes along the lines of the hat must be studied anew in order to adapt them to the head and face of the wearer. Sometimes, it is almost as though a new hat were being made, for the individual line of the nose, the shape of the mouth, all modify the headgear.

I do not believe there is anything more individual than the hat. A little imperceptible tilt gives an air of jauntiness, and the right bow at the right angle takes years off the face.

Since the woman and the hat must be one, I always try to advise my clients, and each hat is moulded on the head under my personal supervision once the model has been decided upon. Nothing ever leaves my workshop to which I have not given the final touch.

There are young colors and young lines, for a hat must be youthful as well as smart. There is no such thing as a hat for an old lady, for if a hat does not bring something fresh to the wearer it is no longer the creation of a modiste. It is then just something to cover the head.

A hat must, first and foremost, be becoming to the wearer. It must accentuate the good lines of the face and modify those traits which need to be softened. It must enhance the expression of its wearer, acting as a framework for the face. Many a good picture has been ruined by poor framing, and so it is with a hat. It must be designed by an expert and executed by a modiste who has a true understanding of her art.

M Suzy

FOR COUGHS

FOR COLDS

It heals as it soothes.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

is most comforting in allaying irritation and tickling in the Throat. Its expectorant action expels corruption and phlegm from the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure obtains its amazing results without the use of Narcotics.

FOR CROUP

For the CHEST

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An Editorial

OCTOBER 5, 1935

A COLORFUL CARNIVAL

THROWING a ray of brightness across the world's troubled background, the spring racing carnival smiles its recurrent welcome to Australian men and women.

The gates will open at Randwick on Saturday, when every shade of color and every high note of fashion will blend in one crowded and harmonious whole.

The picture will repeat itself in Melbourne a few weeks later. Every Australian State has now its Derby Day, a term that is synonymous with spring everywhere.

Not many people nowadays are averse to the interest and excitement, the glitter and splendor that are part of a typical Australian racing day. Even the Puritan poet, Milton, sang the praises of "sport that wrinkled care derides." And sport in his time included such things as bear-baiting and cock-fighting!

It is true there are people who deplore, and with reason, the hold that gambling has obtained over a large section of the community. But it is the friendly and social side, the buoyancy and camaraderie of our Australian life, that are mainly emphasised on a Randwick or Flemington gala day.

For commercial people, for employees in a variety of occupations, the coming of the spring meetings means a real and substantial benefit. It means the circulation of hundreds of thousands of pounds. It means a harvest for milliners, dressmakers, costumiers, florists, caterers, and fashion designers. It means new life for a hundred productive industries.

That is the material side, but there is more in it than that. Who can estimate the effect of a national safety-valve, as furnished by Randwick and Flemington, on the psychology of individual life?

The peasants of Russia, and the proletariat of eighteenth century France had no national playground. The result in both countries was "treason, stratagems, and spoils."

Looking at the past and the present, allowing for the quality in human nature that demands an escape from itself, the strictest moralist may view the approaching race carnival without misgiving.

He may admit, indeed, that it brings to an attractive rendezvous what is best and brightest in Australia.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

The Judge's Philosophy

LOOKING back on the milestones he has passed, Chief Justice Duffy, of the High Court, says one fact has impressed itself on him in the course of his long journey. It is better not to hate anybody! At 83 he is well in health and mind; he bears no one ill-will; he has eliminated the word "hate" from his vocabulary.

He would subscribe no doubt to that passage in "Adonais" in which the sorrow song over the young poet is brightened by the thought that no more in the years to come will he be racked by such things as "envy, and calumny, and hate and pain."

It was Dr. Johnson who said he liked a good hater, but the sentiment is out of date. People who are affected by these violent emotions are likely to have short lives—witness the sudden end of the individual who headed the vendetta against Senator Huey Long!

Genius at a Discount

A RECENT visitor to Hollywood said that in fifteen minutes at that interesting resort he met no fewer than fifteen geniuses. "But," he added, "the term has ceased to have any value there." Two of those introduced to him as geniuses were assistant camera-men.

There is one thing you can say about Hollywood. To be called a genius there is some sort of recommendation. In Australia, where English tradition is followed, the term is one that rouses suspicion.

"We have always known how to deal with geniuses," says the British Merchant in "Milestones." History bears him out. The idea of a genius delivering a Budget speech, or presiding at the deliberations of a banking board, is hardly conceivable.

You are much more likely to find a genius drawing figures on the pavement, or occupying a free seat in the park.

How the Money Goes

WITHOUT being unduly inquisitive, we would like to know a little more about the way the money paid to State and Federal Governments is spent. Also, what we get out of it.

That recent ministerial trip to England, with secretaries, officials, and baggage-waggons—it cost over £16,000. That was just three times what was paid to the distressed fruitgrowers of Tasmania.

Why did the Federal Commission on the wheat industry cost £20,472 last year, and what did we get out of that?

While no one objects to a few pounds being spent on obsequies of public men, why was £156 devoted to the funeral of Sir Walter Kingsmill and only £68 to that of Mr. David Watkins, M.P.?

From the N.S.W. figures we get this intriguing item:—"Control of grasshoppers, £2318." How many grasshoppers did they control for that sum? And why limit it to grasshoppers?

Altar of Luck

IT is said that fewer people are taking doubles on spring racing events because they prefer their chances in State lotteries. Three of the States, N.S.W., Queensland, and Tasmania, have lotteries in full blast.

For women in particular the lottery has a fascination which is not explainable on any theory of probability. Take the State institution in which there are 100,000 tickets at 5/3 each, and four major prizes ranging from £5000 to £300. The odds against any single ticket-holder winning one of those prizes are 25,000 to 1. Against winning £1000 or more, they are 50,000 to 1.

For a likely double on the "Two Cups" or on the "Epsom and Metrop," the odds against are not nearly as formidable as that. But few people take into account the odds against them when there is a spectacular prize to be won. Whether the prize is £100 or £5000 there is still the same thrill of excitement in taking a chance.

Not Criminal?

"IT is not criminal," said a London magistrate last week, "to be reckless, foolish, and stupid."

It all depends. If you happen to be recklessly driving a motor car across a busy intersection you may find a magistrate who doesn't agree that such conduct isn't criminal.

Especially if a pedestrian gets in the way.

Latest in Parachutes

IN Zangwill's "Bachelor's Club" there is the story of a young and adventurous earl who yawns when taken up on his first balloon ascent—it was long before the days of aeroplanes. "Very interesting," he remarks, looking at his watch, "but I've got an appointment in town. Lend me a parachute!"

The story is recalled by what happened to Campbell Black and his co-flier when their plane started to come down in Africa. Fortunately both had parachutes, Campbell Black's having been put in the plane by his newly-wedded and thoughtful young wife.

As air travel becomes the mode, everyone will be expected to carry his own parachute on the journey, just as he now carries a raincoat.

Shops will show the latest things in this line as they now do bathing-suits. The ultra-smart girl will have the brightest parachute. There will even be descents in column formation, with photographers getting ready for colored pictures next day.

ROMANCE REDISCOVERED AT 90 TWICE A WIDOWER after marriages which lasted 28 and 38 years respectively, David L. Selke, 90-years-old head of the Congressional Information Bureau at Washington (U.S.A.), was wed to Sally Mason, 59-years-old music teacher of California, whom he had known for 40 years. Mr. Selke said he had so many children that he had stopped counting them.

Not As It Was

FROM the typed sheet of figures that is now a Budget statement—from the platitudes that make up a policy speech—the element of humor has long since departed.

Young Mr. Forde, inveighing against the Lyons Government at Canberra, makes heavy weather of alleged failure to do this, that, and the other thing. A former Opposition leader, George Reid, set the continent laughing when he likened the then Prime Minister to "a lion-tamer in a poultry-yard."

There was that brilliant talker, the Victorian, Mr. Shiels, defending his policy of retrenchment in the Civil Service. "There are more cats," said he, "than there are mice to catch."

And one recalls Disraeli who, at the height of his quarrel with Gladstone, was asked to define the difference between misfortune and calamity. "Well," he answered, "if Mr. Gladstone fell into the Thames it would be a misfortune. If anybody dragged him out it would be a calamity."

"Madame Suzy" Magician of Millinery

From MARY ST. CLAIRE. By Air Mail.

All the world knows "Madame Suzy." That modest label in a hat means that sheer magic has been mixed in its creation, for Madame Suzy is veritably a magician of millinery.

ON the smart Rue de la Paix, the home of all the most famous jewellers and some equally celebrated dress designers, it is necessary to enter one of the old houses and to cross a courtyard of cobble stones to see her small brass plate, with "Madame Suzy" engraved in small letters. Nothing more. An entrance shop, with a few sweaters in show cases and a number of hat boxes, sprinkled at random, and stairs leading up.

Here is where Madam Suzy creates her models and receives her clients. Royalty and new-rich can be seen here, sitting before big looking-glasses, with dozens and hundreds of hats around.

Hats everywhere, on chairs, on small tables, on special hat-stands. Girls coming in with hats piled high in their arms, girls going out with them. Hats of all colors, of straw, of felt, of velvet. Flowers, feathers, big brims, and tiny toques. An indescribable array. But each a work of art.

And, in the midst of all, a small, blonde woman, comfortably plump, with a smile that breaks readily on her attractive face.

Madame Suzy's biography is short. At the age of fifteen, she entered the famous house of Suzanne Talbot to learn the art of making hats.

After some years she changed to gain still more experience in another equally famous house, that of Maria Guy. Here she remained for some years, becoming the director who added much to the fame of that modiste.

During the wave of prosperity, Madame Suzy decided to open her own house. And, since then, every really smart woman wears hats marked "Madame Suzy."

Marina's Choice

WHEN the Duchess of Kent was buying her trousseau in Paris, dozens of boxes from "Suzy" found their way to the quiet flat where she was living with her parents prior to her wedding. At all races, at all receptions, chic hats bear that label.

Madame Suzy has ideas without end, a taste that never falters, and a real knowledge of her art. I watched her one day while she was fixing a toque for herself, a fragile creation in quilted taffeta. Without scissors, she tore it apart with strong and deft fingers, and then started crushing it into shape, trying it on her head every minute.

"I want a black hat for to-night," she explained, giving it a vigorous pull on the bias. It would seem that nothing could withstand such treatment. But the toque came out, fresh and smart, with just the right line and a little bow, giving it a perky look: the kind of hat every woman sighs to own.

"A dream of a hat."

An article by Madame Suzy, specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly, appears on page 9.

What Einstein Said

"WHAT do you think of the American girl?" was the question asked of Einstein when he arrived in New York recently. The reporter took down the reply as follows:—"Oh, the American girl. She is an oval mass of bent space, time being thrown off like electrons from swiftly rotating nithol-watts with all the speed of an idzol."

The pressman left it at that. If he knew what was meant by an idzol or a nithol-watt he did not say. Neither did Einstein.

What would the modern girl have to say to Einstein if she were left alone with him for an hour, say, in the foyer of a fashionable hotel? The conversation might start like this. "That was all right what you said about bent space, old top, but what about a bent elbow?" Even a philosopher might be expected to take the hint.

It is a nice question how much the Einstein vogue and the Einstein newspaper following are due to his time and space theories (about which we know nothing, or next to nothing), or to the cloak of mystery that habitually wraps him round.

The Polite Crane-man.

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WHEN LOWERIO *Met the Italio*... What a SCRAPPO!

Oh, Musso! My Trade Missiono Ended in a Terrific Rioto

By L. W. LOWER *Australia's Foremost Humorist* — *Illustrated by* **WEP**

Well, I had a brilliant idea. Thinking that most of the Italians in Australia would be dashing off to the war, if any, and thinking that there would be a lot of cheap fruit shops and oyster leases and things to be had for a song, and seeing as how I can sing, I thought that I would go into business on a large scale.

Going into business on a large scale does not mean not paying your tram fare coming to work in the morning. Neither does it mean owning a weighbridge.

"CAN you speak Italian?" I asked Grandfather.

"You're pretty blooming inquisitive, aren't you?" he said, "I can speak Italian like a native."

I said, "A native of where?"

Anyway, I took my grandfather, Aubrey, with me as an interpreter. We struck trouble the moment the barrier went up. I may as well put you out of your misery and tell you that we never got a single oyster lease or fish shop.

"I speaka the Ing very good," said our first prospect, "what it is that you want? Yes."

"Of course you will be going to Abyssinia," said Aubrey, "and you want to sell out very cheap?"

"For why should I shoot at the Ashbinniaus?" replied the shopkeeper. "As for me, I am the Australian. I am a natural liar. I fill in the form statement and, bing! I am turned into an Australian. Marvellous! Like Mandrake."

"You big squib," said Aubrey in fluent Italian, "why don't you go and fight for Il Duce?"

"What did duce say?" replied the shopkeeper. "How dare that you should come into my shop and consult me lika this. And not even buy the banana. Or the very good-looking apple which I have polish myself. And the beautiful watering melon. And the lem. The lovely lem! Yellow as the whites of your eyes the next morning. Go away from me while there is nobody here to hold me back or I will become very violet and sweep you off the shop. . . . So!" And he donged my grandfather.

I scraped my grandfather out of the gutter and, after I had dusted him we thought we'd try a fish shop.

THE name of the fish shop was Enrico's Palazzo Duco, and when we went in Enrico said, "Yes pliss?"

Aubrey, acting a little more cautiously, said: "Have you been naturalised?"

"I have not that," said Enrico, "but I have something just as good. I have the fillet of flaphead, the scrapper, the cigarfish, the oyst——"

"Hold!" I cried. "Desist! It is our mission at the moment to buy up all the fish and chip shops and all the oyster leases and all the fruit shops within a radius of a hundred miles as the crow flies."

Enrico gazed at me in a stupefied way for a moment and then dashed out of the shop.

"Hol!" he yelled to the man in the fruit shop over the road, "the gentleman will buy my shop! He will buy your shop! He will do this all over the world in a radium of a hundred miles as the blowflys!"

No Good Luck

"Thank my great Scott!" said the fruiterer. "All my life I spend thinking how to get out of thees place. I have had a very awful amount of no good luck. I will tell Antonio and Benito and Gondino and Whatto and Hobo and Bozo, and they also will be bought out of their shops by the kind gentleman. Oh, what lucky weather we are having!"

In about two minutes we were surrounded by people carrying oyster beds and ranting about fruit shops and soda fountains and fish and things.

"One at a time!" shrieked Aubrey.

"Hooray!" screamed the Italians, patriotically. Then, probably in order to prevent any international complications, they yelled "Banzai! Viva! Whoopee!"

Things looked a bit serious. My grandfather, in desperation, bellowed, "I am acting for Haile Selassie!"

"Bravo!" they shrieked. "Good old Haile!"

"Haile! Haile! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Of course they were thinking about Yale, the American University, where they make doorknobs and locks and keyholes and whatever they have on doors.

By this time the police had arrived. A noble body of men, the police.

In about two minutes Grandpa was surrounded.

They arrested Aubrey and charged him with disturbing the peas. He certainly did disturb them, too. They were all over the road. I was only an innocent bystander, so I got arrested, too. Aubrey got eight years, and I was fined £112 with costs.

What a liar you've turned out to be!

HEAR WITHOUT YOUR EARS

Many deaf people do— They use a "Sonotone"

Before 1932 there were millions of deaf people in the world for whom nothing could be done. But in that year Dr. Hugo Lieber perfected the "Sonotone." This was accomplished by him after twenty-three years of patient, scientific research, and already hundreds of people here in Australia alone have reason to bless his name. Chicago has its Talkie Theatre for Deaf Audiences. Each seat is provided with a "Sonotone" for these once-forgotten people. It restores to them the great happiness of hearing.

If you are Deaf — Try the "Sonotone"!

NO MATTER HOW DEAF YOU ARE—
NO MATTER WHAT CAUSED YOUR DEAFNESS—
NO MATTER WHAT ELSE YOU'VE TRIED—

Try the "Sonotone"

The "Sonotone" is different from all other hearing aids. It succeeds where they failed. In fairness to yourself, in fairness to the people who are compelled to strain to make you hear, you should try the "Sonotone," whether you are either totally, or partially, deaf. Deaf people need no longer miss and be out of things.

To try the "Sonotone" is simple. Call and have a free demonstration. Bring your friends with you. Let them see how easy it is now to make you hear. If you cannot call, and you live in the suburbs, a trained demonstrator will be sent to you. If you are in the country, get your doctor to write for a "Sonotone" on trial. It will come to Him by return mail, and you will have the pleasure of an interesting experiment which gives you almost unbelievable results.

Angus & Coote are the sole Australian agents for the "Sonotone," and for the convenience of people in other States have appointed the following distributors. Call on or write to the distributor in your own State. He will gladly give you all particulars and assistance.

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WEST AUSTRALIA: Laubman & Pank, 64 Barrack Street, Perth.
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Why does she never look Her AGE

BECAUSE she keeps in perfect health with the aid of a regular nightly dose of Bile Beans.

Beauty is more than skin deep: bright eyes, a clear complexion and a sunny disposition all come from internal cleanliness.

A nightly dose of Bile Beans tones up your digestive organs, keeps the blood stream pure and ensures internal cleanliness by daily and completely eliminating all food wastes.

So if you want your friends to say "she never looks her age" don't forget to take that nightly dose of Bile Beans.

"I feel better in every way than I did 20 years ago, for Bile Beans have banished all my health worries. My husband tells me that I am actually growing younger, and I can certainly walk as far as any young girl without feeling in the least tired."—Mrs. E. Oakes.

"Bile Beans have restored my energy, brightened me up and brought a good healthy colour into my cheeks. No other medicine suits me so well or acts in such a gentle and certain way as these splendid vegetable pills."—Mrs. E. Deakin.

BILE BEANS

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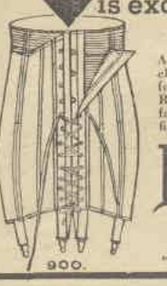

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

An American Writes Of Gascony

Jay William Hudson is an American novelist who, in choosing Gascony, Southern France, as the background for his stories, has opened up a field that other novelists, surprisingly enough, have left relatively untouched.

"Abbe Pierre" was the first of Hudson's books of this type; he has now followed it with "Morning in Gascony," which, like its predecessor, deals with an American set down in this picturesque section of France, and with the peasants of the countryside, their routine, and the background from which they draw their ideas and their living.

AMBROSE PRATT, author of many well-known books, including "Magical Malaya" and "The Centenary History of Victoria." His latest work, a novel, "Lift Up Your Eyes," has been well reviewed.

THE major quality in Hudson's writing is the evident sincerity of his love for the scenes about which he writes. There is a warmth in his descriptions of the Gascon countryside; one can feel, through the printed words, the earthy richness of the soil, the beauty of growing things, the eternal changes that go on as the seasons succeed each other year after year.

In his treatment of peasant types, too, this novelist is at his ease. He has succeeded in drawing very convincingly the small proprietaire of Gascony. Shrewd, thrifty, brave, suspicious, hardy, boastful and gossip-loving, such characters as Henri Lacaze, Apollonie, Burosse and others are never just creations of fiction; they are real people.

The story deals with Philip Cross, a young American, who, following on a terrible disillusionment, is wandering through France trying to lose his past. He comes to Laudac, in Gascony, and here, acting on impulse, he settles, taking a farm and merging with the peasants among whom he finds himself.

Complications ensue when his growing friendship with Jeanne Lacaze, the author's personification of the ideal woman, develops into love. Cross, because of his past, cannot marry her, and the position is, finally, made even worse by the appearance of an old friend from the American life he is trying to forget.

Although all difficulties are smoothed out in the end, thus giving the lovers a clear passage to marriage, the main interest of the novel does not lie in its love content. The author's main preoccupation has been to show the gradual transformation of Philip Cross under the influence of his Gascon environment.

Starting off as an obvious foreigner, different in dress, speech, and ideas to the peasants among whom he has cast his lot, Cross, at the end of the story, is indistinguishable from his background; he is more Gascon than the Gascons; even his native language does not come readily to his tongue.

Hudson has brought about this metamorphosis in a very convincing fashion. There is nothing strained, or unreal, or unnatural, about it.

* * *

THE main weakness of "Morning in Gascony" lies in the handling of dramatic situations. Hudson is definitely not at home with his characters when they become emotional. The very touch of sentimentality which makes the book, as a whole, so refreshing, here betrays him. Dialogue rings false, and the reactions of the characters participating in these scenes are strongly tinged with melodrama.

Still, for the sake of its good qualities, the book's weaknesses can be overlooked. There is a very human feeling about this novel that will make many friends for it among the reading public. (Appleton Century Company. Moore's Bookshop. 7/6.)

"BLINDFOLD." Patricia Wentworth. A mystery story in which professional detectives play no part. Miles Clayton is sent to England by his employer, a rich American, to find a niece whom he intends to make his heiress. "Blindfold" certainly describes the young man's condition, for nothing is known about the girl, except that a female child had been born at an English village on such and such a date, and that her mother had died in giving her birth. Unexpected happenings give Miles his first clue, but he was unconscious of this at the time, and was led a merry dance before he was able to fulfil his mission. An intriguing mystery, with a good love interest. (Hodder and Stoughton. All booksellers. 7/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"FEATHERED FRIENDS." There can be nothing but praise for this delightful book, which is the second annual published by the Gould League of Bird-Lovers, N.S.W. It contains colored plates by Neville Cayley (who edited it) as well as interesting photographs and articles by such well-known authorities as A. H. Chisholm, M. S. R. Sharland, Norman Chaffer, K. A. Hindwood, David Leithhead, and P. A. Gilbert. A prefatory article, setting out the aims and achievements of the league, is contributed by Walter Finigan, who with the late Edward Webster founded the league in 1910. The artistic cover and decorative initial letters are the work of students of the Art School, East Sydney Technical College. (Angus and Robertson. 2/6).

"THE JOYOUS PILGRIMAGE." Ian Donnelly. A New Zealand journalist, Ian Donnelly, went to England. He stayed there seven months, visited all those places most of us dream about, interviewed a number of men and women whose names figure in cable news, and then from the diary he kept produced a most interesting and entertaining book, "The Joyous Pilgrimage." Mr. Donnelly is a critical writer, even about personalities and places he obviously admires; his diary is the record of an observant eye balanced by a judicious mind.

Reading "The Joyous Pilgrimage," you will meet such widely different people as Mr. J. H. Thomas and Gracie Fields; W. W. Jacobs and De Valera; Walter de la Mare and Sir Norman Angell. More interesting still you will meet them for the most part in undress uniform—as human beings rather than world-famous figures.

In a surprisingly small space this New Zealander has managed to give a mosaic of London—of London as a city distinct from its well-known men and women—that is more revealing than many far more careful and comprehensive pictures would be. Street incidents, brief dialogue, night scenes—these scattered miniatures give the "feel" of the greatest city in the world.

If at times Mr. Donnelly is a trifle self-conscious; if, rarely, he moralises just a little, these are minor faults in a book which is entertaining, enthusiastic, and instructive. (Dent. Our copy, Moore's Bookshop, 7/6.)

* * *

"THEY WOULDN'T BE CHESSMEN." A. E. W. Mason. Old friends of Inspector Hanaud, of the Paris Surete, will be pleased to renew his acquaintance in this book. Hanaud has not changed. He still murders the King's English, more or less humorously, and still solves crimes by following a technique that one would associate more with a temperamental actress than with a detective.

This latest A. E. W. Mason thriller is the story of chessmen who would not stick to the moves planned for them by the mind in charge of the game. Everything was worked out to the last detail so that the Chitipur pearls, a string of fabulous value, should be stolen in such a way that there could be no possibility of punishment for those responsible. But—the chessmen were human, and from their passions, stirring them to moves not planned for them, came murder and a number of other things not contemplated in the original scheme.

Mason writes a detective novel that does not lack surprises. The dramatic incidents are leavened with humor, mostly supplied by Hanaud and his friend, Julius Ricardo, late of Mincing Lane. The book is good for a few hours' entertainment. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

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Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about PARIS AFTER 1870 WAR, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "Here you can see . . ." will tell you what it is all about—and, for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—**"BRAN TUB" No. 24, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.**

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11. The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid.

Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth," Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. Stamps not accepted. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, October 26.

£50 WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 21

The winners in this contest are:—**Queensland:** Mrs. K. Adams, Cooray; Mr. A. Kelly, Yeronga; Mrs. L. A. Krebs, Beechmont; Mrs. A. F. Cavell, Veresdale; Miss V. Bright, Sherwood; Mr. G. Dawson, Beerburrum; Miss M. Featherstone, Main Siding; Mrs. A. Wilson, Mount Isa; Mr. A. J. O'Leary, Mitchelton; Mrs. R. O. Barker, Blair Athol; Mrs. C. C. Bruce, Zillmere; Mr. K. A. Anderson, Drillham; Mrs. R. J. B. Hardy, Springbrook; Miss M. Meggitt, Ashgrove; Mrs. C. Brodie, Strathpine. **Victoria:** Mrs. A. Lamb, Belgrave; Mrs. G. Gray, Foster; Mr. W. Pearce, Flemington; Mrs. A. Lansley, Box Hill; Mrs. J. Bell, Shepparton; Mrs. J. Wyllie, Mansfield; Mr. R. B. Moffett, Camberwell; Mr. G. F. Dickinson, Buckley; Mrs. F. A. Thies, Elsternwick; Miss J. B. Beard, Wodonga; Mr. D. Jamieson, Orena; Mrs. H. G. Hill, Launching Place. **South Australia:** Miss G. Robins, Clare; Mrs. I. Dennett, Berri; Miss L. E. Davidge, Narracoorte; Mrs. F. Bennett, Myponga; Miss E. M. Gericke, Spalding. **Tasmania:** Mr. J. Contencin, Hobart. **N.S.W.:** Mr. H. Sergeant, Campsie; Mrs V. I. Howell, Bourke; Mr. J. Brownlee, Brierfield; Mrs. J. Baxter, Nowra; Mrs. N. M. Susans, The Spit; Mr. F. Robison, Haberfield; Mrs. T. E. Russell, Kelly's Plains; Mr. O. Hannah, Maclean; Mrs. N. Woodhy, Tamworth; Mr. L. R. Lee, Waverley; Mrs. Hawksford, Pymble; Mrs. R. Telfer, Grafton; Mr. D. Jones, Currabubula; Mrs. W. Roberison, North Sydney; Mrs. M. C. Gray, Ballina; Miss B. Gray, Teralba; Mr. E. Fiveash, Bundarra; Mrs. E. Jones, Leichhardt. These 51 competitors all sent correct solutions and will receive £1 each, which will be posted on Friday, October 18.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 21

Many of those who were in the theatre at the time were unable to escape, and were burned to death, and according to latest reports, forty-nine bodies have been found.

BRENDA'S BET

By Archibald W. Couch

Betting is an expensive hobby. Doubly so for Jim Dawbarn, as he seldom won. He promised his wife he'd give it up for three months. He did. But his wife... Well, you just can't trust women!

"IT'S putrid luck!" growled Jim Dawbarn as he flung down the "Evening Sun" "to have champagne tastes on a mild and bitter income."

"Crashed again, Jim?" answered his wife with ominous sweetness, as she picked up the canary pullover she was knitting him.

"Four beastly lengths," he grumbled. "And I'll bet there was some filthy work in it, too. Keeping him dark for the third time out, I'll wager my new bowler."

Brenda laid down the knitting on her lap and fixed him with her shining hazel eyes. "Jim, I'll bet you couldn't keep right off it for—well, say, six months."

"Off what?"

"Backing broken-kneed horses, of course."

"What's the good, Bren?" Moodily he pulled out his pipe, and proceeded to pack it. "Here am I toiling like a black for a beggarly wage that a dustman would sniff at, and we've got to exist somehow. Other chaps make quids a week by backing horses."

"But what's the good of that to you if you only lose yours? You're worse off than ever." She resumed her attack on the pullover.

"Look here, Bren, I was reading a yarn yesterday about a bloke who made a darned good income backing second favorites. How about that?"

"You said a yarn, dear, didn't you?" And Jim knew from an experience of five years that never was Brenda more dangerous than when she addressed him in a tone of such endearment.

"Oh well, I dunno. Anyhow, I know one system which is absolutely foolproof, only the deuce of it is that you can't follow it out unless you go to the racecourse every blessed day. And how can I do that when I have to sweat on a rotten office-stool eight hours daily?" The pathos of the situation thus expressed almost brought tears to Jim's own eyes. But Brenda's remained quite dry and sparkling.

For a minute or two she knitted in silence, whilst Jim gloomed portentously. Then, sensing vague menace in her sweetness, he rose to go.

"Before you go to the King's Head, Jim," her silvery tones detained him, "I'm going to make a little bet with you. If you'll accept a sporting offer, that is," she concluded sweetly, flashing a brilliant smile upon him.

"What's the merry jest, dear?" demanded her husband with a puzzled frown.

"I badly want an evening frock, darling," she retorted with seeming inconsequence. "Now, listen, I'll lay you a hundred cigars to a dinky little evening gown that you can't keep off betting for three months. Now then! Take me on?"

Jim's large, clean-shaven, good-humored face broadened into a rueful grin. "Crumbs, what an idea! Oh, well, nobody can say I'm not a sport, I hope, so here's my hand on it—and a kiss to seal the compact!"

"Good boy."

"Three months," groaned Jim as he staggered out. "Three whole blessed months. That washes out the Cranchester Cup. Oh well."

Jim met temptation that night at the King's Head, in the form of George Rogers. George, with his rubicund countenance and his husky, confidential whisper, was a regular mine of horse-knowledge. He beckoned Jim with an air of solemn mystery.

"Any ideas for the Cranchester Cup, old boy?" he muttered, raising his glass.

Now what was Jim to say? He'd probably be laughed to scorn if he told George the truth. And Jim, like all men, hated to be ridiculed over matters of such gravity as this.

"Er—well, no—nothing special, that is," he stammered uneasily. "Why?"

George laid a huge hand confidentially on Jim's knee. "A cinch, Jim. Absolutely gilt-edged. The fastest filly in Europe. And nobody's got the foggiest notion about her chance—except me. I can get you hundreds about her to-day. And, on the day, she'll start about nine to four." He gazed at Jim with the solemnity of a surgeon suggesting an absolutely essential operation. "What about it, now?"

Jim gulped a noisy mouthful from his tankard. In his emotion it almost choked him. With a sudden access of determination he decided to cough up the whole sad truth; George listened attentively, punctuating Jim's narrative with grave headshakings.

"I see," he said at last. "Of course. All the same, it's the chance of a lifetime."

Jim tottered home like a man in a grip of a nightmare.

Jim's nightmare lasted for three months. During all that time he never backed a horse. But he watched the market on the Cranchester Cup with all the concentrated ardor of a scientist regarding the progress of an experiment which may make his name a household word.

For a week or more Brenda's Chance did not even figure in the lists. Then one day he saw her quoted at 50-1.

At that point there was a scare which made Jim momentarily rejoice that his shirt had not been transferred from his own back to that of the "fastest filly in Europe." She was reported to be coughing.

But she made a rapid recovery. A week before the race it was hard, so he was informed, to find a bookie who would lay tens about her. And Jim groaned again.

"Tummy-ache, Jim?" asked his own Brenda sweetly. "Shall I fetch you an aspirin, dear?"

"Heartache," grunted Jim miserably. "Here's the chance of a lifetime, and you made me promise I wouldn't bet."

She placed an arm round his shoulder and gave him a swift butterfly kiss. "What about a game of piquet?" she smiled. "It'll take your mind off your sorrow for a bit, darling. Penny a hundred?"

Jim flung aside his paper and fetched the piquet cards.

Before he turned to the stop-press column in his paper, Jim felt not the slightest doubt as to the winner of the Cranchester Cup. Her morning's price had been 9 to 4, as George had so confidently predicted, and all her connections spoke of her as "the biggest cert ever."

And so, instead of a cool thousand (for he had meant to invest a tenner, and his bookie paid any odds), he would have to be content with a measly box of a hundred cigars. It was a gloomy Jim that gave his wife a dutiful peck as he returned home from the office that evening.

"We'll leave the washing-up," announced Brenda brightly after supper, "until later. As this is the last day of the three months, darling, you'll have to come round with me and choose those cigars." She put her hands on his shoulders and leant up to kiss him. "Congratulations on your strong-mindedness, Jimmy!"

Jim's answering grunt resembled the sound that might have been uttered by a cow suffering from a bad toothache. But Brenda, serenely smiling, appeared not to have heard it.

After the visit to Mr. Panto's well-appointed tobacco emporium, Jim, with muttered and not altogether convincing expressions of gratitude, turned to the right for home.

But Brenda laid a small detaining hand upon his elbow. "Just a moment, dear. I want to call at Rampley's garage first."

Jim's uplifted face was a study in blank amazement.

"Rampley's?" he blurted. "What the ——"

"They've got the duckiest little two-seater there, Jim." Brenda spoke of a brand-new two-seater as if it were a pound of tomatoes. "It's only twenty—I'd love it so."

Jim stood completely motionless, as if frozen to the pavement.

"Are you feeling quite well, dear?" he inquired in an anxious whisper. "Or have you gone—er——"

"Listen, Jim," she broke in, with a little gurgling laugh. "The day after you met George Rogers, three months ago, I met him too, and he told me about Brenda's Chance. Well, I'd just won ten pounds in a competition, you remember, and I was so struck with the name that—well, I got him to put it on for me that very day. He says I'll get my cheque for a thousand first post to-morrow. Come on, old boy."

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GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 5

THE theatre, which Mrs. Scattergood and Miss Taverner had passed during the course of their morning's walk, was situated in the New Road, and, though not large, was a handsome building, fitted up with every attention to comfort. The pit and gallery were roomy, and two tiers of lofty boxes, ornamented with gold-fringed draperies, provided ample accommodation for the more genteel part of the audience. The Regent's box, on the left of the stage, which was separated from the others by a richly-gilt iron latticework, was empty, but nearly all the others were occupied. Miss Taverner's time, before the curtain were up, was fully engaged in bowing to those of her acquaintance who were present. Mrs. Scattergood's in closely observing every cap and turban in the house, and preferring her own to them all.

During the first interval several gentlemen visited their box, among them Colonel McMahon, who came in on the heels of Mr. Lewis, and begged leave to recall himself to Mrs. Scattergood's memory. She was obliged to introduce him to Miss Taverner, to whom he at once attached himself, remaining by her side throughout the interval, and alternately diverting and disgusting her with the obsequiousness and affectation of his manners. He professed himself to be all amazement at not having met her before, and upon hearing that she had not yet had the honor of being presented to the Prince Regent, assured her that she might depend on receiving a card of invitation to the Pavilion in the very near future.

"I venture to think," he said impressively, "that you will be pleased alike by the interior of the Pavilion, and by its Royal owner. Such manners are not often met with. You will find His Highness condescending to the highest degree. No one was ever more affable. You will like him excessively, and I am emboldened to say that I can engage for him being particularly pleased with you."

She could hardly keep her countenance as she thanked him, and was glad that the interval was nearly over. It was time for him to return to his place. He made her a low bow, and went away rubbing his hands together.

During the second interval a circumstance occurred to destroy all Miss Taverner's pleasure. She became aware of being closely scrutinised, and glancing towards the opposite boxes, found that the Earl of Barrymore was fixedly regarding her through his quizzing-glass.

She recognised him at once, and knew from the slight smile on his lips that he had recognised her. He nudged his companion, pointed her out, and very plainly asked a question. Miss Taverner could guess its import, and with a heightened color turned away.

She took care not to glance in that direction again, but Peregrine, chancing to look round the house, exclaimed suddenly: "Who is that fellow who keeps staring into our box? I have a very good mind to step round and ask him what he means by it!"

"I do not think I should notice his impertinence, if I were you," replied the captain. "It is only Cripplegate, and the Barrymores, you know, cannot be held accountable for their odd manners. If you had known Hell-gate, the late Earl, you would think nothing of this man."

Peregrine was frowning across the house. "Yes, but he seems actually to be trying to catch our attention, Ju, you do not know him, do you?"

She looked fleetingly towards the opposite box. The Earl kissed his hand to her, and Captain Audley turned to her with a surprised question in his eyes. "My dear Miss Taverner, are you acquainted with Barrymore?"

She said in a good deal of confusion: "No, no! I have never spoken to him in my life."

"Well, I think perhaps I will go round and inform him of it," said the captain, rising from his chair.

She laid her hand on his sleeve, and said with strong agitation: "It is of no consequence! I am persuaded he mistakes me for another. See, he has found his error for himself, and is no longer looking this way. Pray sit down again, Captain Audley!"

Civility obliged him to comply, though he looked to be far from satisfied. But the third act commenced almost immediately, and, as the Earl went away before the farce ended, no further annoyance was suffered that evening.

BUT the effects of his having recognised in Miss Taverner the curricle-driver at Horley were soon felt. Knowledge of her identity did not prevent him from describing the circumstances under which he had first met her, and by the time she entered the assembly rooms at the Old Ship with Mrs. Scattergood on the following evening her name was being bandied about pretty freely, and two ladies who had hitherto treated her with marked amiability bowed with such cold civility that she felt almost ready to sink.

The rooms were full, and a large part of the gathering was composed of officers, with whom, from the circumstance of a cavalry barracks being situated a little way out of the town on the Lewes Road, Brighton always teemed. The master of ceremonies presented several of the younger ones to Miss Taverner, but she stood up for the first two dances with Captain Audley.

It might have been her fancy, but she thought that she could detect a shade of reserve in his manner, a grave look in his usually merry eyes. After a little while she said as lightly as she could: "I daresay you have heard by this time of my shocking conduct, Captain Audley. Are you disgusted? Do you think you should stand up with such a sad character as myself?"

"You refer to your drive from town, I collect. I should not have described it in such terms."

Please turn to Page 16

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

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IN ABYSSINIA

These interesting pictures are reproductions of some of the many fine illustrations in "Abyssinia on the Eve," by Ladislas Farago. A review of this fine book appears on page 2.

PRINCE SAHLE SELASSIE, youngest son of the Emperor.

PRINCE MAKONNEN, the Emperor's favorite son and probable successor to the throne.

THE EMPEROR in the Imperial dining-room.

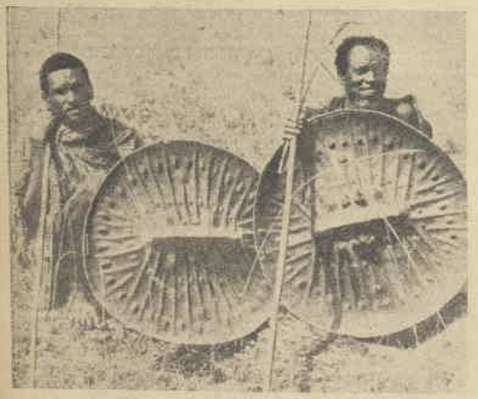
BOY SCOUT bugler sounds a call.

ABUNA KYRILLOS, head of the Coptic Church in Abyssinia.

ABOVE: Abyssinian village of Tukuls.

AT LEFT: Somali children begging.

STORING GRAIN underground for emergencies.



DANAKIL warriors with shields of rhinoceros hide.

GIANT DRUM-MAJOR of the Guards Band.

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NO MAIL ORDERS

GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 14

"BUT you do not approve of it. I can see that you think ill of me for having done it."

He smiled. "My countenance must be singularly deceptive, then—to think ill of you! No, indeed, I do not!"

"Your brother is very angry with me."

He returned no answer, and after a moment or two she said with a little laugh: "It was not so very bad, after all."

"Certainly not. What you do could never be bad. Let us say rather that it was not very wise."

She was conscious of a restriction in her throat. She overcame it and replied: "I am sure I do not care. Such an excessive regard for public opinion is what I have no patience with. Your brother is not here tonight, I think."

"He was engaged to dine with some friends, but I daresay he will be here presently."

They went down the dance at this moment, and when they stood opposite to each other again another topic for conversation came up, and continued to occupy them for the rest of the time they were together.

As she walked back beside the captain to where they had left Mrs. Scattergood Miss Taverner saw that Worth had entered the room, and was standing talking earnestly to her chaperon. From the glance Mrs. Scattergood cast in her direction she felt sure that she was the subject under discussion, and it was consequently in a very stiff manner that she greeted her guardian.

His bow was formal, his countenance unsmiling; and for the few minutes that he remained beside them he talked the merest commonplaces. Tuesday's events were not referred to, but that they held a prominent place in his thoughts Miss Taverner could not doubt. All the mortifications of her last meeting with him were vividly recalled to her memory by the sight of him, and no softening in his manner, no kinder light in his eyes, came to alleviate her discomfort. Upon her civility being claimed towards an officer who approached to lead her out for the next dance the Earl walked away to the other end of the room, and presently took his place in another set opposite a young lady in a diaphanous gown of yellow satsenet. He left the ballroom before tea, and without once having asked his ward to stand up with him. She saw him go, and was wretched indeed. As for his taste, she thought very poorly of it, for she could not perceive the least degree of beauty in the lady in yellow satsenet—nothing, in fact, to have made it worth the Earl's while to have attended the ball.

The evening provided her with a fair sample of what she guessed she would be obliged to endure until her escapade was forgotten. Several dowagers eyed her with a good deal of severity, and her particular friends seemed to have agreed amongst themselves to behave towards her as though nothing had happened, which they did so carefully that her spirits sank lower than ever. The gentlemen saw the affair as a famous joke; they were ready enough to talk of it, and to applaud her daring; and the boldest amongst them quizzed her with a kind of familiar gallantry which galled her pride beyond bearing. To make matters worse, Mrs. Scattergood bemoaned the results of her imprudence all the way home, and prophesied that the evils of such conduct would be felt for many a long day.

At the end of the week the Regent arrived in Brighton, accompanied by his brother the Duke of Cumberland; and somewhat to Miss Taverner's surprise a card was received by Mrs. Scattergood inviting them both to an evening party at the Pavilion on the following Tuesday. The Royal brothers were seen in Church on Sunday: the elder stout, with a sallow sort of handsomeness, and an air of great fashion; the younger lean, extremely tall, and with his black-avised countenance disfigured by a scar from a wound received at Thurso!

MISS TAVERNER could not forbear looking at him with a good deal of interest, for the scandals attaching to his name were many, and he was generally credited with nearly every form of vice, including murder. Only a couple of years before, his valet had committed suicide, and there were still any number of persons who did not scruple to hint that the unfortunate man had not met his end in the way that was officially given out. The Duke of Clarence, who, like every one of his brothers but Cumberland himself, was an invincible and an indiscreet talker, had referred to that particular scandal upon one occasion, and while assuring Miss Taverner that there was no truth in it, had added: "Ernest is not a bad sort, only if he knows where you have a tender spot on your foot he likes to tread on it." Looking at the Duke of Cumberland's face Miss Taverner could well believe this to be true.

Before the party at the Pavilion took place Judith had the comfort of knowing that her cousin was in Brighton. He and her uncle arrived at the Castle Inn on Monday at four o'clock, having come down from the White Horse Cellar, in Piccadilly, in a little under six hours, travelling post; and called at Marine Parade after dinner. Peregrine had driven out to Worthing earlier in the day, and was not yet back, but both the ladies were at home, and while Mrs. Scattergood was engaged with the Admiral Judith was able to take her cousin apart and pour into his ears an account of her disgrace and its cause.

He listened to her with an expression of concern, and twice pressed her hand with a look of such sympathetic understanding that she was hard put to it not to burst into tears of self-pity. The relief of being able to unburden her heart was great; and the knowledge that there was one at least who did not condemn her induced her to show a more marked degree of preference for her cousin than she was aware of doing.

"You see how bad I have been," she said with a trembling smile. "But I should never have done it if Lord Worth had not laid it down so positively that I was not to go with Perry."

Please turn to Page 32

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"Varex" is a simple, inexpensive home treatment. No resting required. Only one dressing per week. Write for free booklet. Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 428N George Street, Sydney, and 82N Collins Street, Melbourne.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by ..... L. W. LOWER "Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

"Does she boast she has the best husband going?"
"No; he's gone."

SHE: I am told that you simply adore good music.
HE: Oh, that doesn't matter. Pray, go on.

"Wasn't the egg boiled long enough, sir?"
"Yes, long enough—but not soon enough!"

BOSS: Smith, is that your cigarette?
OFFICE BOY: No, sir, you saw it first.

MOTHER: Even if your friends don't like Lillie Leftover, I hope you are careful not to say anything in her presence to hurt her feelings.
BETTY: Oh, yes, Mum, we're very careful. Whenever she comes near us we always move a little way off from her and whisper.

Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

YOUNG SANDY (doing homework): If you lent £100 for three months at 5 per cent. per annum, what would it be, father?
Father: Charity, my boy!

MRS. BEAVER: Is your husband having any luck with his garden?
Mrs. Jims: Yes. He got sunstroke and collected £20 insurance.

GRANDPA (to young grandson): It's 9 o'clock, my man, don't you think it is time all little boys were in bed?
Grandson: Well, that's a subject I am not very interested in. I haven't any little boys.

AUNT: Don't you know it's wrong of you to yawn like that? When I yawn I hold my hand in front of my mouth.
Doris: I don't need to; these are my own teeth.

THE BLONDE: I always feel safe when there is a man in the house.
The Brunette: I don't see why you shouldn't, dear.

FIRST LODGER: I say, old man, what's the idea of wearing my overcoat?
Second Lodger: Well, you don't want your new suit to get wet, do you?

HE: Is my collar dirty, or is it just my imagination?
She: Your collar is all right, but I don't know about your imagination!

HE: Does he keep his word?
She: Yes, nobody will take it.

EMPLOYER: Can I trust you?
Applicant For Position: Of course, you can. I ran a bath-house for fifteen years and never took a single bath.

"NOW, Brown, who defeated the Philistines?"
"I dunno, sir. I don't follor them Amateur League teams."

Kill their FLEAS!

NOW, as the Summer is starting, is the time to de-flea your dogs and cats, and de-verminise your birds, and keep them free during the hot weather

WITH

"KF" is safe for all Cats and Kittens.

"KF" stands for "Kills Fleas," but no flea can stand "KF"

"KF" relieves birds from irritation and vermin.

Just sprinkle "KF" on from the tin. It acts like magic in ridding them of Fleas, Lice and Mites. "KF" kills fleas and KEEPS THEM OFF.

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"KF" kills red mites and lice; see the ½lb. and 1lb. tins.

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ENAMEL

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NEW FROCK SALON

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Here are two smart frocks of guaranteed washing materials. On the left is a striped silk shirtmaker frock with action back and opening skirt to give that essential freedom. Colours are navy and white, green and white, red and white, brown and white trimmed with white buttons and buckle. The other frock is white Lombardy crepe trimmed with red and white macrami belt, scarf collar with red spots to tone, action back and skirt. Sizes are, S.S.W., S.W., and W. Marvellous value at 19/11.

Sandals

Smart, snappy, cool, colourful, woven macrami, made in foot-flattering designs with leather soles and covered heels. Colours are red & white, blue & white, green & white, lemon & white, brown & white, black & white, all white, all beige, all black, and the price only 11/6

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NIGHTS Out ALONE

Would married life run more smoothly if husband and wife had their own hobbies and spent some of their time apart? This story shows what might happen in such circumstances.

Complete Short Story
— By —
WINIFRED CARTER

IF there was one day of the week that Marion Renshaw loved, it was Saturday. For one thing, she enjoyed Saturday morning's shopping. Fun, going to the shops and choosing what they were going to have for Sunday's dinner.

A funny little shiver of delight passed over her as she turned homewards with her shopping basket laden. Life was such good fun! Whoever would have believed that there could be so much pleasure in planning meals! At the office the girls had jeered at her.

"Why don't you keep on with your work, and have a woman in to do the housework?" Alison Benson had said. "It's a shame to think of all your skill and specialised knowledge going to seed. Any woman at ninepence an hour can do what you're going to do."

"Oh, but I'm going to enjoy working for Billy!"

"My poor infant... you have got it bad! Well, when the fever's over, I bet you old Banks will be glad to have you back again."

Poor old Alison, thinking that being head clerk in an office was any sort of a life for a girl!

Back home she set to work. Billy came in at half-past one on Saturdays. She was going to give him fried steak and onions, and pancakes, with lemon and castor sugar.

A twinkle shot into the soft, velvety brown eyes as she thought how Alison would mock at her.

"You spend half your spare time in planning meals!"

And she did. Planning cheap and wholesome meals that were appetising was part of a good wife's daily labor. But Alison could say what she liked. There was no thrill like hearing someone say: "Well, I beat anyone to find a better cook than you, Marion!" And that someone who never forgot to say it was Billy.

It was exactly at quarter-past one when there came a rattle at the front door. Not Billy yet—not for another quarter of an hour.

She turned the gas low and went to the door. And then her face grew just a little set. Jack Baker was one of her husband's chums, and Marion was tired of Billy's old friends, who couldn't leave him alone.

"Now, what do you want, Jack?" she said, half exasperated. "It's not a bit of good asking Billy out, because we've planned to put the crazy pavement down this afternoon."

"We've just got to have Billy, Mrs. Renshaw," said Jack earnestly. "You know very well he's the best half-back we've got, and the other chap got knocked out last week. We hoped he'd be well enough to play this afternoon, but he isn't. We'll lose the match if Billy doesn't come."

"Hullo, what's happened at Number Six?" said a cheery voice, and she turned and looked at Billy as he came swinging in at the gate, so big, so broad, so splendid! Always a thrill when he came in like that. Her husband! She liked the whole street to see him come in, liked them to see him take her in his arms and kiss her.

"Just as high as my heart!" he said, and didn't care if it was before Jack Baker or anyone else. "I don't care who knows that I think my wife's the prettiest little woman in the street!" he added contentedly. "Now, Jack, spill the beans!"

"We want you to come and play this afternoon. Mason's not fit."

"I can't," said Billy. "I've promised Marion to stay in and get the crazy pavement done."

"But it could wait," said Jack pleadingly. "And, anyhow, we'll all come round and help fix it some time in the week. You know to-day's match is important. We're playing against Wiekton, and they're a strong team."

"Well, I don't like letting you down, but I can't let Mrs. Renshaw down. Can I, Tibbles?"

Tibbles was his pet name for her. She flushed. She knew what it would be if she let him go. It was always the way. Time after time they came for him to play in a "special" match, and always she gave in, and she disliked football.

In the days when they were engaged, many a time she had gone to a field and watched the game, but she did not enjoy it. All she knew was that she had been frantically bored, and was generally as cold as stone.

At that moment the telephone rang. She was very proud of her telephone. Billy had to have it for his work, and it was convenient when he was kept late, too.

"This is Alison. I don't suppose you've a half day to spare? I've got tickets for the new musical comedy, 'Valerie,' and my chum can't go. I want someone who will buy it from me, and who'll go shares with the tea afterwards. There's a dozen of us going, some of the girls from the office. We remembered you liked music, and that Billy didn't."

No, Billy didn't. If he whistled, it was out of tune. But she loved music, and a musical comedy was just her mark.

"It's all right, Billy," she said, a moment later. "I'm going with Alison to the theatre. You can go to the match with a clear conscience!"

When the musical comedy was over, and they were having tea, all discussing the music interestedly, Alison turned to Marion.

"Are you coming to the Dramatic Club's performance of 'The Chinese Honeymoon' on Thursday?"

"Can't very well. Billy wouldn't enjoy it."

"Come without him."

"Without Billy? Oh, I can't!"

"Why not?" demanded Alison.

"I don't know, but I can't. Married people can't go out on their lonesome like that. They wouldn't enjoy it."

"Why should you, who love music, never have any? Why should you find it so difficult to meet your chums? The difficulty could be overcome if married folk were sensible. Did you enjoy this show?"

"Rather!"

"Without your precious Billy?"

"Well, he would have been bored."

Please turn to Page 31

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

SAY YOUR SAY

If you have something interesting to say, try saying it to "So They Say." Every topic, so long as your letter is not too long, will be accepted. And you'll learn what other readers think about it, too.

RISQUE JOKES

WHY is it that a risque joke is usually preceded by the remark, "I hope you're broad-minded"?

What is the general standard of broad-mindedness?

Must it necessarily extend to the utter disregard of personal principles because of the fear of being contemptuously dubbed a "prude"?

Surely one is to be admired for proving the courage of her convictions by a stony silence, in place of an insincere uproar at something or other obviously in opposition to her own particular code!

Yet it is amazing the number of girls who have not this strength.

£1 for this letter to Miss B. Allen, 203 Darlinghurst Rd., King's Cross, N.S.W.

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LEARNING FROM FRIENDS

WE are all aware of the great part that our friends play in our lives, as they go in and out of each day with us, but I wonder do we ever realise just how much we unconsciously learn from each particular friend we have?

I once shared a room with a girl friend whose only real fault was an almost ungovernable temper when aroused, and I think she taught me more lessons in self-control than I had ever learned before.

Another friend was so unselfish I almost developed an inferiority complex, and another was so tidy and neat that I began to blush at my careless ways.

We all have our own particular faults, but what a lot we can learn from day-by-day intercourse with our friends.

Miss M. Francis, 1 Barra Rd., Artarmon, Sydney.

❖ ❖ ❖

HAS SHE FAILED?

WHEN I became a mother I resolved to find time always to play with my children; but I have neither the time to spare nor the energy to expend. I meant to refrain from shouting at them; alas! recognising the "patience - at - an-end" note in my voice they obey my shouted command, ignoring soft-voiced requests.

I hoped to lead them rather than drive; yet I find corporal punishment works wonders.

I planned to avert quarrels by smoothing out disagreements, but soon realised my efforts made matters worse.

I intended to be always serene and unhurried; yet find myself fussing and worrying. I vowed never, never to neglect my appearance; but I'm too wilted and weary to care how I look.

From the ruins of my ideals I'm appealing to some other mother who, unaided, has reared a family, to tell me if she, too, had to sacrifice her ideals on the altar of necessity, and if I'm really the miserable failure I feel myself to be.

Mrs. T. D. Fraser, 3 Cullodin St., West Brunswick, Vic.

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PEOPLE'S HANDBAGS

I THINK it is high time that people refrained from peering into other people's handbags.

When a new handbag is exhibited the outside is indifferently admired first, then the admirer immediately opens the frame and dives inside. The outside is the principal part, having design and leather, so why do people exercise that idle curiosity when they know very well what the inside of a handbag is like?

Also people should emphasise to their children that when visitors leave handbags on beds they are not to be opened and examined. Nothing is more annoying than for a person to discover that her friend's children have examined the contents of the handbag. Unfortunately, most people cannot say anything for fear of offending the friend, as these delicate matters have to be handled very gingerly and the subject of handbags is not always easy to approach.

Miss M. C. Floyd, 14 Clevedon Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Is the Term "Mere Man" a Claim to Superiority ?

REGARDING "Mere man," the point raised by Mrs. A. J. Hoelter in The Australian Women's Weekly (14/9/35), my personal opinion is that the "Mere man" is not unconsciously admitting to an "inferiority complex." Rather the reverse—he is subtly camouflaging his "superiority" and pretending to flatter the women he so "humbly" criticises. He has no intention of being taken as sincere as far as his pseudonymic signature is concerned. He is secretly smiling and "talking down to" the "dear, feminine darlings" whose opinions he pretends are superior to the male of the species.

Mrs. Eheth Gordon, 119 Addison Rd., Marrickville, N.S.W.

On Dangerous Grounds

I DO not think a man admits an inferiority complex (14/9/'35) when he dubs himself "Mere man," but rather that the man is treading on uneven ground and is trying to discuss something which is quite beyond his comprehension. Rather is he admitting that the fair sex interests him and that he'd like to know more about it, and that if he does not make some excuse for his interest he might pull the wrath of all women on to his head.

Miss M. Stoyel, C/o Alva, Cumberland St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.

A Colloquialism

I THINK Mrs. Hoelter (14/9/'35) is wrong. It is my opinion that men use the term "Mere man" for the same reason that we use the term "The fair sex." It is just a colloquialism. Do we use "Your obedient servant" because we look on the other person as our master? No! We use it because father and grandfather before us used it.

No; man has no "inferiority complex" so far as woman is concerned. Are we men not the "sterner sex?" Perhaps, however, a "Mere man" conveys a little sarcasm levelled at those who claim that mere man never understands a woman and her ways.

J. G. Taylor, Lester St., Bardon, Qld.

Means Nothing

I DO not think that Mrs. Hoelter need fear a man is suffering from an inferiority complex when he speaks of himself as a "Mere man."

I have yet to meet the gentleman who REALLY considers himself inferior to a woman.

The words are neither more nor less than a polite phrase, habitually used, which means absolutely nothing. In all probability it was coined by a woman, and, having a sweet, alliterative sound, it stuck in the minds of both sexes.

Of course, as Mrs. Hoelter says, we never say "Mere woman."

Have You a Favorite Motto?

IF you had to pick a saying or motto to live and work by what would you choose?

There are such a lot of them which would suit any one of us. "Look before you leap," could be used to advantage by both men and women in love affairs as well as in business. "Live and let live" could be adopted and practised by all. My favorite quotation is "All's well that ends well."

Miss Lois Ireland, Kingsclere, Potts Point, N.S.W.

But, in circumstances corresponding to those in which a man speaks of himself as "Mere man," we do very frequently call ourselves "Weak women"—again for the same reason, and again meaning nothing.

"Mere man" and "Weak woman" are both figures of speech which from too constant repetition have lost all their original force.

Mrs. J. Crees, Campbell St., Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

Light Sarcasm

MRS. A. HOELTER (14/9/'35) wonders why some men speak of themselves as "Mere man." In my opinion a person using "Mere man" is really indulging in light sarcasm for the benefit of women readers. Perhaps he means to say, "Pardon this intrusion, dear, but ——." I don't think any writer would actually admit an inferiority feeling if he possessed it.

James Conley, 21 Lennox St., Maryborough, Qld.

Correct Procedure When Taking Telephone Calls

MISS GUNN complains that having rung up a friend and been answered by Dad, Mum, brother, or sister, she is inevitably asked the question, "Who is speaking?"

It is perhaps no business of the other person who is speaking, but has Miss Gunn considered that that person might also prefer just to politely ask the other to hold the line and inform Mr. So-and-So that he is wanted. But in 99 cases out of 100 Mr. So-and-So will ask, "Who is it?"

After a number of inconveniences I have made it a rule always to ask who is speaking, and so save myself and the other persons much time and annoyance. And surely, if it means embarrassment, the phone is hardly the means to be desired for the communication!

Miss L. Girot, P.O. Box 135, Forbes, N.S.W.

Your School Days

SO many people have told me that the happiest days of their life have been their school days. I have left school three years now, and I fail to see how it can be true. Maybe when I have been away from school about 20 years or more I might change my mind! Do readers think so?

Jean Howchin, 19 Campbell St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

It Saves Time

MISS GUNN thinks that when another person is required on the phone the person answering has no business to ask, "Who is speaking?" It certainly saves much time and trouble if the person calling does give the name. If you should happen to get cut off, the person called would know where and whom to ring.

Joan Bedford, Kyancutta, S.A.

It Prepares the Person

IT is quite a correct procedure for the person who answers the phone to ask, "Who is speaking?" The information passed on to the person called gives her a few seconds' warning, and, incidentally, a certain poise, which is often lacking when called to speak to an unknown person. It also gives her the chance to decide whether she is at home or not to the caller.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 12 William Street, South Yarra S.E.1, Vic.

Takes the Joy Away

CERTAINLY, Francis Gunn (14/9/'35), nobody but the one concerned should ask, "Who is speaking?"

Telephone calls are usually our own personal affairs, and surely we can be allowed a little privacy.

A telephone ringing always brings me to a state of excitement, and I know for a fact half the joy of answering is missing when you are told, "So-and-So wants you on the phone." It is ever so much nicer to be told, "You are wanted on the phone."

Phyllis Lassig, Oakwood, Bundaberg, Qld.

If Person Is Not Present

I FIND with Miss Gunn that many ask the question, "Who is speaking?" I think this question should not be asked if the person required is present.

Where she is not present then I think it would be quite right to ask: "Who is speaking?" or "Is there any message I can give?"

This is the manner in which I would attack it if I were in their position.

Miss Jean Rogers, Wren St., Longreach, Qld.

What's The Matter With "Talking Shop"?

"TALKING SHOP" to a person who belongs to a different profession, or who is engaged in a different occupation, may be interesting to the person spoken to. But, when on holidays, travelling, etc., I know ever so many teachers and nurses who deliberately refuse to disclose their profession to fellow travellers and colleagues in case they should want to "talk shop." People who have to use their brains in their daily work all the year round want a complete holiday and change when on leave, and "talking shop" keeps their minds on their work, they say.

Mrs. I. B. Catling, School House, Sarina, Qld.

Should Encourage It

YES, Bessie Boxall (14/9/'35), I agree with you, that people should be encouraged to "talk shop."

How much more interesting is any subject when discussed by one who really knows it.

Moreover from an educational point of view we gain valuable information from a person who will discuss his or her work.

Certainly we should encourage people to "talk shop," not condemn them as priggish when they do so.

Of course, they should keep it within decent bounds. When two people who work together meet outside and fire questions and answers at each other to the exclusion of everybody else, that is the time when "talking shop" should be abolished.

Olive M. Horn, 2 Ebden St., Elsternwick S4, Vic.

When They Talk Cows

BESSIE BOXALL puts up a very good case for "talking shop." But if you happened to be the only woman living with six or eight men and heard them "talking shop" every evening, month after month, for a couple of years, you would probably do as I have often done—get out of earshot.

Listening to an occasional interesting tale of adventure, is not, to my mind, "talking shop." But listen-in to a few station men "talking sheep," or dairymen "talking cows," and before a month is past you will feel like screaming if you cannot get away from the chatter of their voices.

Mrs. J. Marshall, Moortangi, Kolan River Rd. Sth., via Bundaberg, Qld.

BORROWING CLOTHES

BORROWING clothes and wearing-apparel sometimes becomes a habit in a large family.

At home, an occasion may arise when one or the other takes, without permission, an accessory that both want at the same time, which leads to disagreement, for there is nothing more irritating to both girls.

Such borrowing can only lead to quarrels; in the long run it is not economical, and it utterly destroys one's pride in one's personal belongings, for one possesses nothing.

If you are an offender in this respect, be wise and stop early.

Vera Hart, Mt. Lindsay, Rathdonney, Qld.

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"HAPPINESS AHEAD"

HOW peculiar it is that happiness is generally considered to be just around the corner. Nearly all the modern songs are in this strain.

Listen to younger people talking, and hear how happy they will be "when they are married" or "when they get that different position," and you will hear this phrase from young and old, "If only I had plenty of money how happy I would be."

Happiness is not ahead; it lies within us always.

If only people would endeavor to be like Pollyanna and try to see something to be glad about in all things, and not look forward to being happy, they would discover that Lo! happiness is theirs.

Mrs. I. V. Evans, 8 Norseman Avenue, Westbourne Park, S.A.

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POOR POLICEMAN

IN reading books with the English countryside as the setting I have noticed on numerous occasions that when a policeman is introduced into the story he is invariably a smug, stolid-looking individual who speaks in the most illiterate manner possible, and seldom displays any signs of intelligence. Could any reader tell me if these portrayals are true to type, as one could scarcely imagine such to be the case. In motion pictures, too, one receives the impression that the "bobby's" most important role is in knowing how to salute his superior officer and assume expressions of inane astonishment when the mystery is disclosed.

Mrs. J. P. Gawley, Swanpool, via Benalla, Vic.

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WHICH—

Nightgowns or Pyjamas?

Betty insists on nightgowns — she says they make her feel feminine! Margaret loves the slender tailoring of tunic and trousers.....

JOAN has two minds on the subject—and most of us are Joans, incapable of resisting an idea that appeals to us whether it takes one form or the other, so long as it meets our price requirements.

No matter how many years you had been pyjama-clad, it would be hard to resist the luxury of a nightgown like the one in the picture. Can't you imagine the feeling of it as it slips over your head and sleeks down to the floor! Like the pyjamas, it is taken from the Spring range of "Powderfee" garments by Prestige, and has that moulded smoothness you find in all the Prestige underthings.

Notice the rich lace applique that slims away the waistline. Lace is one of the luxurious possibilities of nightgowns, and Prestige are importing it in delicate contrast shades from the lace-makers of the Continent—using it in a hundred unusual ways to make Spring underthings more beautiful. This particular one is Alencon, in a soft, glowing peach-colour against the paler peach of the "Powderfee" fabric. Alencon appears on another model in the new oyster grey, used in contrast with cool apple green. Flowered net is used in a sunny skin-brown against pollen gold on yet another nightgown. French handkerchief lace ripples at the edge of a model with that pure and simple line that designers know is not nearly so simple as it seems.

When pyjamas fit like these it greatly adds to their charm! All the Spring underthings by Prestige have the same perfect cut. Notice the contrasting lace applique on the suit at the left, one of the original new ideas you will find in this article. The shirt-suit at the right gives you a delicious feeling of superiority!

Lace is only the beginning of luxury in this Prestige nightgown!

Altogether luxurious garments—but don't think they must be saved for special occasions! They have been designed to bring you luxury in a really inexpensive way. And these new sleeping garments express your inmost ideas of what a nightgown should be. You'll find cowl necks and sleeves, panel backs, a swathed Egyptian bodice such as an Abyssinian slave might wear, a net yoke that hugs the throat and ties at the nape of the neck, a high-waisted empire bodice made completely in lace. For a trousseau or a very special week-end there is a luxurious confection that makes you look as slim as a mannequin—down in a deep U, and wide out on the shoulders goes an old-world yoke of gathered net, scattered here and there with lace flowers and looking withal as paradoxically modern as anyone could wish!

Bright as Spring flowers, and varied as Spring moods are the "Powderfee" pyjama suits. Striped tunic-tops with military flair and decorum, appliqued tops—the one in the picture gathered crosswise into a diagonal trail of lace. The standing figure is wearing a beautifully tailored "shirt model" with slim straight-cut trousers. Anyone might be tempted to wear this shirt under a Spring suit—so perfectly is it cut in the suede-like fabric, and so cool and smooth it feels. It is a really good idea—but don't do it too often as it does look effective against the proper trousers of cornflower blue or jade or Chinese red.

Lounge pyjamas in "Powderfee" offer exciting possibilities—and even if you find them glorified by the name of cocktail suit they are the sort of garment that you really go to bed in and send to the laundry week after week. A suit of these would be useful in the holidays, during those hours when you are not officially up and dressed.

In fact, Prestige are opening Spring with a perfect galaxy of new things for day and night-time—fragile wisps of lace and fabric for evening, inexpensive and lovely garments for practical living. At any price you choose to pay you'll find nightgowns and nicks, pyjamas and pantees, vests that fit like a sheath from shoulder straps downward, slips and "sleekies" and vests, too, complete with their own brassiere-tops.

And there's a new elastic patent that holds the nicks and pantees perfectly flat to the waist. New features everywhere—tiny buckles to adjust shoulder straps, split skirts to allow sheath-fit, shadow panels, all-in-ones combining every necessity in the coolest possible manner, brassieres that stay permanently backless right to the waist.

Every one of these hand-cut Prestige garments fits as if specially tailored for your own figure, partly because of the accuracy in designing and partly because extra sizes have been introduced to give the full benefit of good tailoring. For tall "small women" there is "medium women's" to give extra length, and for those figures midway between women's and outsize a special "full women's" fitting has been created. Five sizes to choose from, instead of the usual three! And it's safe to prophesy that these "half" sizes in underwear are going to become as necessary to us as the half-sizes so recently introduced in shoes.***

SCOTLAND YARD *of the Flower World*

From Our London Correspondent.

The Scotland Yard of horticulture, one of the strangest investigation departments in the world, is to be found at Wisley, Surrey.

UNDER the command of Dr. M. A. H. Tincker, M.A., F.L.S., are a number of earnest scientists whose research has saved many popular flowers and fruits from extinction.

Mr. D. E. Green, head of the department that investigates plant diseases, says:

"I am at present working against time to save antirrhinums. For some time I feared that we would be unable to do anything to protect this flower, but at last I see a chance.

"Our problem is rust disease. It has been a scourge in America for 40 years. It was not till 1933 that I first reported its existence in Kent.

"In two months, despite our efforts, it had spread to eleven counties. We carried out a spraying trial using 13 different sprays, against the rust, but our chief hope of success lies in the discovery of a 'resistant' flower.

"At last I think I am on the way to achieving this; at present the flowers are not perfect.

"Foreign pests are becoming more common in England lately.

"We have even had to investigate germs from the highest Himalayan mountains. Naturally, when we get foreign complaints we get in touch with the authorities in the district, if that is possible, and exchange views."

MR. STEWART HOWARD, who is now conducting The Australian Women's Weekly Film page, is one of our brilliant young authors, who has already four successful novels to his credit. He has also won wide recognition as a sound dramatic, literary, and film critic, and was one of the judges of this year's S. H. Prior Memorial Prize. Our readers, we feel confident, will greatly enjoy his forthright and stimulating film criticisms.

Hot Baths for Daffodils

MR. N. K. GOULD, an official, has devoted his life to the problems of daffodils. He says that if it had not been for Mr. J. K. Ramsbottom there might not have been a daffodil left in England, and growers would have been ruined.

Mr. Gould goes on to say that in 1916 the menace of eelworms attacked our daffodil crop seriously.

"The trouble with eelworms is that they move so quickly from root to root that it is difficult to keep up with them.

"Disinfectants and antiseptics had proved useless. They either did not kill the worm or killed the plant.

"Then one day Ramsbottom tried bathing the plants in a hot water bath at a temperature of 110 degrees. The treatment was successful.

"The great drawback at the moment is that unless the immersion is done perfectly there is a grave risk of injuring the plant.

"But now a new and even more difficult problem has arisen—'strip disease.'

"We believe that this is caused by virus. The symptoms are the striping and mottling of the leaves with a yellow strip, and sometimes the appearance of white blotches on the flowers of yellow coloring."

So it is easily seen from the thoroughness in which everything is conducted at the Royal Horticultural Research Gardens—for that is the name of these wonderful gardens—that it is every whit as well organised as any criminal investigation department in the world.

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What Women Are Doing

Carnegie Fellowship

A CARNEGIE Corporation Fellowship worth approximately £500 has been awarded to Miss Constance Colegrove, principal of the Auckland Kindergarten Association, to enable her to study kindergarten methods overseas.

Miss Colegrove will probably leave New Zealand soon, and will be absent for some time visiting Great Britain and other countries.

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Visited Remote Outposts Of Bush Nursing Association

MRS. E. DWYER-GRAY, wife of Tasmania's Treasurer, is one of those quiet women who do a tremendous amount of good and say very little about it. During Mr. A. G. Ogilvie's absence overseas her husband occupied the position of Acting-Premier, and for those six months public social duties were added to the list of philanthropic activities that fill all Mrs. Dwyer-Gray's spare moments.

For the last 12 months Mrs. Dwyer-Gray has been an active member of the Tasmanian Bush Nursing Committee. She is the first Acting-Premier's wife to visit all the outlying districts in southern Tasmania, for Adamsfield, Southport, Swansea, Cygnet and Bruny Island centres are among those she has been to, and the Ouse and Tasman centres will next claim her attention.

Mrs. Dwyer-Gray is a member of the Women's Labor League and the hon. treasurer of the Anti-vivisection Society. She is also a member of the Hobart Hospital Auxiliary.

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Salvation Army Worker From Shanghai

IN Shanghai the Salvation Army Training College will not take any old women into their Home until they are 65 years of age.

Mrs. L. Stranks, whose husband has been in charge of the Salvation Army Training College in Shanghai, passed through Brisbane recently on leave with her husband and three children. During the 14 years they have lived in the East, Mrs. Stranks has come into contact with all classes of Chinese, and she is secretary of the Old Folks' Home.

She said that the old women are terribly destitute, and their sons are obliged to support them until they reach the age of 65.

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Collaborating to Produce Historical Pageant

MISS HEATHER GELL, who is collaborating with Miss Ellinor Walker to produce a pageant depicting the history of South Australia for the Centenary, has not only begun to think out the action for the pageant but she began to think it out twelve years ago.

Miss Gell —Rez-Nal.

At that time she had no idea of a Centenary, but just thought what a splendid pageant theme it would make, and is now busy developing her original idea to fit in with Miss Walker's script.

Miss Gell, who gained her certificates for dancing and rhythmics in London, has had some outstanding successes in producing spectacular plays, notably Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird." Even before the Women's Centenary Council invited her to co-operate with them, the organiser had approved her idea for a pageant.

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Linen for C.W.A. Holiday Home

MRS. J. M. PITTENDRIGH, whose home in Toorak, Melbourne, is always being thrown open for some entertainment, has a way of planning delightful parties with an object.

She is keenly interested in the Country Women's Association, for she played fairy godmother to the very first Younger Set formed in Victoria, an auxiliary of the Yarra Branch.

The new wing that Mrs. J. S. Fraser has built on to "Somers House," the Victorian C.W.A.'s holiday home at Black Rock, will soon be opened, and Mrs. Pittendrigh thought it would be nice to stock the linen cupboards quickly.

She invited a large number of interested friends to Marathon, to a linen tea on Tuesday, and everybody was requested to bring household linen.

Expert Cattle-drafter

PERSUADING cattle to do figures of eight through a series of pegs is no mean task, but Jessie Stirton and her pony, "Clever Mary," did it every time during their demonstrations at the Melbourne Show.

Miss Stirton came down from Auburn Vale station, New South Wales, way up near the Queensland border, at the invitation of the Royal Agricultural Society of Victoria specially to demonstrate cattle-drafting.

She is probably the best "man" on her station, where racehorses are bred as well as sheep and cattle.

Providing a Layette For One-and-Nine

THE Women's Auxiliary of the Launceston City Mission has been doing a great work all through the winter, and the total of garments made for distribution among the needy easily exceeds that of last year—the initial year of activity.

Mrs. A. E. Solomon is president and Mrs. E. M. Pousty secretary. The clothing made by the auxiliary is distributed under the supervision of the missioner (Mr. Alex Menzies) and Mrs. Menzies only to homes where they feel it is really deserved and will be carefully used.

Miss M. Newman, a former matron of the Public Hospital, is a valued member of the committee, and recently under her direction a quantity of flannel was purchased and made into 19 complete infant outfits at an average cost of 1/9 per set.

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Pianist Broadcasts In National Programme

VERA BRADFORD, who is to play in a two-piano recital with Marshall Sumner during a national broadcast on October 6, is a well-known Melbourne pianist.

Miss Vera Bradford —Broothorn.

She graduated with honors at the University Conservatorium of Music, Melbourne, and earned a fine reputation in the United States when she went abroad to seek further scope.

She gave several recitals while there, and appeared at the New Opera House with the Symphony Orchestra in a brilliant performance of the Mentor Tschaikowsky, "Hungarian Airs."

She is Winning Fame As a Composer

MARGARET SUTHERLAND, of Melbourne, leading Australian composer-pianist, who was a very successful competitor in the Australian Broadcasting Commission's last Australian Composers' Competition, is one of the chief prize-winners in the 1934-35 competition.

Miss Sutherland

She won the prizes for a two-part song for children's voices, a unison song for children's voices, a special State prize for a pianoforte entry, while she shared first awards for a chamber music composition and an unaccompanied choral work for male voices.

Miss Sutherland, who is, in private life, Mrs. N. A. Albiston, has been on the teaching staff of the University for a number of years and is one of Australia's leading women composers.

As a student, she had tuition with Arnold Bax in London and Edward Goll and Fritz Hart in Melbourne.

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Mrs. Innes is an Interesting Visitor

MELBOURNE has an interesting visitor in Mrs. N. Innes, whose home is in a small Berkshire (England) village famous for its dandelion wine.

Mrs. Innes was a member of the Birmingham Education Committee some years ago, but with her change of address she changed her interests, too, and at her Berkshire home she is president of the Women's Institute, and chairman of the Village School Managers' Committee.

This charming visitor to Australia tells of how proud her village is of its rag rugs and petit point work, and she herself is particularly interested in all wool crafts and the quilting which has become so popular in England.

They Don't Object to Hitler's Ban on Cigarettes

ONE wonders what would happen if the Federal Government forbade Australian women to smoke. Mrs. E. Britten Jones, the well-known South Australian golfer who has recently returned to Adelaide after some months on the Continent, says that the German women think Hitler quite right in frowning on their cigarettes, and the people on the whole are perfectly content to have even the most private details of their lives dictated by him.

Mrs. Britten Jones was in Berlin with her husband when England's White Paper announced that that country was going to build up its armaments, and she said that feeling in Germany was very strong. They stayed at the hotel which Goering and Hitler make their headquarters while in Berlin, and everybody there seemed to be wearing a uniform.

Amid wild enthusiasm for Hitler, Dr. and Mrs. Britten Jones listened-in to the Saar election at Freeburg, and they have come away much impressed with Hitler's power over his people.

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Knows the Value Of Well-arranged Flowers

THE energetic editor of "The Housewife," which is the official organ of the Housewives' Association in South Australia, has been receiving congratulations from prominent flower-lovers on her idea of holding flower-shows in which the decorative is judged, rather than the blooms themselves.

Mrs. J. J. McMahon —Bembrandt

Mrs. J. J. McMahon is in the throes of organising quite a big competition in connection with the Housewives' Association, in which there will be 18 sections. Judging will take place at the association rooms on October 23, when most of the spring and early summer flowers will be at their very best.

As the daughter of Mr. E. H. Othams, secretary of the Gladioli Society in South Australia, Mrs. McMahon knows a lot about flower shows and the value of arranging flowers. She organised a similar competition on a very tiny scale when flowers were scarce in June, and it was such a success that competitors asked for another one. It is hoped there will be even bigger entries for the contest next year, when interstate delegates will be in Adelaide.

Mrs. McMahon, by the way, is a very keen student of political economy.

Canadian Girl's Free Trip to Australia

IN an essay competition in which references to Australian history and development were to be made, and the relationships between Canada and Australia emphasised, Miss Grace Pattullo, a Canadian girl, won the prize. The competition was conducted by Mr. L. R. Macgregor, the Australian Trade Commissioner in the Dominion.

Pupils from 1500 high schools scattered through nine Canadian provinces entered for the contest, which provided that the essay be limited to 2000 words in either English or French.

Miss Pattullo, who is a pupil of Eastwood High School, Edmonton, Alberta, recently sat for her senior matriculation examination, and her prize is a free trip to Australia. She proposes to take a three-year college course, after which she will go to the Far East as a missionary. Copies of her essay have been printed by the Australian National Travel Association, Melbourne.

Miss Pattullo will travel to Australia with Sir Frederic and Lady Stewart, who are returning from London.

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Gathering and Handling Books for Bush Library

THIS is a busy week for Mrs. O. W. Tiegs, hon. secretary of the Bush Library of the Victoria League in Victoria.

The committee of the Bush Library issued 1000 invitations for an "At Home" on Wednesday, Oct. 2, when they asked their guests to bring books or magazines for their shelves, and to view voluntary helpers handling the enormous amount of work that is behind the regular despatch of books to the country.

Mrs. O. W. Tiegs —Jack Cato photo.

Mrs. Tiegs has been secretary for nearly six years, and in the past five years the number of books sent out annually has increased from 7000 to 17,000.

At present there are 120 helpers who give up a half day of their time each week, mending, sorting, covering and despatching books.

When the Victoria League in Sydney had a similar book drive, 4000 books were added to their shelves, and Mrs. Tiegs hopes to report a similar number in Melbourne.

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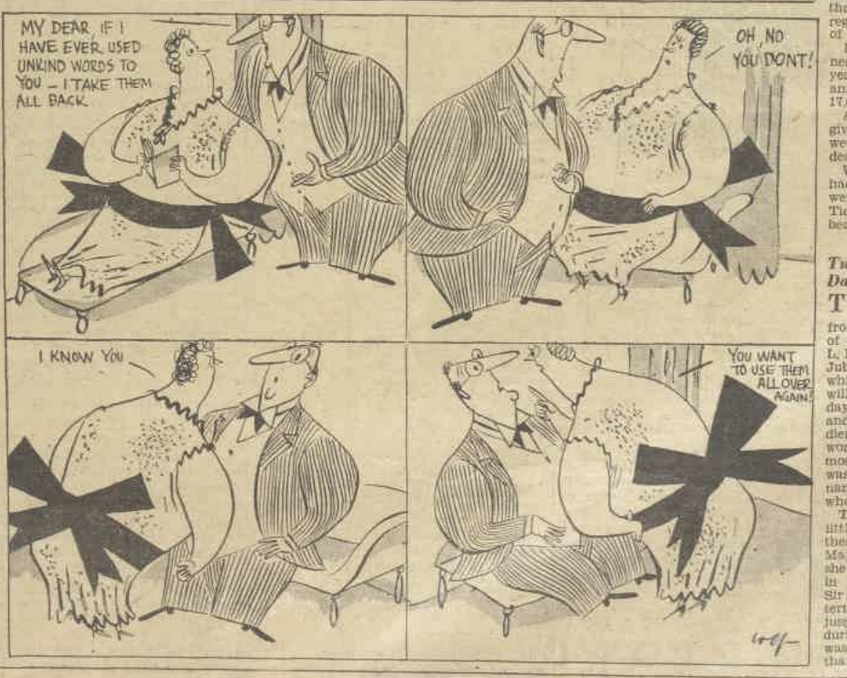
Two Outstanding Days of Her Tour

TWO days stood out from the remainder of those she was away from Adelaide in the mind of the wife of South Australia's Premier, Mrs. R. L. Butler, and they were the day of the Jubilee service in St. Paul's Cathedral, which she vows was so impressive she will never forget it, and the other the day on which she visited Vimy Ridge and the Australian and Canadian soldiers' cemeteries which she would like womenfolk of the fallen to know are most magnificently kept. Mrs. Butler was fortunate enough to pick out the name of one South Australian soldier whose mother she knew.

The Jubilee celebrations left her little time to think, but she enjoyed them all. She was presented to their Majesties, of course. After England she and daughter Jean had a week in Brussels, where the Ambassador, Sir William Ovey, and Lady Ovey entertained them at dinner, and life was just one round of lavish entertainment during that week. Then Paris, which was disappointing in its dullness at that time, America, and home.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY -- By WEP.



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GEORGE EDWARDS— *the Man of* MANY VOICES

2GB'S Vocal Acrobat Remembers Everything He Hears

George Edwards is justly famed as radio's man of many voices, and many listeners to this popular player on 2GB must have marvelled at his remarkable vocal feats and wondered what he does to take care of so valuable a throat. Especially as George Edwards is almost invariably accompanied by a cigar!

Nell Stirling, his wife, and radio partner, who, by the way, does not smoke, explains that George Edwards has found that cigarette and pipe-smoking dry up the vocal chords.

GEORGE EDWARDS insists that he does nothing to take care of his throat. Absolutely nothing. Yet he never has a cold or a sore throat.

It might be thought that playing so many parts in 30 radio shows a week would prove an almost unbearable ordeal, but Mr. Edwards never shows any sign of strain.

"When I was a boy," he said, casting his mind back to childhood days in South Australia, "I always rose early, and even on the coldest mornings went out to the tank and slapped the icy-cold water over my head and throat. As for mufflers, I never wear them. They are the cause of half the throat troubles people suffer from."

Asked when he discovered his amazing vocal versatility, George Edwards recalled his first visit to the theatre. He went to see George Rignold, that famous old-timer in "Henry V," at the Adelaide Theatre Royal, and much to the annoyance of the household he wandered about reciting lines from Shakespeare's play, imitating the voices of the actors as near as he could remember them.

Explaining how he changes so swiftly from one part to another he declared that it required phenomenally quick thinking, "especially when I am playing a scene in which I am four or five characters," he added. Yet he never practises this changing of voices, and avoids rehearsals as much as possible.

"My mother was the quickest reader and the fastest thinker I have ever known," Mr. Edwards remarked. "I think I inherited some of her facility. By concentrating on a play at the first reading, and visualising all the characters as I read, I find that on the night of a performance it is a simple matter, no matter how exacting the parts.

"For the stranger who watches a performance through the glass partition of the studio, it must be a funny sight when I have to talk in one voice inside a room, in another voice from outside, and in still another voice from a distance."

By dodging behind the microphone, leaping to the back of the piano, and even kneeling down on the floor, Mr. Edwards accomplishes these changes convincingly. His early training as an eccentric dancer proves valuable to him in this.

Many listeners wonder how Mr. Edwards succeeds in playing so many parts without ever duplicating a voice or characterisation. His explanation is that he hears sounds differently from other people. With him a sound is the basis of practically all he remembers. From his extensive travels in all parts of the world he can recall all the sounds he has ever heard, whether they be traffic noises, voices, cries of animals, crowd noises, or people speaking in dialects. As a result of this phenomenal aural memory, George Edwards has a huge stock of voices to draw from.

"Sounds," remarked Mr. Edwards, "are the most delicate things I know in life." It is to his amazingly acute perception of the gradations of sounds and their tone color, that George Edwards owes much of his success in radio drama.

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, October 5.—7.15: Pinto Pete. 7.45: Darby and Joan. 8.45: Krausmeyer and Cohen. 9.20: B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

SUNDAY, October 6. — 4.30: Miliza Korjus. 6.30: Feature Session. 7.20: Margaret Steel, Experiments in Education. 7.40: Dr. A. H. Martin, Measuring Mind. 8.45: George Edwards, "The Black Cat."

MONDAY, October 7.—10.45: Casanova. 11.45: Dorothea Vautier, "People in the Limelight." 6.35: "Do Right, and Fear No Man." 9.0: Pearls of Song. 9.15: Travel with Music. 10.0: Trial of Browne and Kennedy.

TUESDAY, October 8.—6.45: Romance in the Retail. 9.15: Story of Your Suburb. 9.45: Cyril James, Desert Love Songs.

WEDNESDAY, October 9.—3.30: Dorothea Vautier, Feature Session. 8.0: The Kingsmen. 9.15: True Confessions.

THURSDAY, October 10.—12.45: Hettie Templeton, Numerology. 3.0: Here and There Girls. 9.15: "The First Prince of Wales."

FRIDAY, October 11.—10.0: A. E. Bennett. 5.30: Krazy Kollege. 9.15: Jack Lumsdaine. 9.45: Musical Memories.

Thoughts for the Week

LET us be careful to guard ourselves against all the groundless imputations of our enemies, and to rise above them.—Addison.

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IN religion, as in friendship, they who profess most are ever the least sincere.—Sheridan.

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HE who rises late, must trot all day and will scarcely overtake his business at night.—Thomas Fuller.

NEW FACE POWDER FASHION TAKES PARIS BY STORM

The Season's Sensation Paris

The latest fashion adopted by smart French women is a face powder which gives a perfect 'matt' complexion free from shine all day long, even when out in wind and rain.

This latest development in face powders is due to a new ingredient called 'Mousse of Cream.' Now Tokalon has patented the Mousse of Cream process. Thus Poudre Tokalon now offers you the advantages hitherto enjoyed only by the fortunate few who do not care how much they pay for their powder.

Poudre Tokalon now not only gives an exquisitely beautiful complexion but one that stays fresh and lovely all day long whatever you are doing. Not even perspiration from the most vigorous outdoor sports or a long evening's dancing can spoil the rose petal loveliness it gives. Because Poudre Tokalon is the only powder with the 'Mousse of Cream' secret. Only 1/6 a box (including Sales Tax), in spite of the cost of the 'Mousse of Cream' process.

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A Plain Sponge Sandwich

Serve this delicious sandwich at your afternoon tea parties, bridge-parties, suppers and other social functions. It will please the most critical palate.

Ingredients:
8 oz. flour
8 oz. caster sugar
4 eggs
1 tablespoon butter (melted)
6 tablespoons boiling water
1 rounded teaspoon Aunt Mary's Baking Powder

Method:
Have moderate oven in readiness. Well grease two 8-inch sandwich tins. Separate whites and yolks of eggs. Beat separately and then together. Add sugar and beat for about 15 minutes until very thick. Melt butter in the hot water and add, then without stirring add sifted flour and baking powder and stir all together lightly, to an even consistency. Pour into the prepared tins and bake in a very moderate oven from 12 to 15 minutes or until a golden brown and elastic to touch. Turn on to cake cooler to cool. Fill with jam or desired filling and sift a little icing sugar over the sandwich.

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BETTY'S "RACY" NARRATIVES

Hawkesbury—Heaven Help the Milkman on a Day Like This!

By BETTY GEE

Hawkesbury, and was it hot? Sydney's southerly sent us off with warm clothes on, and we roasted.

But, my dears, it was worth the little discomfort to see the "good things" rolling home in race after race, and the local girls put up a beautiful afternoon tea of home-mades, raising funds for the district hospital and charities.

MRS. BOBBIE WALDER and Mrs. Bill McNaught put me on to Silver Standard for the first, and he won all right, but I doubt if he's worth the 1000 gns. W. A. Freeman gave for him a few weeks ago. I like to see them win like a Peter Pan when they cost all that money. Just imagine it, the price of a beautiful Packard.

The best-dressed man at Hawkesbury on Saturday was a person who invested "tenner" after "tenner" on Strathisla in the Maiden. He wore American-cut clothes of perfect fit, a deep-blue felt, with pheasant's feather, and suede shoes of a curious brown shade.

Naturally I followed his betting lead, and Strathisla won at 3 to 1, but only because Darby Munro fairly flogged the horse home. I love Darby Munro for his grand riding, and his gipsy look, those lustrous, long-lashed eyes. My dears, caught in some aspects, he is a real movie sheik.

But to return to our betting. I found out who the handsomely-apparelled man was who invested the wad on Strathisla. No wonder. It was Stewart Stewart Dawson, and his brother Percy owns the nag. Stewart Stewart didn't bring his beautiful platinum wife (who accompanied him from America) to Hawkesbury, no doubt anticipating a busy day.

But here's the joke.

Percy has been owning horses a long time, now, and this is his first winner, but an attack of flu kept him at home, and he hadn't the pleasure of seeing it win. It would have given him the thrill of his life to see Strathisla, Marina (named after the Princess), and Beaupre flash over the line locked together, and Strathisla the winner by half a head. It was almost tragic he had to miss such an experience, but the tragedy was broken down. I believe the dashing Paul Manton had the "com." and got him £300 to £100.

There's some consolation, even in filthy lucre.

Lorna Doone told me of St. Midas, and this I backed at 4 to 1, and he started hot at 2 to 1, and did I pat myself on the back for beating the books? By the way, you never see Lorna in the betting ring. Hubby Dr. Utz does the betting for the combination. And, of course, this time they had the inside oil, because St. Midas is stable-mate to their Sylvandale. Yes, you never see Mrs. Utz in the ring, but other prominent lady owners and punters like to bait the bookies. Miss Una Clift is one of the busiest. I saw her get 4's St. Midas. I saw Mrs. Ned Moss (they own Sir John, Theo, and Loud Applause), backing St. Midas, too. She slips quietly round to the back rows of the ring when she knows a good thing, and that ought to be often, seeing that her husband is the best-informed man in the racing game in Sydney.

If Jim Bendrodt dressed as lavishly as he dresses his horse Grand Mogul he'd be a sight for sore eyes. The colt arrived with elaborate knee and head pads, a silk-worked and fringed rug, and the most elaborate bridle I ever clapped eyes on. Talk about the raiment of Solomon. And what a handsome colt he is, with a rich brown coat of glorious sheen. I didn't need Jim to tell me to back it. That sheen was enough to put any woman on him. And, of course, the other Jim rode him. I mean Pike. Here I fell down as a commissioner, taking 4½ to 1, and I heard some male boasting afterwards he got 6's. Grand Mogul only just got home by a head, for which I blew Pikey a kiss. He alone would have done it. Or perhaps Darby.

Which rather explodes the idea that Grand Mogul is good enough for Derbies and Epsoms, as Jim Bendrodt believed. He only beat what I heard a person call a field of dogs in Saturday's race. By the way, his owner says the emphasis is on the "gull" to pronounce Mogul correctly.

I backed another winner, Prowler, because Darby was on it. Threes to one. But don't think I got the costume for the Spring out of all these wins. No, I had three losers besides.

I'm backing Synagogue in the Epsom next Saturday. Our flowerman told me he had seen a letter sent to a Mr. Somebody at Tattersall's Club from the owner, Jack Phillips, telling him he was a certainty—but only providing it doesn't rain. It would be just in keeping with the luck of the said Jack Phillips, by the way. He's won a Caulfield Cup, a Grand National, a Moonee Valley Cup, and a Futurity Stakes, I'm informed, all within the last two years, under conditions made to order, so I suppose the heavens will again arrange things right for him in the Epsom.

Oh, and by the way, my milkman says "Young Idea can't be beat" in the Derby; and Mrs. Brown's gardener next door says "Don't be put off Rogerio in the Trial Stakes, whatever you do."

So there you are.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . . no good.

★★★ SEQUOIA

"Mahua," "Gate." (M.-G.-M.)

WE went to view this film with the fixed idea that zoos and the wide open spaces were the correct places for animals—not feature films. That idea has now become unfixed; the confession is made frankly, candidly, and with the sole reservation that any picture in which our dumb friends play the prominent roles should be as well-produced as is "Sequoia."

Excellent is not too high praise to attach to the manner in which this production has been handled. The wild life of a Californian reservation—deer, mountain lions, bears, snakes, and birds—has been captured in a fashion that is surprising in its naturalness; and the photography is splendid.

The picture, of course, is not simply a natural-history record; there is a story, quite a credible one. Animal reactions, once or twice, are perhaps a bit too intelligent and human to be gulped down without preliminary salting, but these are trivia that cannot affect the general impression the whole thing leaves behind it.

Inevitably, after you have seen this show, you will meet the gentleman (or lady) who will tell you how it has all been done, how it has been possible to show a youngster monkeying with a liverish rattlesnake, and how the dramatic fight was staged between Bergmann, the rough-neck guide, and a mountain lion. You may be interested; we are not. The thing that matters is that these scenes, and others, are highly realistic enough to make you hang on to the arms of your chair until they are over.—St. James; showing.

★★ THE LEGION OF VALOUR

Richard Arlen, Virginia Bruce. (United Artists.)

A CRIME story handled from a different angle. Instead of the usual rough-and-ready methods, under which the majority of pictures of this type are carried along on plenty of gun-play while heroes discover murderers by a process of divine inspiration that lines them up with the prophets of the Old Testament, there has been an effort here, and a successful one, to combine excitement with a story in which justice triumphs, not by a series of flukes, but by the scientific handling of clues.

It is all very cleverly done; all the more so since this deviation from the catch-as-catch-can style of gangster film so familiar to us, instead of holding up the action for the sake of a logical denouement, actually increases the suspense and heightens the dramatic interest. And there is no lack of the latter!—Plaza; showing.

★★ WEST POINT OF THE AIR

Wallace Beery, Maureen O'Sullivan. (M.-G.-M.)

PUTTING two stars to this film is giving it the benefit of the doubt. Actually, it is not quite good, while still being a shade above the average. The major portion of the story takes place at Randolph Field, the U.S. training ground for army pilots. Two generations of fliers play their parts in the action, the first represented by Sergeant Mike Stone (Wallace Beery), and General Carter (Lewis Stone), the second by the sons of these fathers, Lieutenants "Young Mike" Stone and Phil Carter.

Beery as the veteran sergeant facing the difficult task of training his own cockaure (but still attractive) son, is, as usual, competent. In this film he presents a blend of tough army manliness and natural paternal tenderness. The other roles are in capable hands.

The actual flying portions of the film are good; spectacular, and, so far as the frequent crashes are concerned, startlingly realistic. Its main weakness is the story, or rather, the construction of the story. It is not closely enough knit. One section, that dealing with Lieutenant Phil Carter's crash, could have been cut out without the succeeding action being affected.—Cameo; showing.

★ A NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN

Charles Bickford, Helen Vinson. (Universal.)

IF this film is to be taken as representing truthfully the manner in which American lawyers are allowed to conduct criminal cases we can only conclude that the citizens of that great republic are foolish to spend their money on movies; the courts must certainly provide more thrills and pantomime than actors could ever hope to achieve.

Everything, apparently, goes in the U.S., from firing revolvers in court to convince a jury that a murderer is innocent to building a copy, in the body of the court-room, of the room in which another killing has taken place. Great stuff!

The two incidents mentioned form part of the story of Kirk Arlen (Charles Bickford), brilliant and unscrupulous criminal lawyer, who, to clear up a long-standing feud with his enemy, Clayton Bradford (Sidney Blackmer), plans and executes a "perfect murder," with the latter as victim.

The plot of this picture is not particularly convincing, and the production and acting, while adequate for the story, fail to elevate the film to a distinguished position. It is f.a.q. entertainment.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ ONE NEW YORK NIGHT

Franchot Tone, Una Merkel. (M.-G.-M.)

AS a murder mystery this effort just about makes the grade for average. A Napoleon of finance has come to the Hotel Diplomat to extort one last favor from an attractive foreign girl who has been successful in engaging herself to a rich and very strait-laced young man, and who now, naturally, wishes her past to be buried "deeper than ever plummet sounded."

Future respectability, not to mention financial stability, begins to spread its wings prior to making a non-return flight when, following on a struggle in his suite between the dastardly Napoleon and the lovely young girl fighting for her honor (and a safe marriage), the former meets his end. To put it in the expressive language of gangster films: he is bumped off, by some person or persons unknown.

From the moment when Franchot Tone, as Foxhall, a Wyoming cattleman, becomes involved, the picture develops into a matter of opening and shutting doors, a fight or two, some desultory humor, a lot of dull dialogue, the discovery of the murderer, and, finally, the departure of Foxhall for his ranch, accompanied by Phoebe, a blonde switch-operator, played by Una Merkel.

Tone's performance as Foxhall is the best thing in the film, but he is worth better things than this. Whatever chances the story gave he took, but they weren't overabundant.—Cameo; showing.

MILLION DOLLAR BABY

Jimmie Fay, Arline Judge, Ray Walker. (Monogram.)

THERE is very little to recommend this picture. The story is commonplace, the comedy a long way from hilarious, the acting only fair.

The excuse for the film is the introduction to the picture-going public of Jimmie Fay, another child-star. Whether it is a good excuse or not is a question of taste. To see a five-year-old mouthing lines and performing a dance, and to be asked to admire it simply on the ground that he IS five years old, is not our idea of entertainment.

Cynics may derive a certain pleasure from witnessing the ballyhoo methods that are in vogue in Hollywood to launch a new screen personality, but this is not nearly enough to carry the average person through a picture of this length.—Lyric; showing.

DEATH FLIES EAST

Conrad Nagel, Florence Rice. (Columbia.)

THEY say that Australia is the mother country of the best confidence-men in the world. We doubt it. Hollywood must be packed with men at the very top of the profession, and among them the person responsible for the scenario of this film should rank high. If ever there was a case of money being obtained under false pretences, it must have been when Columbia handed over a cheque for this script.

The denouement of the story is simply a series of anti-climaxes. Aeroplanes transport Nagel and Miss Rice across America in order that a confession should be obtained from a man in Sing-Sing who is about to be executed. Conrad Nagel arrives half an hour too late, the electric chair has just claimed its victim. But—just as Conrad, heart-broken, is turning to go, a priest rushes in; the deceased has made the confession of his own accord. A secret formula which Nagel is taking to the War Department at Washington is stolen unbeknown to him, but—it transpires at the end that the Jap who did it was not, after all, a spy. No, no! He was a friendly little chap who thought the formula would be safer with him than with the proper custodian.

Again—but why proceed further? Sufficient to say that the scenario-writer, aided and abetted by producer and director, has made no attempt to provide a logical explanation for the various excitements that make up the picture.—Capitol, King's Cross; showing.

A SCENE FROM "A Midsummer Night's Dream," shortly to have its Australian premiere. Here is Titania (Anita Louise) amid her fairies, with Pease-Blossom (Katherine Frey) in her arms, and Oberon (Victor Jay) and his bat-men in the background.

FAMOUS *Nijinska* STAGES *Film* BALLETS

When Max Reinhardt was engaged to make a film version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," one of his first requests was that he should be allowed to bring to America Nijinska, to take complete charge of the organising and staging of the ballets for this lovely fantasy.

There have been, in European theatres, many interpretations of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but directors have all been in accord on one point: that the ballet must strike the keynote of Shakespeare's exquisite play.

MADAME NIJINSKA, famous ballerina and ballet-mistress, who planned and directed the ballets for "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

TWO OF Titania's fairies. The costumes are made from hundreds of thin strips of cellophane

ON the Continent where, next to music, the ballet is perhaps the most popular art form, Nijinska is an idol. Public and critics alike are at her feet. Marc Semenoff, perhaps the most scholarly of French critics, said of her and her brother:

"In the early days there was a troupe of dancers, confident, courageous, persevering, and defiant of destiny, who travelled the highways and byways of Russia. Among these vagabonds of the dance were two young children who merited attention as they learned the technique of the dance by watching their parents and by their contacts with the hardy people who taught them. Later they continued their studies at the Imperial Theatre of Russia.

"These two children, brother and sister, grew up to become Nijinski, greatest male exponent o' the dance, whose glory has become world-wide, and Bronislawa Nijinska, who certainly is to-day the outstanding personality in the world of the dance. Her years of creative effort have made her the supreme individual and most original artist among those bringing the renaissance of the dance to Europe.

"Those who have seen Bronislawa Nijinska dance in her own creations have marvelled at her boundless imagination, her fantasy and her art by which she transmutes into plastic movement the music which inspires her."

Nijinska graduated from the Imperial Ballet School in St. Petersburg in 1908. Immediately thereafter she appeared at the Imperial Marienskv Theatre as a soloist, gaining immediate recognition and an ovation without precedent.

In 1909, already the foremost exponent of her art in Russia, she was engaged by M. Diaghileff for a Paris appearance. Following this engagement, she played throughout Europe. By 1911 she was famous for her three great specialties, "Carnival," "Celfedah," and "Petrouchaka."

For 15 years her success was continuous, but she was not satisfied to be Europe's prima ballerina. She felt the urge to create as well as to interpret. In 1925 she became ballet mistress of the Paris Grand Opera, and here she realised her ambitions in originating pantomimes and ballets, among them "Rapsodie" to the music of Liszt. Next she became Ballet Maitre of the Ballets Rubenstein, the Opera Russe in Paris, and the National Opera. Her talent and originality opened the doors of the world to the Russian ballet.

Of the 4? ballets to her credit, her "Bolero" to the music of Ravel and "Noces" to the music of Stravinsky are among the best-known, but no more outstanding than "La Renarde," "Jarra," "Daphne et Chloe," "Bien Aimee," and the "Princess Cygne," which was to the music of Rimsky-Korsakoff.

In 1932 she returned to Paris after a trip to South America, and repeated her earlier success at the Opera Comique. The years have left no mark on Madame Nijinska. She is sprightly, agile and eager in her work. She directs her ballets with practically no help. She is still able gracefully to demonstrate any routine she asks of her pupils.

On the set of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which is shortly being released in Australia, with her cigarette in a long holder, she was as lively and active as any of the youthful ballerinas she was instructing.

For the Reinhardt production she used a children's ballet of 53 youngsters from two and a half to seven years old, as well as the hundred or more adult dancers. To Nijinska they are all children who love to dance. As such they are kindred spirits, and she has taken them to her heart, as they have taken her. "Dancing must be joy, or it is not dancing," she says.

With such a ballet mistress it will be interesting to see how much of Shakespeare's spirit it has been possible to translate to the screen. Mendelssohn's music, with arrangements by Erich Wolfgang Korngold, has been used, and the cast is a distinguished one.

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Mystery stalks abroad . . . Twenty anonymous hosts are giving a party at the White City on October 9 . . . Invitations, which are limited to 120 guests, depict the hosts in weird black-hooded garb bathed in eerie green light.

From Kuala Lumpur

LIFE in Kuala Lumpur, capital of the Federated Malay States, described as very gay by Mrs. Howell, wife of the Legal Adviser of the F.M.S. . . . Mrs. Howell at present staying with her mother, Mrs. Innes-Noad, at Collaroy. . . . Close neighbors in Kuala Lumpur are Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Rex. . . . Mrs. Howell will be here until November. . . . Later will go to England and Paris to put daughter Rosemary to school.

Many Parties

AS October 12, the date of their departure for trip to India draws near, Joy Manning and Marjorie Hughes plunging into whirl of farewell parties. . . . Bridge popular medium. . . . Chosen by Mrs. John Buchanan, Joyce Wiseman, and Nancy Watt for party for travellers on October 8, which coincides with race week festivities. . . . Mrs. Alan Copeland also speeding Marjorie and Joy on way at bridge party at her Mosman home.

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Judge Drake-Brockman and Miss Mary Drake-Brockman returned to Melbourne last week after a visit to Sydney. Miss Drake-Brockman is going on to Adelaide to stay with her cousin, Miss Patricia Hackett.

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Homing Artist

FASCINATING treasure trove for her sketch book discovered by Dorrit Black on just-completed world tour . . . . Globe-trotting quite a hobby with this accomplished post-impressionist artist . . . . Recent trip, on which she was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. A. Barham Black, third time she has crossed oceans to Europe . . . . While in England Dorrit exhibited at the Women's International Art Club and at British Linocuts Gallery.

On Holidays

MRS. GARNET HALLORAN has forsaken the city and is rusticating at Simla, Leura, for a few weeks. . . . Mrs. Arthur Pitt and daughter Judith have also chosen the mountains for a holiday. They are staying at Wentworth Falls. . . . Mrs. A. J. Malcolmson has gone further afield and is enjoying the country air as the guest of Mrs. Arthur Bennett at Mitta Mitta.

Interstate Visitors

MR. AND MRS. W. J. McBEATH, of Melbourne, and Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Spence, of Sandgate, Brisbane, are among interstate people already here for the spring racing carnival, and are staying at the Australia. . . . Well-known country folk who have come down for the meeting include Mrs. J. W. D. Robertson, of Spring Ridge, Quirindi, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Way, of Burradoo, and Captain and Mrs. Colin Chisholm, from the Upper Murray.

Travelling in Spain

STILL sampling delights of foreign travel, Joan See is now exploring Spain . . . Last letters bore post-mark of small town near Biarritz, where she stayed with Chilean friend, Madame Zanartu, and her family . . . Joan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry See, and sister Lorraine will join her in England early next year.

Ermine in Evidence

SCOUT ball as grand finale to Scout Week great success. . . . Well-known supporters of movement all turned up with large parties. . . . Early arrivals watched Boy Scouts build with incredible rapidity wooden archway through which Vice-Regal party entered ballroom. Decoration and orders, gorgeous gowns and jewels made brilliant scene. . . . Ermine much favored for lovely wraps. . . . Mrs. A. C. Davidson, Mrs. Pierrepont Moffatt, wife of new U.S.A. Consul-General, and Miss Olive King wore snowy ermine capes. . . . Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones wore her exquisite ermine cloak. . . . Mrs. Leon Lyons chose one of the gay new spring prints for smart gown. . . . Joan Waddell, dancing with Captain Ponsonby, sponsored new fashion with a boa of white feather flowers.

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Mrs. F. C. Thompson, who motored up to Toowoomba for the McWilliam-McPhie wedding, spent a few days last week in Newcastle with another recent bride, Gwen Rofe, now Mrs. Watchorn. The latter is returning to old home at Stanmore for several weeks while Captain Watchorn is in camp at Liverpool.

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Cranbrook Broke Records

PROUD parents watched their sons break record after record at the Cranbrook School sports on Saturday . . . . And all this on tracks that were dead, which to the uninitiated means that it was all the harder to do . . . . Mrs. E. McLaurin, mother of the captain of the school, presented a shining array of cups and trophies to the victors . . . . Great roll-up of old boys and a group of girls from Ascham cheered on brothers and other heroes.

On Luxury Liner

NEW luxury ship Orion left England on Saturday with full complement of passengers. . . . Among lucky ones on board is Mrs. Clifford Kitchen. . . . She is travelling with her mother-in-law, Mrs. A. W. Kitchen. . . . Marvellous time spent on the Continent and in Scotland and England. . . . Also on board are Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Fairfax.

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Mrs. Cliff Minter will return to town this Thursday from station home for race week. Will add to gaieties by giving a cocktail party at the Queen's Club on October 11.

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Debut of Singer

A YOUNG coloratura soprano, Kathleen Bourke, will make her bow to the Sydney public at a recital at the Forum Club on October 23. . . . Kathleen is a pupil of the celebrated teacher of singing Madame Christian, and, like Molly de Gunst and Gertrude Concannon from the same studio, is a Queenslander. . . . Her home town is Ipswich. . . . In her programme she will be assisted by Frank Hutchens, George White, and Neville Amadio.

Popular Couple

FINAL arrangements for Charmian Mack's wedding to Gordon Munro on October 8, awaiting her arrival in town early this week from country home at Trangie, when she will stay at the Queen's Club. . . . Wedding will be special event on social calendar for wide circle of friends of this popular couple. . . . Already spoken of as "The Highland" wedding. . . . Charmian will be followed up aisle by lovely group of maids, Nerida Ryrie, Judith Ash, Mary Throsby, Gay Curtis, and her cousin, Margaret Mack.

THIS ENGAGING young man and his mother are Christopher and Mrs. Jack Coats. With Mr. Coats they are on their first visit to Sydney from their lovely historic home, Pineapple Priory, London. . . . Mrs. Coats was formerly Miss Betiann Horlick, and is a sister of Sir Peter Horlick. —Women's Weekly photo.

Round of Visits

LADY RIDDLE, who has been much in demand lately to open bazaars, is setting out shortly with her husband on a round of country visits. . . . Will stay first with Sir Ernest's sister, Mrs. W. F. Buchanan, at Narrabri. . . . Will also be the guests of the McMasters at Dalkeith before heading their car for Melbourne. . . . Sir Frederick and Lady McMaster arrived in Sydney on Thursday, and are occupying their suite at the Australia.

Gone to Singapore

CHARLEY MORGAN JONES is staying with brother Geoff and his wife at station property, Bimbi, Quirindi. . . . Has just heard that her sister and brother-in-law, Captain and Mrs. Raymond Laurie, who have been stationed at Fort Lennon, Ireland, for some time past, have been moved to Singapore.

For Bride-Elect

BOBBIE ELLIS feted by fellow-members of Dalwood Homes Younger Set at shower tea on Saturday at pretty Roseville home of Enid Farrand. . . . Bobbie's wedding to Ian Hardy will take place on October 14, and Walcha will be future home. . . . Mrs. W. D. Farrand assisted daughter to receive guests. . . . Sybil Winter, Jean and Ellen Rigg, Bobbie Douglas and Esme Hall among those who offered charming gifts and good wishes.

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Professor Dakin is sampling scenic delights of Barrier Reef during brief holiday.

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Golf Club Ball

MEMBERS of Killara Golf Club sent along lovely flowers from their gardens to beautify clubhouse for annual ball on Friday. . . . Club colors expressed in masses of daffodils, lupins, and wistaria banked up staircase, and in panelled reception rooms. . . . Men's smoke-room a bower of pink azaleas. . . . Supper for two hundred and fifty served in flower-decked marquee on lawn.

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Mrs. E. Hamilton is returning this week by Nieuw Holland from tour of England and Europe. Homeward journey via East, where she was lavishly entertained in Singapore by the de Havilah people.

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Smart Supper Dances

GREAT variety in the beautiful frocks worn at Romano's on Saturday. Flaxen-haired Betty Weihen, dancing with Tom Peters, looked charming in imperial purple velvet. . . . Two big diamente buckles sparkled at the waist, and the skirt fell into a fishtail train. . . . A long wispy black net cape, to match her frock, caught high at the throat, floated gracefully from Ann Bevan's shoulders nearly to her heels. . . . Tall and fair Mrs. Jack Coats was extremely smart in silver lame and a quaint little jacket of Roman striped silk.

Did You Notice—

The dress shirt, which, falling from the top windows of one of our best caravanserais, floated through the evening air and settled about the feet of startled passers-by in Castlereagh Street?

Jane Anne

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Eve's Own Selections This Week are

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Absorbs moisture from the air, needs no soil, no water, no care. Lovely feathery fronds keep beautifully fresh and green. Only 2/6 each. Two for 4/9 securely packed in basket, ready to hang up; we pay carriage. Suspended anywhere out of the direct sunlight it preserves its charmingly fresh and green appearance for years, the feathery fronds expanding in damp weather and glistening with dew. Obtainable only from The Union Co., 799 Elizabeth St., Melbourne.

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Here are an artist's impressions of Charles Jacobs in the part of Krausmeyer and Chester Coleman as Cohen.

They are but two of the lovable and human characters in a radio show packed with humour and pathos strangely mixed. "Krausmeyer and Cohen" is being broadcast every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8.45 p.m.

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After many months, "Chandu, the Magician" remains as popular as ever. It is listened to by children of all ages, big and small, old and young. "Chandu" is a story of stirring adventure, and few of us are too old not to love a story that tells of a man who pits his will and his ingenuity against great odds, and wins.

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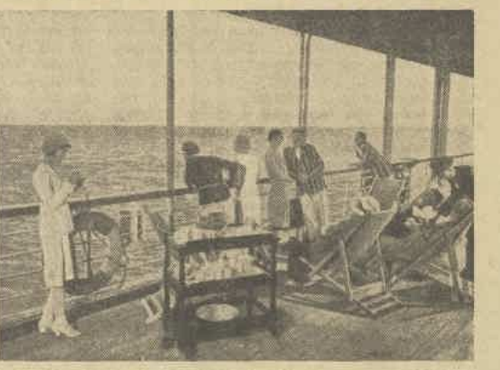

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THE "QUINS" HAVE come to Australia! Pictured above are five little girls who dressed up to resemble the famous Dionne "quins" at a fancy-dress ball in Sydney last week. The girls are Nancy Nathan, aged 12, as Yvonne; Netta Sharfstine, 10½, as Annette; Joan Brown, 10, as Marie; Dorothy Harvey, 8, as Cecile; Joyce Harvey, 7, as Emelie.

NIGHTS *Out* ALONE

Continued from Page 18

"EXACTLY, and if you want my opinion, I say that married life would have more chance of running smoothly if husband and wife had their own hobbies and spent some of their time apart. Why should you married folk do everything together and never get a chance to see your friends? Look at Billy, he's got a whole host of boy chums. They're always on to him to play football or go to that gymnastic class. Of course, he refuses. But he would like to meet his pals, just the same as we would like you to meet us. What if you talk it over with him, Marion, and decide to have a night alone a week?"

"It's not a bad idea," said Marion thoughtfully. "I'll see what he says."

Billy, sleepy after his game of football, agreed willingly enough. True, he had only given half an ear to what she was saying, because, after football, he never did listen very intelligently. The exercise and the fresh air always made him feel sleepy.

So she looked forward eagerly to Thursday.

"We're having a smoking concert on Thursday at the football club," said Jack, when he called in on Tuesday noon. "Everyone wants to know will you and Mrs. Renshaw come, Billy?"

"I can't," said Marion quickly. "I'm going to see the Dramatic Club's performance of 'The Chinese Honeymoon.' But you can go, Billy."

He looked at her in astonishment.

"It's the first I've heard of it," he said.

"Why, we settled it last Saturday after the football match. We're going to have one evening a week to ourselves. Don't you see, you can go to the smoking concert and enjoy it, and I can go to my old Dramatic Club's performance."

"Sounds a very good arrangement!" said Jack, giving Billy a hearty smack on the back. "You've got a sensible little wife, Billy, my boy."

Then he turned and grinned at Marion.

"Our smoking concerts aren't the same without Billy. He's not got a note of music in his head, but, my word! he can tell stories to make you split your sides, and he's so cheery."

He was, Marion thought contentedly.

It was fun, getting ready to go out, but there was an unaccustomed chilliness about saying good-bye while she went on a bus to the Recreation Hall, where the performance was to be held, and he dropped in at the Town Hall, where the smoking concert was held.

She enjoyed it in a way, only there was rather a lot of pushing for the bus after, and she found that she had got so used to Billy doing that, she felt quite irritated.

When she got back home it was 11 o'clock. Billy wasn't in. Should she sit up for him? Better not. She was sleepy.

Still, she dawdled over her supper, hoping he would come in, but he didn't. However long was he going to be? Finally she went upstairs to bed.

It wasn't quite such fun then, either.

Billy got back at twelve o'clock. Hilarious sounds came from outside as the chums said good-bye. Billy came in very softly, tip-toeing up the stairs. He knocked over a chair as he came into the bedroom, and picked it up so quietly that it was even more noisy than the fall.

"Enjoyed yourself?" she said sleepily.

"Can a duck swim?" returned Billy inelegantly.

And then Saturday again. True to their promise, since there wasn't a match fixed, the boys all turned up in a body. They fixed the crazy pavement, and arranged for Billy to go on Thursday to supervise a rehearsal of the gym. class. He had once been an enthusiastic member, and nowadays they were keen to get him down there on any and every pretext.

"I'm going to supper at Alison's," said Marion quickly. "She's giving a little party."

Thursday night came. She dressed in her newest frock—black with a binding of gold—home-made, but really quite professional, she thought. Billy would like her in it, she thought.

"What time are you to be at Alison's?" Billy called up the stairs.

"Seven-thirty," she answered.

"Oh, I want to be at the gym. at seven, so I'll cut along. I don't want to be late. See you to-morrow at breakfast!" he added, and was gone.

Funny, the cold feeling that came as he closed the door. He hadn't seen the new frock, and what did it matter if the girls thought it pretty, when Billy hadn't seen it?

She was rather sober as she set off. Of course, Alison had a ripping flat, and the girls were all dears, and everyone was chattering twenty to the dozen; but they were all very smartly dressed, so that her black frock looked more home-made than she had thought, and she was aware of various little blisters on her hands. They were not so white as they used to be, she realised ruefully.

Their conversation was light and sparkling, but not very interesting—all about their respective chiefs, and plays, and young men. Was it just a trifle empty, or had she changed?

"Do you remember Jean Fordham?" asked Alison suddenly. "She used to be at the office before she married. She's Mrs. Rex Lester now."

"I remember. A little dark girl, and we clubbed together to give her a set of saucepans and kitchen utensils."

"She has a baby now," said Alison. "Tied for life, poor thing, with a vengeance."

"Poor thing indeed!" broke in Marion indignantly. "I should think she's thrilled."

"But what a business. Fancy, for twenty years at least she'll have to put the child first."

"Well, why not? Your mother had to put you first once, hadn't she?"

"I agree with Alison," chimed in another girl. "Babies must be an awful tie. I can't think what anyone sees in them."

Then Alison changed the subject.

"Marion, we're all doing the concert at the Albert Hall, Thursday. Coming?"

"Of course!" said Marion.

But she left as early as she could. She couldn't explain why she hadn't enjoyed it as much as she had expected.

As she went home she had to pass the hall where the smoking concert was being held, and she heard shouts of laughter.

Half wistfully, she wondered if Billy was enjoying it. Reaching home, she let herself in and went to bed. It was part of their pact that neither should wait up for the other.

"I'm going to see the new picture at the Mortimer Picture House tonight," said Billy, when next Thursday came.

That was rather a disappointment to Marion, who had half hoped they would go together, as she wanted to see it, too.

Please turn to Page 35

GRACE BROS.

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A.—The new Delustred, hand-woven Imported Braid, trimmed with Petersham ribbon. The sweeping lines reflect the mode of the moment, and we have many other Individual styles to show you. White only. 21½ and 22in. fittings.

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DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 16

"THE impropriety of your behaviour is nothing when compared with the total want of delicacy he has shown!" he replied warmly. "You were at fault; your action was ill-judged, but I can readily perceive how you were provoked into doing it. Lord Worth will be content with nothing less than a complete ascendancy over your mind! I have watched with alarm his growing influence over you; it is evident that he thought you would meekly obey his arbitrary commands. Do not be unhappy! He has been betrayed into showing himself to you in his true colors, and that must be of benefit. He is autocratic; the mildness of manner which he has lately assumed towards you is as false as his pretended regard for you. He cares nothing for you, my dear cousin; no man who did could address you in the humiliating terms you have described to me!"

She was considerably taken aback by the vehemence of this speech, nor did its import produce any of that comfort which was presumably its object. The evils of her situation seemed to become greater; she said in a desponding tone: "He has never given me any reason for suspecting him of having a regard for me."

He looked at her intently. "To me it has seemed otherwise. I have sometimes been afraid that you were even inclined to return his partiality."

"Certainly not!" she said emphatically. "Such a notion is absurd! I care nothing for his good opinion, and look forward to the day when I shall be freed from his guardianship."

He said with meaning: "And I, too, look forward to that day, Judith."

UPON the following evening Mrs. Scattergood and Miss Taverner drove in a closed carriage to the Pavilion, and were set down at the domed porch punctually at nine o'clock, and ushered through an octagonal vestibule which was lit by a Chinese lantern suspended from the centre of the tented roof, into the entrance hall, a square apartment with a ceiling painted to represent an azure sky with fleecy clouds. He . they were able to leave their shawls and to peep anxiously at their reflections in the mirror over the marble mantelpiece. Mrs. Scattergood gave their names to one of the flunkeys who stood on either side of the door at the back of the hall; the man announced them, and they passed through the door into the Chinese Gallery.

A numerous company was gathered here, and the Prince Regent was standing in the central division of the gallery in a position to welcome his guests as they came in. His resplendent figure instantly caught the eye, for he had a great inclination towards finery, and his girth, which was considerable, did not prevent him from wearing the most gorgeous waistcoats, and coloured coats. His doctors had forbidden him on pain of death to remedy the defects of his figure with tight-lacing, and since he was always very anxious over the state of his own health he obeyed them. But in spite of his corpulence and the lines of dissipation that marred his countenance, there were still some traces to be found of the Prince Florizel who had captivated the world thirty odd years before.

As Mrs. Scattergood, rising from a deep curtsy, begged leave to present Miss Taverner, he smiled, and shook hands with a good-humored condescension which had often endeared many people to him whom he afterwards contrived without the least difficulty to alienate. With that easy courtesy he knew so well how to assume he insisted that he remembered Mrs. Scattergood well, was happy to see her again (and in such looks), and very glad to make the acquaintance of her young friend. It was difficult to realise that so affable a prince had done what he could to assist in oversetting his father's precarious reason, had discarded two wives, and heartlessly abandoned any friend of whom he had happened to tire. Miss Taverner knew him to be selfish, capricious, given over to every form of excess, but she could not remember it when he turned to her, and said with his attractive smile and air of kindness: "You must know, Miss Taverner, that from one member of my family I have heard so much in your praise that I have been anxious indeed to meet you!"

She hardly knew where to look, but chancing to meet his eyes, which were twinkling archly, she was emboldened to return his smile and to murmur that he was very kind.

"Is this your first visit to Brighton?" he inquired. "Do you make a long stay? It is a town I have come to regard as so peculiarly my own that it will not be out of place for me to bid you welcome to it."

"Thank you, sir. It is my first visit. If I could indulge my inclination I believe I should stay here for ever."

"That is famous!" he said jovially. "That is how I feel. I can tell you, Miss Taverner. It is many years since I first came to Brighton—we called it Brighthelmstone in those days, you know—but you see what a hold it took on my fancy. I was constrained to build myself a little summer palace here, and I give you my word that whenever I can I come down to live in it."

"And I am sure it is no wonder, Sir!" said Mrs. Scattergood, to whom this speech was partially addressed. "I have frequently been describing to Miss Taverner the beauty and elegance of the Pavilion. Nothing was ever equal to it!"

HE SMILED, and seemed pleased, though he deprecated her praise with a protesting movement of his hand. "I believe it to be a little out of the common," he acknowledged. "I do not wish to say that it is by any means perfect, but it suits me, and has been admired by those whose taste and judgment I depend upon. Miss Taverner will be interested, I daresay, in some of the examples of Chinese art she will find here. The light immediately above us, for instance, ma'am," he continued, pointing upwards to a horizontal skylight of stained glass set in the middle of the ceiling, "represents Lin-Shih, the god of thunder, surrounded as you see, by drums, and flying."

Miss Taverner looked, and admired; he invited her cordially to inspect whatever she had a mind to, and seemed as though he would have volunteered to guide her round the gallery himself, had he not been obliged to turn away from her to receive another guest who had just been announced.

Mrs. Scattergood and Miss Taverner withdrew to where an acquaintance of the former's was standing, and while the two elder ladies stood chatting together Miss Taverner had leisure to look about her, and to be astonished

Please turn to Page 34

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Mandrake the Magician

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DANNY: A detective friend, to help him rid the world of Klage, but Sorcin, mad with despair at the thought of Klage being destroyed, has liberated the brute. Danny is with

MARINA: Sorcin's niece, with whom he has fallen in love, while Mandrake has been entertaining Susie, the cook's little girl. Klage appears, stuns Mandrake with a stone, but is startled by the child, who faces him fearlessly. She amuses him until—

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GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 32

WHILE she was looking about her, and wondering at what she saw, a footman had come up with a tray of refreshments; she took a cup of coffee from it, and turned to find Mr. Brummell at her elbow, dressed in the plainest of black coats and knee-breeches, and looking singularly out of place in the midst of such splendid surroundings. "Spell-bound, Miss Taverner?" he inquired.

"Mr. Brummell! I did not know you were in Brighton! Yes, indeed: it is all very, very beautiful—quite extraordinary!" She saw the faint, incredulous smile he used to check applause, and gave a relieved sigh. "You do not like it, either!" she said.

"I thought you had decided it was all very beautiful?"

"Well, I expect it is. It must be, of course, for everyone is in raptures over it."

"Have you heard me express myself rapturously over it?"

"No, but—"

"Then there is no reason for you to be sure of its beauty."

She smiled. "Pray do not snub me, Mr. Brummell! If you are to do that I shall be left without any support in this horrid, censorious world. You must know that I am a little in disgrace."

"I have heard rumors. If you think my advice of value I have some for you."

"Yes?" she said eagerly.

He flicked open his snuff-box in his inimitable way, and took a pinch. "Drive your phaeton," he said. "You are really very stupid not to have thought of it for yourself."

"Drive my phaeton?" she repeated.

"Of course. Upon every occasion, and where you would be least expected to do so. Did I not tell you once, Miss Taverner, never to admit a fault?"

She said slowly: "I see. You are right. That is what I should have done at once. I am in your debt."

PEOPLE were beginning to move down the gallery towards the looking-glass doors at the north end. These had been flung open into the music-room, where a concert was to be given. The Regent called to Mr. Brummell, desiring his opinion on a piece of Sèvres he had been showing to one of his guests. Miss Taverner rejoined her chaperon, and taking her place in the procession soon found herself in a huge room which cast anything she had yet seen into the shade.

At first sight it was all a blaze of red and gold, but after her first gasp of astonishment she was able to take a clearer view of the whole, and to see that she was standing, not in some fantastic dream-place, but in a square apartment with rectangular recesses at each end, fitted up in a style of Oriental splendor.

A fire burned in the fireplace of statuary marble on the western wall, and above it, on the mantelshelf, a large clock presented an appearance of the most striking incongruity, for, although its base was entwined by the inevitable dragon, upon the top were grouped, rather surprisingly, Venus and Cupid, with the Peacock of Love, and Mars climbing up to them.

Miss Taverner was quite overpowered, and could only blink at what she saw. The heat of the room was oppressive; all the ladies were fanning themselves. Miss Taverner began to feel a little faint; dragons and lights started to dance oddly before her eyes, and had she not at that moment found a chair to sink into she believed she must have lost possession of her senses.

She recovered in a few minutes, and was able to enjoy the concert. The Regent, who had been taught to play the violoncello in his youth by Crosbill, and was very musical, beat time with one foot; the Duke of Cumberland stared all the prettiest women out of countenance; Mr. Brummell gazed before him with an air of weary patience; and Sir John Lade, who looked for all the world like a stage-coachman, strayed by mistake into the pavilion, went to sleep in the corner of a sofa, and snored gently till it was time to go home.

CHAPTER 18.

UPON the following morning Miss Taverner despatched her groom post-haste to London to fetch down her phaeton, and no sooner had it arrived, and her horses been rested, than she startled Brighton by driving it to Donaldson's at the fashionable hour to change her book. No one observing her air of calm assurance could have guessed what an effort it cost her to appear thus unconcerned. She met Captain Audley on the Steyne, and took him up beside her, and drove him to the Chalybeate Spring at Hove and back again. At the ball at the Castle Inn that evening one or two people ventured to comment on it. She raised her brows, and said coolly: "My phaeton? Yes, it had just arrived from town. Some trifling fault made it necessary for me to send it to the coachmaker's, which is why you have seen me walking lately. You must know that I am used to drive myself wherever I go." She passed on with a smile, and a bow.

"Excellent, Miss Taverner!" murmured Mr. Brummell. "You are so apt a pupil that if I were only ten years younger I believe I should propose for your hand."

She laughed. "I cannot suppose it possible. Did you ever propose to any lady, sir?"

"Yes, once," replied Mr. Brummell in a voice of gentle melancholy. "But it came to nothing. I discovered that she actually ate cabbage, so what could I do but cut the connection?"

If Miss Taverner's phaeton did not succeed in putting an end to all criticism of her drive from town it did silence a good many tongues. Her habit of driving herself all over Brighton was soon looked on as an idiosyncrasy allowable in a lady with a fortune of eighty thousand pounds. But, although the dowagers, with one or two exceptions, might agree to look indulgently on her oddities, there was one person who gave no sign of having forgiven her. Lord Worth continued to hold aloof, and when they met conducted himself towards her with a cold civility that showed her how fresh in his mind were the events at Cuckfield. Having frequently assured herself and him that nothing could exceed her dislike of him there was no other course open to her than to treat him with similar coldness, and to flirt with Captain Audley. The Captain was all readiness to oblige her, and by the time they had twice danced half the evening together, and twice been seen driving along the parade in the perch-phaeton it began to be pretty freely circulated that the Captain was to be the lucky man.

EVEN Mrs. Scattergood began to take a serious view of the affair, and having watched in silence for a week at last ventured to broach the subject one evening after dinner. "Judith, my love," she said, very busy with the yards of fringe she was making, "did I tell you that I met Lady Downshire in East Street this morning? You must know that I walked back to Westfield Lodge with her."

"No, you did not tell me," replied Miss Taverner, laying down her book. "Was there any reason why you should?"

"Oh, none in the world! But I must own I was rather taken aback by her asking me when your engagement to Charles Audley was to be made known. I did not know what to say."

Judith laughed. "Dear ma'am, I hope you told her that you did not know?"

Mrs. Scattergood shot her a quick look. "To be sure, I told her that I had no apprehension of any such engagement taking place. But the case is, you see, that people are beginning to wonder at the preference you show for Charles. You must not be offended with me for speaking plainly."

"Offended! How should I be?"

Mrs. Scattergood began to look a little alarmed. "But Judith, is it possible that you can be contemplating marriage with Charles?"

Miss Taverner smiled saucily, and said: "I am persuaded you can no longer see to make your fringe, ma'am. Let me ring for some working candles to be brought you!"

"Pray, do not be so teasing!" besought her chaperon. "I have nothing in the world to say against Charles. Indeed, I have the highest value for him; but a younger son, my dear, and without the least prospect of enlargement, for it is not to be supposed that Worth will stay single to oblige him, you know. I could tell you of any number of young ladies who have set their caps at him. He will certainly be thinking of getting married one day soon."

"I shall be happy to wish him joy whenever that may be!" said Miss Taverner sharply. She picked up her book, read a few lines, lowered it again, and inquired hopefully: "Was it he who told you to discover whether I mean to marry Captain Audley or not?"

"Worth? No, my dear, upon my word it was not. He has not spoken to me of it at all."

Miss Taverner resumed her book with an expression so forbidding that Mrs. Scattergood judged it wisest to say no more.

She was at a loss to know what to think. A natural shrewdness had induced her to suppose from the outset that Judith stood in very little danger of falling in love with the captain. A hint that people were beginning to couple their names should have been enough, if she did not mean to marry him, to make her behave with more circumspection; but it had no effect on her at all. She continued to flirt with the captain, and her brother, in high good humor, remarked to Mr. Taverner that he believed the pair would make a match of it yet.

"Audley and your sister!" said his cousin, turning a little pale. "Surely it is not possible!"

"Not possible! Why not?" asked Peregrine. "He is a capital fellow, I can tell you. Not at all like Worth. I thought the instant I clapped eyes on him that he would do very well for Judith. It's my belief that they have some sort of an understanding. I taxed Ju with it, but she only colored up, and laughed, and would not give me an answer."

PEREGRINE'S own affairs soon took a turn for the better. He had lately fallen into the habit of driving over to Worthing twice a week, and spending the night with the Fairfords, and he was able to inform Judith on his return from one of these expeditions that Sir Geoffrey, being dissatisfied with the uncertainty of his daughter's engagement, was coming to Brighton to seek an interview with Lord Worth.

"We shall see how that may answer," said Peregrine in a tone of strong satisfaction. "However little Worth may attend to my entreaties he cannot fail to pay heed to a man of Sir Geoffrey's age and consequence. I fancy the wedding day will be soon fixed."

"I do not depend upon it, though I am sure I wish it may," Judith replied. "I shall own myself surprised if Sir Geoffrey finds his lordship any more persuadable than we have done."

Peregrine, however, continued sanguine, and in a very few days events proved him to have been justified. They were sitting down to dinner in Marine Parade one evening when the butler brought in Sir Geoffrey's card. Peregrine ran out to welcome him and learn his news, while Mrs. Scattergood cast an anxious eye over the dish of buttered lobster and sent down a message to the cook to serve up the raised giblet pie as well as the fricando of veal. She was still wondering whether the cheese cakes would go round and lamenting that a particularly good open tart syllabub should have been all eaten at luncheon when Peregrine brought their visitor into the dining-parlor. Peregrine's countenance conveyed the intelligence of good news to his sister immediately. His eyes sparkled, and, as Judith rose to shake hands with Sir Geoffrey, he burst out with: "You were wrong, Ju! It is all in a way to be done! I knew how it would be. I am to be married at the end of June. Now wish me joy!"

She turned her eyes towards him with a look of amazement in them. She had not though it to be possible. "Indeed, indeed I do wish you joy! But how is this? Lord Worth agrees?"

"Ay, to be sure he does. Why should he not? But Sir Geoffrey will tell it all to us later. For my part I am satisfied with the mere fact."

She was obliged to control her impatience to know how it had all come about, what arguments had been used to prevail with Worth, and to beg Sir Geoffrey to be seated. The impropriety of discussing his interview with Worth before the servants was generally felt, and it was not until they were all gathered in the drawing-room later that their curiosity could be satisfied.

It was not in Sir Geoffrey's power to remain long with them. He had made no provision for spending the night in Brighton, and wished to be back in Worthing before it grew dark. There was very little to tell them after all.

Please turn to Page 36

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NIGHTS OUT ALONE

Continued from Page 31

"SPLENDID!" she said heartily. "I'm going to the Albert Hall. It's a popular concert, and all my old chums are going."

"I see. Hope you enjoy it," he said warmly.

The next day he was full of the picture. He had enjoyed himself! It was rather depressing, hearing him tell her all about it. The concert had seemed positively dull to her. Odd, but she didn't fit in so well with the girls from the office as she had done in the old days. They seemed so young and immature. Perhaps it was she who had changed. One thing she had decided. Next Thursday she would go and see Jean Fordham, who was able to see visitors. Billy was going with a wireless fan to a lecture on wireless.

"You know, it's really a topping idea, this meeting one's friends and all that," Billy remarked. "I shall enjoy the lecture with Dennis. He's keen on wireless, and we talk the same language."

"I like meeting my old friends, too," said Marion.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," he added.

"Neither would I. It keeps you from getting rusty. Always being together makes one rather dull."

"You're right," he agreed.

On her way to see Jean she bought a little woolly coat for the newcomer, and, once there, she thrilled to the sweetness and helplessness of the little girl. So much so that Jean was surprised.

"You know, Marion, it's improved you being married," she said slowly. "You used to be a little wilful. You were extremely fond of your own way."

"Oh, Jean, draw it mild!"

"You were. You used to lay the law down just like Alison. She is always right about everything, and you used to be just as sweeping. But now, somehow, you're more understanding."

Jean was right. In the old days she had been just what Jean had said, but you couldn't go on being selfish and thoughtless and self-opinionated when married to Billy. He was so kind and considerate. You had to watch out that you didn't take advantage of his good nature.

A sudden rush of affection came for Billy, so strong, so reliable, his love so enduring!

As she bent over the little sleeping babe her eyes were soft. Yes, indeed, Jean thought, the Marion of the office days had changed, and for the better!

Rex, Jean's husband, came in, and Marion went, leaving the little family together—so blissfully happy, wanting nothing but just the three of them.

MARION felt that she would never get over her dislike of letting herself in with her latch-key at night without Billy there beside her. The little house didn't seem so friendly. It was almost as if it resented her coming in at night alone.

She felt—stupidly enough—just on the verge of tears. She mustn't be selfish, though. Billy did so like the idea of the night out. Besides, it had been her plan.

She looked at the clock. Only seven! Why, she couldn't expect him back for hours. The lecture wouldn't be over till ten, and he couldn't be in till nearly eleven. Funny how slowly the evening passed without Billy there.

At eight she set the supper, made herself a cup of cocoa, and went off to bed.

She was just on the point of falling asleep when she heard a sound downstairs. Her heart began to thump wildly. Burglars! She knew it! And Billy wouldn't be home for hours yet!

She could hear them moving about.

She lay there afraid to move, trembling in every limb. But at last she could endure the suspense no longer.

Very cautiously she got out of bed, and picked up a boot-tree that was by the wardrobe. Feeling a little sick, but forcing herself to be courageous, she went to the top of the stairs and switched on the light. . . .

"Who's there?" she said, and didn't recognise her own voice, it was so squeaky.

She saw a huge frame loom out of the dining-room door, her heart gave a sickly lurch, and then everything went black as she fainted.

She wakened to find someone bending over her, someone saying in agitated tones:

"Oh, Marion, darling! Thank God you're all right! You gave me the fright of my life!"

"Why, Billy," she said, "it wasn't you, was it? You weren't the burglar?"

"Oh, darling, what a fool I've been leaving you like this! Of course it was me!"

"But I thought you weren't coming back till late?"

"I didn't go to the lecture. I was bored at the idea. I came home to read a book until you came back."

"Bored? But I thought you wanted to go out with your friends?"

"Not me!" said Billy emphatically. "You see, Marion, I've nothing in common with them really. They're all so young. They don't know what it means to have responsibilities."

"I find that, too, we've got out of touch somehow, and I thought it was such a good idea," said Marion ruefully.

"Well, it was," he insisted stoutly. "Only—well, when I'm out with them I can only think of you, wondering what you're doing, if you're enjoying yourself, and meeting people I don't know. Silly, isn't it, to be so much in love with your own wife that you don't like her going off on her own?"

"Oh, not silly," she said breathlessly. "Lovely, Billy, lovely!"

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

She nodded.

"I say, Marion!" he said suddenly. "Let's have our nights out together in future. I just can't bear going out on my own any longer!"

She snuggled against him.

"I can't, either. As a matter of fact, I don't think married folks can have their 'night out' alone. I think they've just got to do everything together, sink or swim—it's got to be together."

"Together! That's it—everything together!" he said. "We don't want anyone but just we two."

And for a moment they were very, very quiet. . . . And then Marion's mind went to the future, when—some day—they'd be like Jean and Rex: "Just we three! Everything together! Just we three!"

"Not just we two, Billy," she said, very softly, as she drew his face down to hers. "Not just we two—but just we three!"

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In hundreds of the best bedrooms in the best hotels:

O.B. Leader Sheets

O.B. Leader Sheets, those very cool, very crisp, very durable sheets which all leading hotels choose because they stand up to such hard wear.

Bleached by water and sun on the hills of Scotland, they come to you glistening in their whiteness, and keep their freshness and strength through years of wear.

O.B. Leader SHEETS

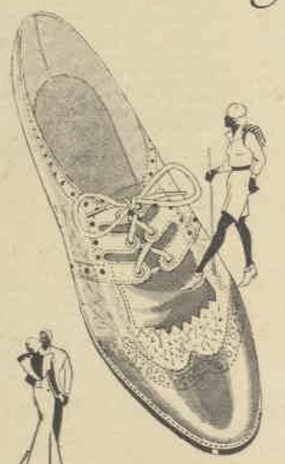
A SPINNER PRODUCTION

5 YEARS GUARANTEE

FARMER'S

Holiday Shoes Are— Going Places and Doing Things!

Beach: (*Left*) A beach shoe from America! Off-white rubber—that looks almost like net. Low-down cuban heel, rubber sole. American fittings, 3 to 6, **17/9.** Also one-bar style **12/9.**



Golf: (*Above*) Farmer's brown calf, slashed tongue oxford is unbeatable value. Eight-ribbed rubber sole and heel. 2 to 7, half sizes. Priced as low as **19/9**

Cruise: (*Above*) The "Normandie" cruise sandal like that famous liner, originated in Paris. Combinations: Blue-white, red-white, brown-white, red-blue calf. 2 to 7, half sizes. Priced at only .. **12/9**

Hiking: (*Above*) In the "Foursome" you "walk on air"! Smart, comfortable, very little to pay. Brown calf with twill, white pig-grain; leather sole, low down-heel. 2 to 7, half sizes. At **12/9**

Evening: (*Left*) A Reno fashion at a surprising price! Black crepe Reno one-bar. The vamp is of interwoven straps. Black, **12/9.** 2 to 7, ½'s. White, **14/9.**

Heels repaired, 6d. while you wait

Tennis: (*Left*) Smartest tennis shoes are on walking shoe lasts! You can be fitted with **Half Sizes.** White Oxford with crepe rubber sole. Such fit at such a price is amazing. 2 to 7, half sizes **5/11**

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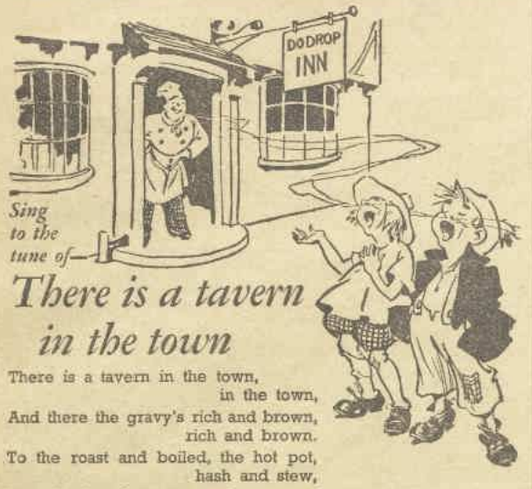
SONG MEMORIES REVIVED BY THE 'BISTO KIDS'



Sing to the tune of—

There is a tavern in the town

There is a tavern in the town,
in the town,
And there the gravy's rich and brown,
rich and brown.
To the roast and boiled, the hot pot,
hash and stew,
Bis-to lends a flavour new, flavour new

BISTO
for making delicious gravy

Issued by Cerebos Limited • 79 Pitt Street, • Sydney

GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 34

HE had guessed that Lord Worth's refusal to consent to the marriage taking place arose from scruples natural in a man standing in his position. It had been so. His lordship had felt all the evils of a marriage entered into too young, but upon Sir Geoffrey's representation to him of the proved durability of Peregrine's affections (for six months, at the age of nineteen, was certainly a period) he had been induced to relent.

"There was no difficulty, then?" Judith inquired, fixing her eyes on his face. "Yet when I spoke of it to him he answered me in such a way that I believed nothing could win him over. This is wonderful, indeed. There is no accounting for it."

"There was a little difficulty," acknowledged Sir Geoffrey. "His lordship felt a good deal of reluctance, which I was able, however, to overcome. I am not acquainted with him. Do not think I have exchanged two words with him before to-day, so that I cannot conjecture what may have been in his mind. He is a reserved man. I do not pretend to read his thoughts. I own that it seemed to me that something more than a doubt of the young people being of an age to contemplate matrimony weighed with him."

"What made you think so?" Miss Taverner asked quickly. "He can have had no other reason!"

Sir Geoffrey set the tips of his fingers together. "Well, well, I might be mistaken. His manners, which are inclined to be abrupt, may easily have misled me. But upon my making known to him the object of my call his first words were of refusal. That he had no objection to my daughter's character or her situation in life he at once made clear to me, however."

"Objection!" cried Peregrine, with strong indignation. "What objection could he have, sir?"

"None, I trust," replied Sir Geoffrey placidly. "But his countenance led me to suppose that my application was very unwelcome. He said positively that you were too young. I ventured to remind him that a six months' engagement was his own suggestion, whereupon he exclaimed with a degree of annoyance that surprised me that he had been guilty of a piece of the most unconscionable folly in consenting to any engagement at all."

"Well, and so I thought at the time," remarked Mrs. Scattergood. "It seemed to me highly nonsensical, as I daresay it did to you, sir. For I quite depended on it being no more than a passing fancy with them both you know."

"But why, why?" demanded Judith, striking the palms of her hands together. "A doubt of Peregrine's not being old enough could not weigh so heavily with him. I am at a loss to understand him! What did he say then? How did you prevail?"

"I must hope," said Sir Geoffrey with a smile, "that the reasonableness of my arguments induced his lordship to relent, but I am more than a little persuaded of his not having heard above half of them. His own reflections seemed to absorb him."

"Ah, I daresay!" nodded Mrs. Scattergood. "His father was just the same. You might talk to him by the hour together, as I am sure I have done often, and find at the end that he had been thinking of something quite different."

"As to that, ma'am, I cannot accuse his lordship of letting his mind wander from the subject of my visit. All I meant to say was that his own thoughts operated on his judgment more than my arguments. He took several turns about the room, and upon Captain Audley coming in at that moment briefly informed him of the reason of my being there."

"Captain Audley! Ah, there you found an ally!"

"Yes, Miss Taverner, it was as you say. Audley immediately advised his brother to consent. With the greatest good nature he declared himself to be in the fullest sympathy with Peregrine's impatience. He said there could be no object in delay. Lord Worth looked at him as though he would have spoken, but said nothing. Captain Audley, after the shortest of pauses, remarked: 'As well now as later.' Lord Worth continued looking at him for a moment without however giving me the impression of attending very closely to him, and suddenly replied: 'Very well. Let it be as you wish.'"

"So much for prejudice!" said Peregrine. "But I knew how it would be when he came face to face with you, sir. And now you see what a disagreeable fellow we have for a guardian! Ay, you do not like me to say it, Maria, but you know it is so."

"I confess I had been thinking his lordship very much what you had described to me," said Sir Geoffrey, "but I am bound to say that from the moment of his giving his consent nothing could have exceeded his amiability. These fashionable men have their whims and oddities, you know. I found him perfectly ready to discuss the details with me; we talked over the settlements, and what income it would be proper for Peregrine to enjoy until he comes of age, and found ourselves in the most complete agreement. He pressed me with the utmost civility to dine with him—an invitation I should have been happy to have accepted had I not felt it incumbent on me to lose no time in coming to set your mind at rest, my dear Perry."

"Well, and I am sure it has all ended very much to Worth's credit," said Mrs. Scattergood. "You and I, my dear sir, can easily understand his scruples, however little these impatient young people may."

SHORTLY after this Sir Geoffrey got up to take his leave of them, and until the tea-table was brought in the others were fully occupied in talking over what had passed. A knock on the front door put them in the expectation of receiving another visitor, but in a few minutes the butler came in with a note for Peregrine which had been brought round by hand from the Steyne. It was from Worth, requesting Peregrine to call at his house on the following morning for the purpose of discussing the marriage settlements. Judith listened to it being read aloud, and turned away to pick up one of the volumes of "Self-Control" from the sofa table. But not even Laura's passage down the Amazon had the power to hold her interest. It was evident that Worth had no desire to meet her; he would otherwise have appointed a meeting with Peregrine in Marine Parade.

The interview next morning served to put Peregrine in a mood of the greatest good-humor. Worth became once more a very tolerable sort of a fellow, and if his harshness at Cuckfield was not quite forgotten it was in a fair way to be forgiven.

To be continued

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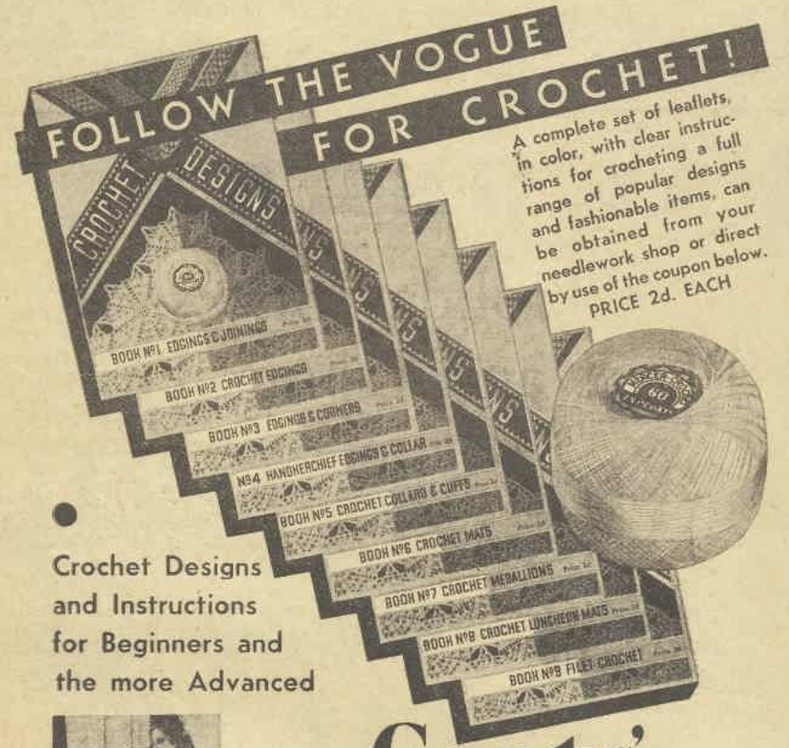

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With Your Crochet Hook

(A) Collar and cuff sets, an individual collar, a jabot of captivating design with gloves to match . . . all are clearly described in this folder . . . . . PRICE, 2d.

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* Strike out leaflets NOT required.

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OVERNIGHT RELIEF FOR CONSTIPATION

When the bowels become clogged with a mass of poisonous stomach waste, sick headache with all its attendant misery, belching of sour stomach gases and general discomfort, are sure to follow. You need a mild and gentle laxative, one that will carry off the congested mass without upsetting the stomach or griping the bowels.

TAKE CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS
A dose when retiring will afford grateful relief next morning without unpleasantness or discomfort

CHAMBERLAINS TABLETS
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

"I'd never realised that FLYWIRE *could make so much difference!"*

"Up to a year ago I hadn't thought of imagining what life would be like without flies and mosquitos in summer.

"But last spring my husband covered the windows, doors, chimneys, front verandah and back sleep-out with 'Cyclone' flywire—covered them all.

"What a difference it made . . . to have no flies in the kitchen or round the meal table, no blowflies hunting the meat, no mosquitos in the evening, no moths banging against the lights.

"Imagine it! The kitchen and dining table always clear of the horrible cloud! No need to cover anything. The milk safe from contamination. No dread of summer illness for baby.

"It was the best-tempered summer we've ever lived! With no worry while I was working, our evenings peaceful, able to sit in the breeze on the verandah and sleep without mosquito nets, our nerves stayed calm and rested.

"Fitting the flywire did it—such an obvious, simple, easy thing to do, and the cost is negligible compared with the tremendous benefit it brings you.

"We were careful to buy good flywire so our screens are as good to-day as when they were new."

"Cyclone" flywire is made in three grades: GOLDEN BRONZE — most suitable for seaside and the tropics. ZINCOID (Electro Galvanised) — standard weight, in widths from 10 in. to 48 in. HEAVY GALVANISED—much heavier—much stronger.

Obtainable at all Hardware Stores.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only make-shifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 2/-. Resent a substitute.

A BARBER WHO HAD RHEUMATISM

Tells How He Carried On

A barber who had been a "martyr to rheumatism" writes:—

"I have been a martyr to rheumatism for some ten years. For five years I was so affected that it was with the greatest difficulty I was able to carry on my business. I may say I am a barber by trade. After having tried numerous remedies, I was finally advised to try Kruschen. I am pleased to say that after twelve months I am now freer from aches and pains than I have been for some ten years. In fact, I consider I am cured of rheumatism thanks to Kruschen Salts."
—W. M.

Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts are the most effectual solvents of uric acid known to medical science. They swiftly dull the sharp edges of the painful crystals, then convert them into a harmless solution. Other ingredients of these Salts have a stimulating effect upon the kidneys, and assist them to expel the dissolved uratic needles through the natural channel.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

October 5, 1935. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers. 37

MODERN STAIRWAYS

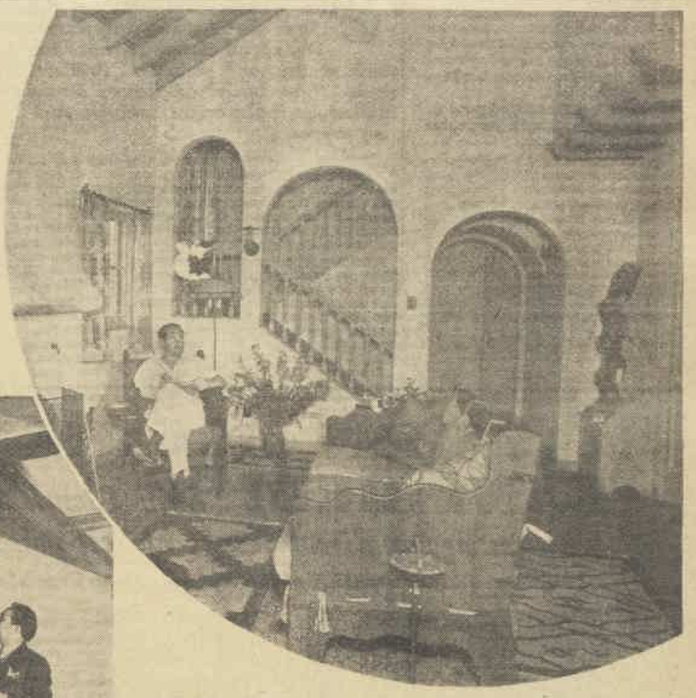
Magic Flights of Fancy

By Our Home Decorator

MANY housewives have a decided prejudice against stairways. One big reason, no doubt, is because the average old-fashioned "two-story" house boasts a dark, dreary, walled-in flight of stairs that cannot breed anything else in the mind but a fear-complex. Ill-lighted, one is forced to pick one's way carefully — wretched on the ascent, infinitely worse on the descent. But modern staircases are really creations of beauty and artistry. In short, so attractive as to influence materially the planning of up-to-date homes.

THREE very modern styles may be glimpsed on this page. Though in a sense narrow—because space is an item in construction — they are essentially decorative, and add immeasurably to the all-pervading air of dignity and charm.

In the picture reproduced at the top right you visualise the effect of reconstruction—a staircase rescued from drab oblivion.



HERE YOU SEE the results of staircase reconstruction. Formerly the wall shut off completely the room from a dark, drab stairway. Now cut and domed, a new dignity and charm is given both room and stairway. The banisters are carried out in pale, golden, unpolished oak. A full-length window admits its quota of light on the first landing, framed by luxurious curtains in keeping with those employed in the room itself.

ANOTHER STYLE in modern staircase construction which will find many admirers. Wrought iron replaces wood, and colorful tiles are smart underfoot.

HERE IS THE very newest idea in stairway construction—a feature in the American home of Leslie Howard, Warner Bros.' star. The rope which takes the place of the more solid type of banister looks rather picturesque, don't you think?

The wall has been cut and domed with picturesque results. Oaken banisters now line the route and, at the narrow landing on the first turn, curtains frame the full-length window, which ingeniously opens at the top when additional fresh air is required. A fine old piece of tapestry is thrown nonchalantly over the rail, and gives a quaint, pleasing touch to the decorative theme.

Observe, too, the floor bowl holding tall delphiniums and snapdragons. This would not be nearly as smartly effective against an ordinary wall, but fits admirably into the picture here.

The central picture illustrates another type of stairway, mounting steadily, uninterruptedly, in its measured beauty, to the wide landing at the top. No intermediate landing, you will observe. But how decorative!

Imagine yourself descending this staircase to greet the guest. How gracious you, too, could look!

There is a growing fancy for hanging one or two good prints upon the walls of such a staircase. I noticed, recently, in quite a modern little home, three delightful scenes placed at intervals, and level with the eyes. One felt compelled to pause and admire each in turn.

Very, Very Modern

NOW, you will have noticed the third staircase which I have illustrated for you. Do you like it?

This is the very latest departure in modern stairway construction. It does not detract one iota from the general air of spaciousness—the outstanding aim of up-to-date home planners. The rope is caught and securely affixed to the wall at regular intervals, and you can pull yourself up and steady yourself on the downward path by reason of this. But it means more than this—it gives that touch of picturesque charm and individuality to the scene so much sought after by moderns. "Something different" is the eternal cry.

Many of the modern stairways are tile-finished, but if you prefer a carpet, do give careful consideration to quality, color, and pattern.

You should always buy an extra yard or so for each flight of stairs when purchasing stair-carpet, to allow for its being relaid when necessary in a different position, so as to ensure that the tread is not always in the same place.

For floor-covering for the narrow landing the best place is to continue the stair-carpet, but if the landing is a fairly broad one, a rug, fitted carpet, or felt to tone with or match the stair-carpet is preferable.

NATURALLY, a narrow landing permits little in the way of furnishing, but amazing improvements can be wrought by the introduction of an exquisitely colorful picture, or a bowl of joyously-colored flowers on a tiny corner-table or cupboard.

Again, the careful placing of a mirror on the landing is another way of lending interest and charm, for it will serve to reflect the light and, as you know, create the illusion of space.

A wide landing is undoubtedly a boon to the artistically-minded home-lover. Tapestry wall-panels are interesting, souvenirs may be displayed to artistic advantage and not feel out of place.

It may also disport a comfortable chair or two, a window-seat if you wish, but it must always be bright and cheery.—E.E.G.

CLEVER IDEAS

UNSCREWING JARS: When you can't unscrew a metal top from a jar or bottle, try gripping it firmly with a piece of emery paper, which will give you a much more secure hold.

THE IRONING BLANKET: Keep your ironing blanket smooth and firm by sewing small brass curtain rings to the corners of it. The tapes through these rings, and tie the tapes round the legs of the kitchen table. Your blanket will then be held taut and firm. The same thing can be done with the sheet.

MINCING MACHINE: A mincing machine that is only used occasionally proves hard to work sometimes when it has been put on one side for a time. If the parts that come into contact with each other are smeared with a little glycerine the difficulty can easily be overcome.

SCRATCHED MIRRORS: Slight scratches on a mirror can be removed by rubbing with a paste made of olive oil and crocus powder, obtainable from an oil store.

WHITER TABLES: Kitchen tables or draining-boards of wood will keep much whiter if once a week they are sprinkled first with lemon juice, and then with salt. Leave this on overnight and rinse off next morning. Wood that has been neglected and is discolored should have this treatment two or three nights in succession.

MORE STORAGE ROOM: In a small room where there is a window seat it is a very good idea to have shelves built beneath this. They can be used for books or for keeping such things as shoes, games, requisites, and other odds and ends that might otherwise litter up the room. A curtain drawn across in front on a metal rod, chosen to match or tone with the window curtains, will hide the contents and present a neat appearance.

REMOVING HAIR-GREASE STAINS: A minor household tragedy is the staining of pillow-slips with hair grease. To remove these stains, rub them thickly with wet soap. Roll up the pillow-slip in warm water for two hours, softening the water if necessary with half-ounce of washing soda to every three gallons. Remove and wash in the ordinary way in hot water, rubbing the stain with soap. Then rinse out and finally boil in the usual way.

WHITENING UNBLEACHED LINEN: If you have any unbleached linen which you want to whiten, soak it overnight in a solution of borax and warm soapsuds. Rinse in warm water to which you have added a few drops of ammonia.

IF YOU HAVE AMBER: To keep amber in good condition, wash it first in a warm soapy solution, and then dry it with a soft cloth. Finally, polish with a very little olive oil.

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ALLURING LIPS

Men say so!

Her beautiful lips were irresistible to men. No painted look! Just natural blending of Tangee with her complexion. Tangee has the remarkable property of intensifying the natural coloring in your lips. Tangee color is *your* own! Its cream base keeps lips soft and smooth.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade.

Tangee Rouge Compact gives the same natural color as Lipstick.

UNTOUCHED — Lips left untouched not seldom have a faded look, make the face seem older.

PAINTED — Don't risk that painted look. It's cheapening and men don't like it.

TANGEE — Intensifies natural color, ensures youthful appeal, and ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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ZINNIAS . . . Gay Daughters of the Sun

PLANT THEM NOW! . . . *Easily grown, they respond royally to right treatment!*

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

THIS week the Old Gardener gives you his advice on zinnia-growing, and truly starts the summer for you. For of all flowers, zinnias immediately make you think of sun and summer. Brilliantly colored in many shades, these sturdy, well-formed flowers thrive best well out in the open, in the bright sunshine. And they are delightfully easy to grow.

ALTHOUGH many of our spring flowers are still beautifully in bloom, we will soon have to consider summer, and prepare for it with young summer plants, so that we shall have a display as gay as, if not gayer than, that which spring has already given us.

Zinnias will be one of our mainstays. They are great garden favorites, easily grown, and respond right royally to good care and attention. They are strikingly beautiful, and no matter how hot the summer may be they flower profusely. And in their flowering every color in the rainbow seems to be represented.

There is no flower which gives such a variety of brilliant colors and stands up to hard and dry conditions as the zinnia. Almost any class of soil suits them—from sandy soil along the coastline to heavier soil on the highlands.

There are many varieties from which to choose, commencing with the giant flowering variety, down to the small Pom-Pom. And each year we find new and even better ones being produced.

LET me run over a few of the choicest. All the names I mention can be secured this season.

The Giant Dahlia flowering varieties which grow from 2½ to 3 feet are:—Polar Bear (white), Dream (lavender), Purple Prince (purple), Exquisite (rose), Scarlet Flame (scarlet), Golden State (orange), Buttercup (creamy yellow), Canary Bird (primrose), Lemon Beauty (lemon and brown), Eldorado (rose), Crimson Monarch (crimson), Youth (light rose), Meteor (glowing red).

The Giant Mammoth variety grows to a height of 2½ to 3 feet and is very beautiful. These flowers have smaller centres, the petals are more loosely placed than are those of the giant type, and the flowers assume a succession of graceful shapes from bud to bloom.

Some of these are:—Grenadier (deep red), Lemon Queen (lemon-orange), Salmon Queen (salmon-rose), Brightness (deep rose), Lavender Gem (lavender), Cerise Queen (scarlet), Enchantress (rose), Miss Wilmott (soft pink), Orange King (orange), Violet Queen (deep violet), Scarlet Gem (scarlet), Crown o' Gold, and Desert Gold.

HERE YOU GLIMPSE an attractive scheme for a back garden. Homely plants and ferns flank the tiled verandah and thrive under the shade of the old pepper tree. Observe the lamps on wall brackets. They shed a powerful light o'er the scene when night falls. Leslie Howard, Warner Bros.' famous English star, is the proud owner of this lovely garden.

Plan Color Schemes

WHEN you plant these, keep the colors separate. A splendid color scheme can be worked out and a very pleasing and attractive bed can be made.

Now we come to another variety: Grandiflora Robusta grows from two to three feet and is one of the favorites for garden displays and cut flowers. Colors are salmon, deep rose, apricot-buff, white-golden-yellow, flesh-scarlet-purple, sulphur, yellow, cardinal-red, and crimson.

Economical . . . Table Decoration

"GOLDEN gleams," the semi-double scented nasturtiums, have been the floral success of many a garden. They are still blooming happily, and for economical table decoration are hard to beat. These joyous blooms are at their best arranged with the assistance of holders in shallow bowls amid their own decorative, bright-green leaves.

Picturesque Lilliputs

NOW for smaller varieties, and ones which I consider should find a home in every garden. These are the Lilliput variety, commonly known as the pom-pom zinnia.

They are attractive massed in beds, and make admirable borders. They are compact in growth, make wonderful cut flowers, and, if planted in separate colors, some striking effects can be made.

Varieties are:—Scarlet Gem, Canary, Salmon Rose, Dark Crimson, White Gem, Golden Gem, Flesh, Purple, and Rosebud.

Another popular variety is the Pumila Picotee Delight. These flowers are also suitable for border plants, are ruffled and curled in appearance, and a large percentage have fringed petals with gold or picotee tips. Colors are:—Salmon, lavender-cream, yellow-biscuit, and buff.

So much for the zinnia. Let our gardens be a mass of color this summer. Grow them everywhere you can, well out in the open, for they love the sun.

. . . . SKIN BLEMISHES BANISHED! *"Skin Blemishes and Pimples are a direct result of self-poisoning"*

. . . says Dr. VAN NOORDEN of the world-famous Frankfort clinic

Pimples and a blotchy complexion are extremely disfiguring . . . they are also a warning of internal trouble that may become serious if not remedied. Soaps and salves are not remedies. They attack the symptoms, but have no effect on the cause. This, Dr. Van Noorden emphasises, is autoxima, or self-poisoning due to a clogged colon.

The action of the colon is to eliminate waste matter from the body. It must also extract essential food minerals which have not already been absorbed. To-day's foods give insufficient exercise to the walls of the colon. These walls lose their power of normal movement, fail to extract the essential minerals, and their folds become clogged with putrefying matter. Virulent poisons and bacteria form, seep into the blood stream, and cause acidosis and autoxima or self-poisoning.

Coloseptic's Unique Action

To regain your health the encrustations in your colon must be removed, and the walls restored so that they are again capable of performing their functions. COLOSEPTIC does both. It gently clears the clogged, decaying matter from your colon, and, at the same time, it tones up the walls. Also, it corrects all acid conditions and stimulates the action of the pores of the skin, respiratory system and the kidneys—the three remaining organs that eliminate poisons from your system.

That's why COLOSEPTIC must mean a permanent end to skin blemishes, just as it does to all those hosts of other ills that arise from autoxima or self-poisoning . . . escape worry now and serious illness later, and know the joyous vitality that comes from perfect health. End the menace of autoxima to-day!

FREE—Interesting and Vital Book

Learn more about this vital subject. Mail the coupon for a demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, to-day, and you will receive, by return mail and under plain cover, a book telling you all about this intimate and highly important subject. You will learn how you are unknowingly developing an acid condition that gives rise to skin faults, lowering your vitality, missing the best of life, and paving the way for disease. Don't put it off—mail the coupon NOW!

MAIL this Coupon . . . NOW!

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To COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) Ltd., 26 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

Please send me your FREE book on Autoxima in plain envelope. Also send me my demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, for which I enclose 2/- in penny stamps.

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ADDRESS _____

. . . This Woman Regains the Bloom of Health

"Bangalow," N.S.W.

"I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine . . . one bottle of Coloseptic did me more good than all the medicines I had ever taken; and after taking a course of it I am overjoyed to be able to say that I am now completely cured."—"I am, yours faithfully, Mrs. M.C."

(The original of this letter may be seen at head office.)

A CLOGGED COLON

CLEAN YOUR COLON . . .

AN UNCLOGGED COLON

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HANSEN'S

Essence for making

FRUIT JUNKETS

ORANGE—LEMON
RASPBERRY—VANILLA

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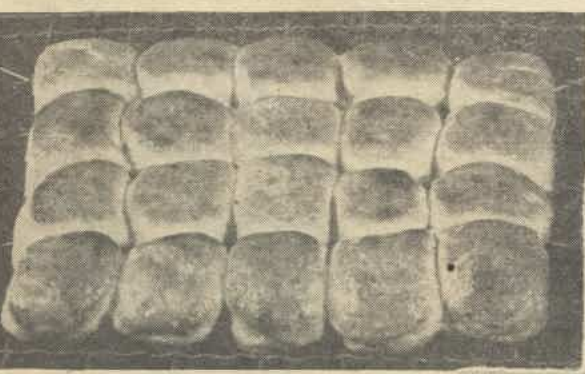
THESE *Scones* will be *Hot* FAVORITES!

And they'll earn you warm praise from family and friends

PROVIDING you adhere closely to the directions for making, you should achieve instantaneous success with any one of these scone recipes. Use good ingredients and have them all at hand before commencing to mix. Don't guess quantities. And see that your oven is hot!

By... RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

All these recipes have been tested in our own kitchens.



SCONES that will go like hot cakes! These are golden syrup scones. Cut wheel shape and dotted with currants, they look—and taste—delicious.

LOOKS tempting, don't you think? This is a French scone. It is baked in a sandwich-tin and the top decorated with cinnamon and coconut.

A BATCH of delicious scones photographed just after they'd been whisked from the oven and placed on the cooler.

A MEMBER of the staff caught just on the point of "sampling" one of the tasty savory scones. She was not the only one who voted them "delicious"!

SCONES have earned a well-deserved reputation for being easy to make as well as delicious to eat, and yet there are many ways in which a careless cook may spoil her promising scone mixture.

Beware of doing any of these:—

1. Mixing the dough too dry. This produces a rough-looking scone.
2. Mixing the dough too wet, causing the scone to spread.
3. Not mixing the liquid evenly.
4. Baking too slowly or too quickly.
5. Not baking mixture long enough.
6. Not placing scones on a cake-cooler when cooked.
7. Cutting with a knife, which makes them "doughy."
8. Packing them when they are hot.

PLAIN SCONES

Half pound self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, large teaspoon butter, 1½ gills milk.

Sift the flour and salt. Rub in the butter lightly with the tips of the fingers. Add the milk nearly all at once, making it into a soft dough. Turn on to a floured board and knead till smooth. Roll out, stamp into rounds with a plain cutter, or cut into squares with a knife. Place on a greased or floured tin. Glaze with egg or milk. Place in hot oven. Turn the gas down three-quarters way, then, when brown, turn gas low. Bake from 10 to 12 minutes. The moister the dough the lighter the scone, but the longer it will take to dry through. Turn on to a sieve to cool. Split with the fingers, and butter.

ROLLED SCONES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, salt, 2 dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons sultanas, milk.

Sift the flour and salt, rub in the butter. Add half the sugar. Mix into a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Roll out into a thin, oblong sheet. Press on the sultanas, sprinkle with remainder of sugar. Roll up. Cut into slices. Glaze. Sprinkle with sugar. Place on greased tin. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Lift on to cake-cooler. Butter, and serve.

SAVORY SCONES

Plain scone mixture, 2 hard-boiled eggs, ½ tablespoon melted butter, 2 tablespoons ham paste, salt, lemon juice, cayenne.

Chop the hard-boiled eggs very finely, mix with them the ham paste, butter, salt, lemon juice, and cayenne. Make the scone mixture. Roll out very thinly into oblong sheet. Spread the mixture on half, fold over, pressing down well. Cut into squares. Place on greased tin. Glaze. Bake in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

SWEET SCONES

Two tablespoons sugar, 2 dessertspoons butter, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 8 tablespoons self-raising flour, salt.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg and milk, then the well-sifted flour and salt, making into a stiff dough. Turn on to a board. Knead slightly. Roll out. Cut into rounds with plain 2½in. round cutter. Place on tin, glaze with a little egg. Bake in moderate oven till pale brown. Turn on to cake-cooler. Split, and butter.

SYRUP SCONES

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, ½ teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 dessertspoon butter, ½ cup milk, salt.

Sift the flour, cream tartar, soda, and salt. Rub in the butter, add sugar, dissolve syrup in the milk, add to the dry ingredients, making into a stiff dough. Turn on to floured board. Knead slightly. Roll out, cut out with knife or cutter. Glaze the top. Bake on greased tin in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Split, and butter while hot.

FRUIT SCONES

Half pound self-raising flour, salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3oz. fruit, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons milk.

Sift the flour and salt, rub in the butter well. Add sugar and prepared fruit. Make into a firm dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, and knead well. Roll out. Cut with knife or cutter. Place on greased tin. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. Split, and butter.

Currants, sultanas, raisins, chopped dates, figs, or ginger may be used in these scones. Whichever fruit used gives to those scones its distinctive name.

WELSH CREAM SCONES

Half pound plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 2oz. currants, 2oz. sugar, salt, milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt; rub in butter; add sugar, currants. Make into a stiff dough with milk. Turn on to floured board. Knead. Roll out. Cut into rounds with plain cutter. Place on greased tin. Glaze. Bake in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to a cake-cooler. Split, and butter. Serve at once.

BLOATER SCONES

Eight tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, cayenne, 2 dessertspoons bloater paste, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons milk, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift the flour and cayenne, rub in the butter, and add the paste. Make into a scone dough with beaten egg, milk, and lemon juice. Turn on to board. Knead. Roll out to half-inch thickness. Cut into strips 1½ inches by 3 inches. Glaze with egg. Place on greased tin. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.

IRISH SCONES

Two cooked potatoes, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons butter, salt, milk, oatmeal.

Mash the potatoes well. Add the flour and salt. Rub in the butter. Then mix to stiff dough with milk. Turn on to floured board. Knead slightly. Roll out ½in. thick. Cut into rounds with plain cutter. Glaze with egg and sprinkle with oatmeal, pressing in well. Bake on a greased tin 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. Split and butter. Serve at once.

CANARY SCONES

One tablespoon butter, half-cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup mashed pumpkin, 3 cups self-raising flour, salt.

Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten egg, then pumpkin, lastly well-sifted flour and salt. Turn on to floured board. Roll. Cut with plain cutter or knife. Place on well-greased Swiss roll tin. Glaze with egg. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. Split and butter while hot.

BROWN SCONES

Half-pound self-raising flour, 2oz. brown sugar, ½ dessertspoon cinnamon, salt, nutmeg, ½oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon treacle, 1 egg, 1 gill milk.

Sift all the dry ingredients, rub in the butter. Add sugar. Mix into soft dough with the beaten egg, treacle, and milk. Turn on to floured board. Knead slightly. Roll out to half-inch thickness. Cut out with knife or cutter. Glaze. Place on greased tin. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. Split and serve with butter.

CREAM SCONES

Two cups plain flour, 2 large teaspoons baking powder, 2 dessertspoons sugar, salt, half-cup cream, 1 egg, milk.

Sift dry ingredients, add the sugar, mix into a soft dough with egg, cream, and milk if necessary. Turn on to floured board. Knead. Roll out. Cut into squares with a sharp knife. Place on greased tin, glaze with egg-glazing. Bake in a hot oven from 12 to 15 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. Serve hot with butter.

DROP SCONES

Half-pound self-raising flour, ½ teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoons melted butter, 9 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour and salt. Add butter to milk, then pour into the dry ingredients, mixing in well. Have ready a well-greased Swiss roll tin. Drop the mixture from a fork in rough heaps on to the tin. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Serve buttered as soon as they are cooked.

FRIED SCONES OR PUFFTALOONS

Half-pound self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, good gill milk, frying fat.

Sift the flour and salt, add the milk, making into a stiff dough. Turn on to a floured board, knead, roll out quarter-inch thick, cut with knife or plain cutter. Have plenty of fat in a deep frying pan, and when hot add the pufftaloon, and fry till a golden brown on both sides. Drain well. Serve with honey.

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FIRST PRIZE AND OTHER CASH PRIZES

In the Miss Lastex PHOTOGRAPHIC SURF GIRL COMPETITION

The Manufacturers of "Meritas" and "Challenge" Bathing Costumes offer Cash Prizes and Interstate Holiday Trips for the most artistic Photographic Study of Australian Surf Girls wearing either a "Meritas" or "Challenge" Swim Suit made with Lastex Miracle Yarn. With Lastex Miracle Yarn there is virtually not a wrinkle in a mile of curves. The fine, soft wool gives freely with every movement and stretches in the same degree as the human skin.
Entry Forms with the fullest particulars are obtainable from any bathing suit counter in all stores throughout Australia.

CONDITIONS

Entrants can submit photos taken in a studio or on the beach. Points will be awarded for the most artistic study showing the costume to the best advantage. A number of Leading Photographers in all parts of Australia have offered FREE PHOTOGRAPHS TO ENTRANTS.
Write to Competition Director, Box 300D, G.P.O., Sydney, for the name of the nearest photographer who will take your photo FREE.

A TRIP FOR FINALISTS

Judges in each State of Australia will select finalists, who will be brought together in person at the management's expense for the final judging and selection of "Miss Lastex," who will receive
£50 FIRST PRIZE, SECOND IS £10, AND THIRD PRIZE IS £5.

If you cannot get a "Challenge" or "Meritas" Swim Suit in your town, write to our nearest P.O. Box number. We will advise you, and send Entry Form.

NEW SOUTH WALES: Box 300D, G.P.O., Sydney.
VICTORIA: Box 777H, G.P.O, Melbourne.
QUEENSLAND: Box 1443T, G.P.O., Brisbane.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Box 325C, G.P.O., Adelaide.
TASMANIA—LAUNCESTON: Box 387, G.P.O., Launceston.
TASMANIA—HOBART: Box 652, G.P.O., Hobart.
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Watch the next advertisement for a list of the photographers who will take your photo free of charge.

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HAPPY *Winners* in *Recipe* CONTEST

Have *You* Entered Our Big Recipe Competition? It Costs Nothing to Enter

Everybody has a chance of winning a prize in this easy, interesting weekly competition. If you have a good recipe in hand, write it out and post it to us.

Six prizes for the best are given each week—£1, 10/-, and four at 2/6 each.

THESE recipes have each secured a prize this week:

RAVIOLI

Make ½lb. paste with ½lb. flour, 1 teaspoon butter, and 1 egg-yolk. Sift flour, make a well in the centre, and put in butter, egg-yolk, and a good pinch of salt. Mix thoroughly; add a little milk or water if necessary, but the paste should be rather stiff. Knead well till paste is quite smooth and elastic.

For the Stuffing: 4oz. cooked chicken, 1 tablespoon cooked ham, ¼ cup grated cheese, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon thick cream, ½ teaspoon finely-chopped parsley, salt, pepper, nutmeg, 1 cup tomato sauce, butter, and brown breadcrumbs.

Pound ingredients for forcemeat until smooth, add seasoning to taste, then rub through a fine sieve. Roll out paste very thin and cut in rounds; place a little of mixture in centre, wet the edges, cover with another round, and press edges well together. Put raviolis into rapidly-boiling water (well salted) and boil 20 minutes, then drain well. Place in layers in a well-buttered dish, coating each layer with tomato sauce and a good sprinkling of cheese. Cover the whole thickly with sauce and brown breadcrumbs, dot with pieces of butter. Bake in quick oven about 10 minutes, then serve hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. H. Cooter, 38 Shipster St., Terrensville, S.A.

ICE PUDDING

One round sponge, 3oz. sugar, 2oz. chopped nuts, 1 pint rich custard, ½ pint cream, 4oz. crystallised fruit, wafer biscuits, lemon juice, spun sugar.

The attractiveness of an ice pudding is made or marred by the shape of the mould. This one is decorated with wafer biscuits, spun sugar, and candied fruits.

Cut up crystallised fruits into small pieces. Have the custard cold, add to it the half-whipped cream. Sweeten, add lemon juice. Freeze, and when almost ready, add prepared fruits. Decorate an ice mould with fruit. Fill up with frozen mixture. Wrap up in a greaseproof paper and bury in a freezing mixture of one part salt and two parts ice. Leave for 3 to 4 hours. When frozen, turn on to a round sponge the sides of which have been brushed with jam and rolled in finely-chopped nuts. Put some wafers around the side and place spun sugar on top.

YOU MAY earn £1 for a minute or two of your time, just by sending your best recipe to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Spun Sugar: Allow 1lb. loaf sugar to dissolve in half-gill of water. Boil. Add a pinch of cream of tartar. When syrup is golden brown and will crack when tested in cold water, remove from heat and cool quickly by holding pan under cold tap. Spin the sugar over the greased handle of a wooden spoon.

Second Prize of 10/- to K. Harley, 5 Princess Avenue, Caulfield East, Vic.

HASELETT

One lamb's fry, 1lb. thin bacon rashers, 2oz. dripping (or bacon fat is best), 1lb. potatoes, 1lb. onions, ½ pint cold water, salt and pepper to taste.

Cut potatoes in slices about an inch thick, with part of the onions, and line a well-greased meat tin with them. Cut fry in slices with a little bacon and cover potatoes. Add another layer of potatoes and onions, and so on until all ingredients are finished, always finishing at top with a layer of potatoes. Add water with salt and pepper added, and bake in a cool oven for two hours. This makes an excellent meal for four persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. M. Upton, 254 Edgecliff Rd., Woollahra, N.S.W.

BAKED BATTER PUDDING

Four eggs, 4 tablespoons flour, little milk.

Beat yolks, flour, and milk, and let stand an hour or more. Add beaten whites, stirring lightly. Put in buttered pie-dish. Bake ½ hour and serve hot with butter and sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Helen Sandilands, Roumalla, Uralla, N.S.W.

VANILLA CARAMEL GINGERS

Cream 1lb. butter, 1lb. sugar, add one egg, then mix in one cup of flour in which has been put ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carbonate soda, ½ teaspoon salt; then lightly stir in ½ cup walnuts, ½ cup dates. Flavor with 2 teaspoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Spread on a greased flat tin, cooking slowly 15 or 20 minutes; cut into fingers while hot and leave in tin till cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Joyce Leedham, Private Bag, Campbell Town, Tas.

HIKERS' SLICES

Half-pound flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 8oz. margarine, 1 cup milk, 1lb. sausage meat, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1lb. sour apples, 2 tablespoons chutney.

Make pastry by sifting together flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in margarine. Mix to a stiff dough with milk. Roll out thinly and line a flat, shallow tray with it. Mix the sausage meat with curry powder, spread a layer of this on the pastry. Peel, core, and slice apples. Mix with the chutney and spread a layer of this mixture over the sausage meat and sprinkle with a little lemon juice. Cover with a thin layer of paste. Continue these layers until ingredients are used, having pastry on top. Press edges well together. Brush over with egg and milk. Bake in moderate oven for one hour. When cold, cut in slices.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to L. E. Campbell, Palmwoods, Qld.

£25 Cash Must Be Won

"Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 6

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WITH THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES CORRECT.

IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below, 20 names, is made up of 20 names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example No. 1, JACK HULBERT, the extra unnecessary letter being "O." Include this name in your solution as Number 1. You are required to give the names of the remaining 19 film players. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISSPELT NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS.

IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution, and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted) and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1935. "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O. Box 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

1. JACK	BERTHULO HULBERT	11. M	CASTRO
2. H	SHALLRAMS	12. N	WILTONHAM
3. R	COMERRYMONT	13. D	YARDWINY
4. J.	BILLGERT	14. F	TOXNE
5. F	MYORGAN	15. D	WELLPOP
6. F	BEDE	16. G	HERCOOP
7. B	INTURPS	17. L	SANEL
8. N	BARRCOLL	18. G	GERRRRAD
9. G	AFTER	19. B	SONJEM
10. B	SPANIELD	20. M	BAEUR

Prize Money and Sealed Solution are deposited with "Truth and Sportsman" Ltd.

Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 26th.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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They'll Make Happy Christmas Gifts!

TWO of the prettiest little aprons you could wish for. Hand-cut patterns are obtainable from our offices, price 6d. each. When ordering, please state clearly which one you require.

Patterns Available

Make These for Your Little Ones!

The illustrations above of modern aprons for small people show how decorative these useful little affairs can be. You may send to us for hand-cut patterns. They cost only 6d apiece.

SWEET, you'll agree, the play apron with its very plump bunny who does duty for a pocket as well. Just cut the bunny from a piece of contrasting material. Turn in one-eighth of an inch all round. Tack to the centre of the apron, leaving enough open at the side to fit the hand in. Buttonhole all round in a bright-colored thread.

The quaint yoked apron is for really special occasions. The skirt is slightly gathered to the shaped yoke which fastens down the back. You will need 1½ yards of 36-inch material. The original was in primrose-yellow with green, scarlet and black embroidery. Shades of apple-green, peach-pink, beige or sky-blue would lend themselves admirably for the variegated embroidery. Use vivid colors for this; it is much more effective.

There are three pattern pieces, half-skirt, half-back, and front yoke. Allow for seams and hem.

To cut and make the apron lay skirt piece and centre-front yoke to the fold of material, cut back yoke double, join side seams of yoke, turn an inch each side of back yoke and stitch down. Turn a corresponding inch at each side of skirt, gather front skirt to fit, cut out piece of yoke, and at each side of back turn up a quarter of an inch all round lower edge of yoke and stitch down on to skirt.

Face neck and armholes with a crossway strip of material, turn a hem at lower edge, and sew fasteners down back yoke. Embroider, if you wish, and finish round neck and armholes, yoke and hem with chain or feather-stitch.

Unusual Drawn-Thread Design for a Stunning Apron

UNLESS they want one of those absurd, frilly afternoon tea affairs, women rarely think of making their own aprons. And yet, absurd as it may seem, such attractive, efficient overall-aprons as the one illustrated here would cost only 1/4 each to make. Three-quarters of a yard of crash costs 10d, stranded cotton for working round the drawn-thread design, 1½d, and bias binding for the edges, 4½d—grand total 1/4.

After cutting out your apron, draw the threads. It is simple to do, but plan surely, carefully, and accurately. Note that, in drawing threads, crossway strands are left at very brief intervals, except where there are corners of a square.

A VERY decorative apron may be made from ¾ yard of crash, a little embroidery cotton, and your own skilful hands.

Having drawn the threads in the design, cut out the apron. The style shown above, on conventional lines, is very desirable in that it offers really adequate protection to your dress.

Now bind in some pretty shade—so that the threads will not unweave from the sides. Then work over the design.

Pieces of salmon-pink linen are sewn in the squares, very neatly, and they make a very pretty contrast to the natural crash.

Everyone admires the freshness of my skin

My secret is Vivatone—the Perfect Skin Tonic

Few women realize how much the right skin tonic contributes to the beauty of their skin. Those who do, always use Vivatone, the Perfect Skin Tonic. Vivatone is ideal for closing the pores after a thorough cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. It stimulates the circulation and gives you that fresh, youthful appearance everyone admires. Vivatone is excellent for a quick clean-up before applying new make-up. It is also recommended for neutralizing perspiration. Get a bottle today and see how firm and fresh it will make your skin.

Daggett & Ramsdell

Two Workmanlike Aprons

SEND FOR THEM!

When ordering, be careful to specify which apron you prefer, also the desired color. See article.

If you want an apron that will give faithful, efficient service, an apron that will be pretty and an adornment for you, select one—or both—of these.

BOTH are made from a wonderful, strong, serviceable cretonne that will wear for ages, and will wash and iron beautifully. The style of each is smart and unusual, obtainable with or without the simple touch of embroidery. And wouldn't you like to have one?

The frill-top apron is especially for afternoon and more casual wear, so attractive that you will really delight in wearing it before your guests. It is straight, of a good length, with a patch pocket of contrast to match frill top and band along the bottom. It may be obtained, traced or plain, in brown, blue, green, or henna. Price 1/9, plus 2d. postage.

Now, the second apron is smart and trim in an unusual contrast waistcoat effect.

The skirt is full without being voluminous, thus allowing for the freedom of movement so necessary to the working housewife. The "waistcoat" is of linene, and note the simple little design to be embroidered at the bodice and in the peaks.

This apron may be obtained, traced or plain, in brown, blue, green, or henna—all delightful shades. Price is 2/6. Please include 2d. to cover postage.

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YOU CAN TAKE THE CHEMIST'S WORD FOR IT

See how the new REXONA, with its special compound, Cadyl, clears and freshens your skin. Its medicated lather purifies the tissues and leaves them healthy. Blemishes clear up — and soon the skin glows with new beauty. Good for your hair, too — shampoo regularly with REXONA.

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THE NEW Rexona

CONTAINING CADYL, THE NEW COMPOUND OF MEDICATIONS

FOR *Young* WIVES and MOTHERS

Our Friends the Vitamins——No. 2

By MARY TRUBY KING

Last week we discussed the various groups of vitamins, in what foods they are found and why they are needed.

To-day we conclude the subject, giving a sample vitamin-rich menu for expectant and nursing mothers.

IN a well-balanced diet all the vitamins are present in sufficient quantities for proper growth and development, but many people, unfortunately, do not realise the necessity for supplying their bodies with such a diet.

Our bodies are built solely from the food and fluid with which we supply them. Their creative abilities cannot go the length of creating good healthy muscles, tissues and bones out of poor materials. We are responsible for seeing to it that our stomachs are provided with suitable food; if we do not, we must expect the physical defects consequent upon bad feeding habits.

Nearly all the ills to which flesh is heir are the direct or indirect result of wrong feeding. Hereditary illnesses are the result of the wrong feeding of our parents and grandparents, combined in some cases with their lack of appreciation of the value of fresh air, sunshine, and cleanliness.

The trouble with our modern, so-called "civilised" diet is that it is too artificial. Our grains are milled, polished, and devitalised; our fruits are heated, sterilised, and tinned; even our vegetables are cooked far too long on the family stove.

IN our fear of disease germs we rob our food of the bacteria which would otherwise give our bodies protection from attacks by hostile germs.

In countries where man lives in a more primitive state there is far less disease, because he subsists on the natural fruits of the earth, unspoiled by machinery.

For instance, doctors who return to us from remote regions in the Himalayan Mountains tell us that the isolated races dwelling there are singularly free from gastric troubles, duodenal ulcers, constipation, colitis, and other digestive ills. Cancer is unknown in these parts. These tribes have wonderful physique, are very fertile, and live much longer than we do. This is attributed to the fact that patent and artificial foods for babies are unknown. All infants are fed at the breast. The adult population has never seen such things as tinned salmon, refined white bread, candies, pastries, and cane sugar. Milk, fruit, vegetables, grains, and eggs form the basis of their diet. Alcohol is not allowed on account of their religious views.

MISS TRUBY KING

TAKING these things into consideration, it would be well for all of us to lay the foundations of our diet along the lines suggested in the following menu:—

VITAMIN-RICH MENU

Especially good for expectant and nursing mothers.

On Waking: Half a dozen-or-so raisins, which have been soaked overnight in lemon juice. Drink of water.

Breakfast: An egg. Wholemeal bread. Butter. Fresh fruit. Drink of milk.

During the morning: The juice of two oranges.

Dinner: Fish, liver, or white meat. One green and one root vegetable. Potatoes. (Bake potatoes in the oven, add a little butter, and eat the skins too.) Fruit salad, with cream or milk, OR dates and ripe banana, OR any gelatine mould.

During the afternoon: The juice of two oranges.

Evening Meal: Salad and simple dressing. Nuts, or peanut butter. Wholemeal bread or wholemeal biscuits. Butter. Honey. Figs. Glass of milk. If constipated, a dessertspoon of bran. Dose of cod-liver oil emulsion.

Raw cabbage is an excellent source of vitamins, containing an abundance of vitamins A, B and C. It is most delicious if cut up finely and eaten with a dressing, just as one eats a lettuce salad.

Before Retiring: Glass of water and fruit juice.

VICAR Advises *Registry* MARRIAGES

The Rev. E. M. Gresford Jones, vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Blackpool, England, advises young people to get married in registry offices.

WHEN churchmen give such advice, the world seems topsy-turvy, and women might well throw up their hands at this sign of the times.

Yet the vicar is not so alarming as he sounds. He is a man who dislikes lack of appreciation.

He wants young people to marry in offices rather than in churches, because he dislikes hearing their "glib marriage promises made in God's church."

"Some couples come to church to be married," he says, "because they like the way our marriage service is arranged. They glibly make their promise to love and cherish each other until death, and once married they practically never come back to receive the help and guidance of the church.

"They would be wise, I think, to consider being married at a registry office rather than go through a service which is largely meaningless to them."

TOOTH BRUSHES: Soak new brushes in cold water for 24 hours before using them. If this is done, the bristles will not come out. Occasionally shake a little salt on to the toothbrush, and clean your teeth with this. It is a splendid tonic for the gums, keeping them hard and strong, and will also prevent film forming on the teeth.

NEW LURE WITH EVERY TOUCH

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Michel

You don't know how lovely your lips can be, until you use Michel! It gives beauty, lure, fresh enchantment . . . it softens, it makes lips luscious and tempting! Michel is truly indelible . . . one application lasts for hours. Use it once, and you'll never use any other.

The name Michel adds that essential little touch of social distinction, for it is used almost exclusively by fashionable women throughout the world.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. All others are imitations!

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The latest German Remedy (internal) for healing Varicose Ulcers and Eczema without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up. Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive.

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BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 48 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 34 years.

Oh, my Back!

Backache or sharp twinges when you bend or straighten are symptoms of kidney weakness.

OTHER warning signs are rheumatic twinges, headaches, dizzy attacks, urinary disorders and nervousness. Neglect may prove serious; there is danger of lumbago, rheumatism and sciatica. Don't run any risks! Strengthen the kidneys without delay by using Doans Backache Kidney Pills, the special kidney tonic.

CURED COMPLETELY

Mrs. W. Ballesty, 82 Dartbrook Road, Auburn, Sydney, says: "Some twelve months ago I was suffering very much from backache. I was also subject to bad headaches and dizzy attacks. I felt sure my kidneys were not working properly so decided to take a course of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They gave me wonderful relief in a few days and gradually cured me completely. I cannot say enough in praise of this fine kidney remedy and recommend it with every confidence to anyone suffering from backache and kidney trouble. I have also used Doan's Ointment with good results."

Two years later, Mrs. Ballesty, says, "I have had no return of my old complaint since Doan's Backache Kidney Pills cured me."

Refuse inferior substitutes. Insist upon

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark.

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Our FASHION SERVICE *and* FREE PATTERN

WW515A WW516A WW517A WW518A WW519A WW520A WW521A WW522A

SUMMERWEIGHT COAT.

WW515A.—Lovely example of the indispensable summerweight coat. Made in lightweight material, it has cape stitched on, falling gracefully over the shoulders. Observe the slimming panelling, the unusual back treatment of the cape, and the coat revers finishing in a dressy bow at the back. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

IT'S A WINNER!

WW516A.—Buttons make a smart mode, especially for sports, and particularly when allied with so unusual a neck trimming, as shown in this design. Raglan sleeves and light stitching complete the picture. Material for 36-inch bust: 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DRESS AND COAT COMPLETE.

WW517A.—Sleeves are definitely interesting this season, and the sleeves of this smart short swagger are panelled with a pleat in the new vogue. Frock has shaped yoke, and heavy-stitched trimming. Material for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR A VERY LITTLE BOY.

WW518A.—A tunic style is unusual and charmingly suitable for the little lad, aged one or two. This style has contrast tunic—bright suggestion—and side fastening. Material for 2 years: Tunic, ¾ yard, 36 inches wide. Pants, ½ yard, 36 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

PARTY DRESS.

WW519A.—A real party dress that will thrill a little girl. Round the waist is dainty shirring below the contrast belt. Sleeves are daintily puffed, leaving a jaunty frill. Pattern for 6 and 8 years. Material for 8 years: 12 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

AGAIN FOR FESTIVE WEAR

WW520A.—Here's another adorable party dress for a younger lass. Note the soft frills on brief little sleeves, and the double row on the hem. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material for 4 years: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

THESE FRILLS ARE LOVELY

WW521A. — Frills introduced in a modish way make this dress happily feminine. Yoke and sleeves are cut in one, the front having an unusual frill set in. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

COOL, SUMMER STYLE

WW522A.—Because it is so becoming and flattering we offer this style to you. It has the bodice fullness in a charming variation, full sleeves, and flared skirt—a cool, simple, summer frock. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SMART BRETON SAILOR

WW523A.—Not only does our pattern provide for the smart Breton sailor depicted here, but for three others, all different but just as smart. For this hat we suggest navy stitched taffeta. The four sketches and diagrams are enclosed in the pattern. Pattern for 21 and 23 inch head. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

PLEASE NOTE! *To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.*

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept.," to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.—

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 283A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 490F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4158X, G.P.O., Sydney.
TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 5/10/'35.

Free Three-in-one Pattern

THESE three dainty, chic designs may be made from this week's splendid three-in-one pattern. Note that skirt is cut on the cross. Neckline may be left cowled, have a square neck with contrast trimming shirred on, or a soft and dainty cape.

Pattern is for 34-inch bust.

Material required:

No. 1 frock: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide.

No. 2 frock: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide.

No. 3 frock: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide.

Keep the Charm of Youth with Schumann's!

To the preservation of youthful charm, internal cleanliness is all-important. And that is why so much depends upon the aperient you use to-day. Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts contain most of the important active ingredients of the famous Mineral Springs or Spas of Europe, and, besides being a gentle but thorough aperient, Schumann's possess beneficial tonic properties which stimulate and tone-up the entire system.

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Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts is the recommended and natural remedy for RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS, BACKACHE, SLUGGISH LIVER, and all Uric Acid Complaints. Half a teaspoonful in a long glass of warm water, taken first thing every morning, quickly dissolves all Uric Acid in the blood and prevents it from accumulating in the joints. Remember, there is no substitute for Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts, which comes to you in airtight, hygienic glass containers.

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Freedom from coaxing children to eat. Freedom from worry about their diet. And freedom from the drudgery of eternal cooking. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles liberate you from them all.

The way Rice Bubbles snap, crackle, and pop when cold milk or cream is poured over them fascinates the children. And everybody loves the delicious FLAVOUR.

Tempting, nourishing, easy to digest—an ideal cereal for breakfast, lunch or supper. No cooking necessary. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles come *oven-fresh* in the sealed inner WAXTITE bag.

Sealed inside! Oven-fresh!

Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES

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KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY., LTD., Sydney

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The SHUT DOOR

Continued from Page 7

THE moment the music restarted the girl was in his arms again.

He felt the limitations of this public embrace unbearable.

"Can't we get away somewhere?" he asked hoarsely. "On the lake, perhaps? Isn't there a boat we can get hold of?"

She said: "Oh, yes! Do let's. There's ours! Father won't mind. He'll know I'll be all right with you!"

That stung Malcolm out of his trance. He had always repaid truth with honor. That was his creed. You could not let anybody down, and as his creed was short and the pinch had never been too dire, he had hitherto lived up to it.

Even now he hesitated. Chloe felt his hesitation, and said urgently, with the swift, fluttering pressure of her hand upon his arm, "Oh, do—do come!" Apparently she felt no hesitation! She had the usual complete unscrupulousness of a woman in love; or, rather, she acknowledged only one duty—the supreme one of giving Malcolm what he wanted.

They slipped through the crowd, under an arch, down a flight of stairs, to the lake side.

"It is our boat," Chloe explained, helping him to push it off into deep water.

A cypress, cutting the lake across, beckoned them, out of the moonlight, into darkness.

Malcolm shipped the oars and, moving cautiously towards Chloe, took her in his arms.

His thirsty lips found hers. She shivered and gave a little gasp, and then clung to him, as if she were clinging to life itself.

His heart changed in him, and threw off the years. She was so young! So slender! So alive! He felt mesmerised, as if he were twenty—more deeply mesmerised, for the self-consciousness of youth had left him.

He lived, for those few minutes, without a thought of self. He knew that to Chloe the future meant no more than his own crumpled-up past meant to him. Her lips were as starved as his. He knew that youth's longing for the life it has never tasted can be as great as a man's last longing before the retreat of age. It was not wrong to take what she gave him! Something deeper than his code spoke in him, and broke down the iron of his self-control. She lay against his shoulder as lightly as a flower lies in an open hand.

"Look here," he said, releasing her a little, "to-night—if I come to you—will you let me in? Do you want me to come?"

"Yes! Oh, yes!" she whispered. "I shall wait for you! You have only to call 'Chloe.' I'll row you out there now—and show you where it is! It'll be heavenly if you'll come!"

She took up the oars and rowed across the strip of moonlight—over the long glitter of the reflections, into the shadow of a garden. The night was filled with the scent of myrtle. The delicate, cool air was unbearably sweet. Once more Malcolm's conscience rode him.

"Look here," he said again, "it's a beastly shame to come to you! It's all wrong, you know! I'm all tied up. There's my wife—and my little girl—I can't break free!"

She caught her breath, and, groping for his hand, laid it against her heart.

"Oh! but what does all that matter?" she murmured. "Don't let's think of afterwards! We have to-night. Just let's live! I never have! And I never may again. I'm yours! You can't help that, can you? Oh, it would be so dreadful not to be yours!"

"Don't be afraid," Malcolm said quietly. "I'm yours as much as you're mine. A good deal more, perhaps!" He put the rest of his life into the kiss he gave her. No one could rob her of that—not even he, himself.

Then he rowed back to the landing-stage opposite the cafe, where all the Italians were looking sympathetic and all the English people deeply shocked.

The Commander said something curt about it being high time they were all home. It was apparently one o'clock in the morning.

Under the hard electric light Malcolm caught a glimpse of Clara's blank, well-bred face, as rigid as a wooden doll's.

She was being rallied round by all the Kensingtonian English in the hotel. Malcolm felt rather sorry for her; to do her justice, Clara wouldn't like being rallied round. But he couldn't do anything to help her. They all sheered off from him as if he were a leper. All except a little snob whose name Malcolm couldn't remember.

The fellow stuck to him like a leech. He appeared to think that it was worth his while to establish some kind of claim on a general, even a general in disgrace.

MALCOLM strode up the steep hillside at a terrific rate, partly in the hope of shaking off the fellow's intrusive sympathy and partly to outstrip the hostile flock of sheep surrounding his wife.

It felt queer to a man who had always been the leader of sheep to have a flock turn against him. Malcolm felt furious, and yet at the same time unusually subdued.

If he hadn't been subdued he would have made short work of the panting little toad at his side. "Look here," he would have said, "do you mind dropping behind a bit? I want to be alone!" But he didn't say it. He even, after a time, was aware that the fellow's company had a sort of reassurance about it. He didn't have to listen to the breathless patter the chap kept up.

Malcolm's thoughts kept popping in and out of his mind as if he were alone. When he reached the hotel he would get drunk! Anyhow, he'd drink enough to forget those shocked sheep, and the curt, restrained, half sentence the commander had flung at him! What earthly right had other people with your private affairs? What right had Clara to be upset—if upset she was? If only he could get rid of this flayed alive feeling! He had always despised fellows who broke their codes. He had said they deserved all they got! But he had never felt shame before! Now he knew that shame was worse than anything a man could do! It got down into your vitals and gnawed at you like vermin.

What was it the child had said, as they were crossing the square under the glare of all those hostile eyes?

"When you come—we'll have a heavenly bathe!"

She was only a child! Perhaps that was all she wanted—a sort of better-than-school-girl lark? But he knew it wasn't. She wanted—or would want—all that he did!

The hotel stumbled on him suddenly out of the dark. Tiresome, officious servants buzzed round him.

He went into the smoking-room and that fellow followed him. Other men came in soon, but none of the others spoke to him. Malcolm ordered and drank three stiff whiskies, one after the other.

He felt better then; but not much better—only angrier. The other men went to bed, one by one, without speaking to him. Finally the little toad went off—after an insufferably familiar farewell, as if he knew what Malcolm was up to, after he'd gone, and dared to sympathise with it! A servant hung about for another half hour. Malcolm finally dismissed him.

He told the man—who didn't, of course, believe him—that he was going to smoke on the terrace. Then he went out into the dawn.

Please turn to Page 46

"I'M NOT WEALTHY!" ...yet I'm the richest man in the world...

"I'VE got something nobody can buy—perfect health—energy—**happiness!** I have the secret of physical and mental **fitness.** Freedom from constipation! Keep regular in your habits. Don't let poisons accumulate in your system. At the first sign of constipation take Nyal FIGSEN—the non-habit-forming laxative which does not purge or gripe. Nyal FIGSEN relieves constipation (in adults or children) in a **natural** way — gently but surely — and **there are no unpleasant after-effects.** FIGSEN defeats constipation—and THAT is the SECRET OF GOOD HEALTH." A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

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Through all the Teething years

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"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

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Common-sense Drying Hints

FEW housewives realise that garments after they have been washed should be hung on the wrong side to dry with the thickest parts uppermost. Colored articles should be hung in the shade, not exposed to bright sunshine, so as to preserve their color. Care must be taken when hanging woollens, if they are to keep their shape.

Drying should always be done in the open air, for air and sun purify and bleach the clothes to a certain extent.

Don't forget, too, to take elaborate precautions to ensure that the line, pegs, and so on are scrupulously clean. Nothing is more aggravating than to discover black lines and marks left as drying legacies on otherwise spotless garments.

When blankets are to be dried they should be hung with at least half a yard of blanket over the line to prevent tearing at the edges, and if you want to raise the pile and keep them soft they should be shaken during drying.

And remember, when clothes are dry they should be dropped into a basket, and not allowed to touch the ground.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

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Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, or Tasmanian office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of notepaper, showing date and page in which par. was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS., BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

PATTERNS

See special notice on the Pattern Page.

Readers desirous of posting The Australian Women's Weekly to friends should make sure they provide the correct postage, which is 1d. for every 6ozs.

What a difference AMAMI makes!

Only AMAMI Shampoos contain the 47 ingredients essential to hair-health and lustrous loveliness. Brunettes should get shampoo number 1; number 5 is made exclusively for Blondes, and number 7 is a Special Camomile Application for the very fair. From chemists and stores, 9d. per sachet.

After your shampoo, set your waves and curls at home with Amami Wave-Set.

AMAMI SHAMPOOS & WAVE-SET

A TRUE STORY

By a Well-known Australian

whose career depends upon her vivacious good health

"EVERY day of my life has to be planned. Each hour has its particular, allotted duty," says Miss Sylvia Banks, of 5 Fairholm Grove, Camberwell, Melbourne, in a letter she has written to us in praise of Nujol. "There is singing and piano practice for hours daily, there are exercise and rest periods which both have to be observed with clockwork regularity.

"My success on the stage demands that I do not let up on my daily schedule. I have never been handicapped by illness in the whole of my career, and I attribute that wonderful record entirely to Nujol. The daily dose of Nujol keeps my habits regular and my body in very vital condition.

"This Nujol regularity is the sole cause of my clear complexion, making it possible for me to spend only the absolute minimum of time on make-up."

We are glad to publish Miss Banks' letter because it tells so concisely the simple secret of popularity and success coupled with good health. Follow Miss Banks example. Try Nujol yourself. See what it will do for you. Bring your children up on it. Nujol will make them as regular as clockwork.

You can get Nujol at any chemist, now in two forms—plain; and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavoured and often preferred by children.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been a regular user for several years, or if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco (Aust.) Ltd., Box 747G, G.P.O., Sydney.

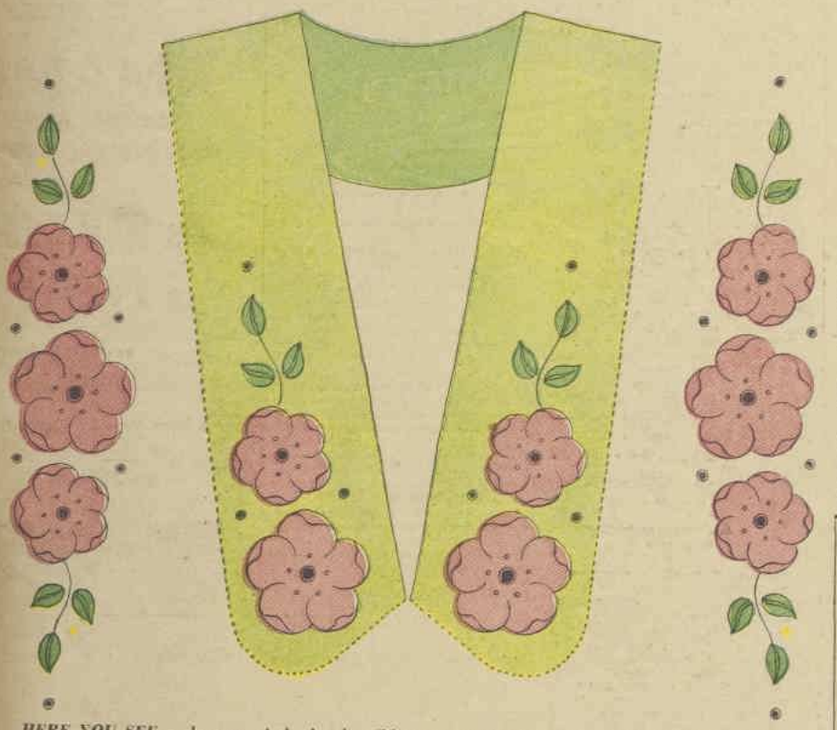
Dressing Jacket Witchery

Bertha Maxwell designs it for your Trousseau, for intimate wear in the Home, or to make as an utterly charming Gift for the Convalescent

Hand-Cut Patterns and Exclusive Wild Rose Transfer are Available!

THIS is one of those dainty trifles which are so costly to buy and so delightful to make — and economical, too. A scrap of crepe-de-chine, a few yards of lace, and your own embroidery or applique will bring this lovely garment into your glory-box or wardrobe. For warmer wear, a light woollen material, with silk collar and cuffs quilted in this design, is ravishingly beautiful.

- ***ARTIST PETROV** sketches this, the sweetest dressing-jacket you've ever seen, and for which hand-cut patterns are available for 1/-.*
- ***IN this article, Bertha Maxwell** gives you detailed directions for making, for the swift embroidery and applique; also tells you how to make a lovely quilted jacket from the pattern.*
- ***SUITABLE materials:** Crepe-de-chine and lace, dimity, hail-spot muslin and lace, wool-de-chine.*



HERE YOU SEE a close-up of the lovely wild-rose transfer design for collar and sleeves of the charming jacket pictured above. The transfer measures 10 x 15 inches, and costs 1/.

FOR dressing, resting, sitting up in bed, for breakfast, or quick early-morning work, there is nothing so handy as a well-cut little jacket: no need to go about in old kimonos or relics of other garments; there is simply no excuse for not having these utterly charming things for intimate wear in the home.

Anyone can make them by following these directions, and they cost so little for materials. Here is a hand-cut pattern, designed by Bertha Maxwell, and specially arranged for the lovely little transfer shown on this page.

The pattern costs 1/-.

How To Make It

TO make this delightful hip-length dressing-jacket, with its three-quarter sleeves, deep collar, and fine pin-tucks, you will need 2¼ yards of 36-inch material, 3 yards of lace and 1 yard of satin ribbon.

There are four pattern pieces—half front, half back, half collar, and sleeve. Allow for seams and hem and 1-inch turnings at front. After cutting out, stamp design to material and embroider.

To cut out and make the jacket, lay centre-back of jacket and centre-back of collar to the fold, cut front and sleeve double, tuck front shoulders until they measure same as back. Join under-arm, shoulder and sleeve seams with French seams; turn a hem at centre-fronts, sew in sleeves, and turn hem at lower edge; sew lace round collar and lower edge of sleeves.

Turning right side of collar to wrong side of jacket, pin collar to neck, edge to edge, starting at centre-back and pinning round to centre-front. Stitch all round and neaten edge.

Cut ribbon in half and sew to either side.

The Transfer

THIS measures 10 by 15 inches, and gives the two long sprays for the edge of the three-quarter sleeves, and the two sprays for the collar. It costs 1/- posted.

For summer materials, the transfer is designed for any form of stitchery in which you excel, buttonholing, satin-stitch, or good outlining.

Iron off the transfer very lightly on fine materials, or, if they are transparent, lay the material over the transfer and sketch it lightly with a sharp pencil. This gives enough outline to follow easily, and either vanishes during the work or washes out easily.

The design is suitable also for applique, the open roses lending themselves well to pink, yellow, or old-rose applied work. In this work the transfer may be ironed off on to the garment material or on to the applique material, whichever method suits your own work.

The Colors

SHELL-PINK crepe-de-chine, appliqued with rose-colored flowers, all well worked in silk filoselle thread, will make a very lovely trousseau jacket. Cream or beige lace can be used for edging the collar and sleeves, with a knot of rose ribbon for fastening at the throat. Cream or white silk, all worked in white and edged with matching lace, is also a very good color scheme.

In cotton materials there are some lovely things like dimity, hail-spot muslin, mull muslin, and seersucker which are always fresh and easy to launder; edged with val lace and lightly embroidered in the quicker stitches, they present an appearance of demure youth which is particularly charming for the younger wearer.

If you wish to make a warmer jacket for chilly climates or winter trousseau, choose wool-de-chine, light flannel, or Viyella for the main part of the jacket, and a good, firm silk for the collar and sleeve edges, this silk to be quilted; if you would like long sleeves, just continue the pattern to the length of your wrist and add a straight cuff with or without a fastening.

Quilting

CUT out the collar and cuffs and bands for the sleeve edges if they are to be as open as shown in the sketch. Then cut out exactly the same size the same pieces in a very light flannel or woollen material, and lay these pieces at the back of the silk pieces.

Now transfer the design on to light muslin shapes again of exactly the same sizes, and set these at the back of the flannel.

There are now three thicknesses—silk, wool, and muslin with design. Tack all well together; take a needle filled with strong silk to match the silk material and stitch the design from the muslin side, taking the stitches through all three materials.

Start the work in the centres of the flowers, and go over all the outlines, giving the sewing a faint tug now and then to pull it up a little and so give the pretty, puckered appearance which belongs to quilting. When the design has all been stitched, make up in the usual way, turning in the outer edges neatly, or finishing them with a cord.

Jackets and gowns finished with little quilted collars and cuffs appear occasionally in the city shops, and their prices are always very high; yet the work is easy to do and well within the reach of the woman who is willing to spend an hour or two on it.

For quilting, there is a strong silk thread called broriche which is very good; any twisted silk can be used, or several strands of stranded cotton.

Embroidery in the usual manner is just as good on woollen materials as on silk or cotton.

The design is suitable for all garments and various small house linens.

Keep Your Skin Clear & Radiantly Fresh

"Muddy" looking skin, pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores and burning irritations quickly yield to Cuticura.

The Cuticura treatment comprises Cuticura Soap, with occasional use of Cuticura Ointment. The luxuriant creamy lather of Cuticura Soap cleanses and purifies the pores, clears and softens the skin. Use it regularly twice a day.

And for pimples, skin outbreaks, rashes, redness or irritations apply Cuticura Ointment to the affected part before washing with the soap. Its antiseptic action kills germs, soothes and heals. After a few days your skin begins to look clearer and fresher; your complexion smoother, lovelier, more attractive than ever before.

Cuticura
For Clear Healthy Skin

At all Chemists and Stores. Ask for Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. And for powder use Cuticura Talcum—exceptionally fine and pure, exquisitely perfumed.

TO MOTHERS. To keep your baby happy and contented use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Talcum regularly. Safest for baby's tender skin—prevents chafing, soreness rashes and irritations.

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No Results-No Pay!

Try This Simple, Safe REDUCING METHOD

Do YOU want to lose weight? Then here is a safe, simple, harmless method which can be given a trial by any stout person without danger or the loss of a single penny. Go to your chemist and purchase a jar of Thalco Thermal Salts for 1/6d. Take a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water first thing every morning and continue until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied that Thalco Thermal Salts is benefiting your health and helping you to reduce your weight, the money you have paid will be refunded to you.

NO STARVING It is sheer folly to imperil your health by resorting to starving and other dangerous slimming practices. Natural slimness can be obtained without exposing yourself to the dangers of drastic dieting, which is only another name for "semi-starvation." A strict diet is not necessary when you are taking Thalco Thermal Salts. You can, however, greatly accelerate their action, if you so desire, by abstaining from fatty meats and pastry and reducing the quantity of potatoes, cream, butter, etc., taken at meals.

NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES Thalco Thermal Salts are a combination of salts similar to the principal salts found in many of the Thermal Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible for stout people to reduce not because of any dangerous or other reducing properties in the salts themselves, but by aiding the eliminating organs daily to clear away waste products out of the system before they have time to form into unhealthy fatty tissue. The gentle, soothing solution of Thalco Thermal Salts completely cleanses the system of those wastes and impurities which are likely to cause Fatness, Bad Complexion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

COSTS YOU NOTHING IF YOU DON'T LOSE WEIGHT We invite any stout person to purchase a 1/6d. jar of Thalco Thermal Salts from the nearest Chemist. Begin taking Thalco Salts to-morrow morning—a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water before breakfast—and continue each morning until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied that it is benefiting your health and helping you to reduce, simply send the two empty cartons to the distributors—Parry, Barker & Co., 18-20 Martin Place, Sydney—and the full purchase price, with postage added, will be refunded to you, at once, without question or controversy. If satisfied, you should continue the regular morning dose of Thalco Salts to gain perfect slimness and prevent fat from forming.

LOST 25lbs. AND REDUCED HIPS BY 5 INCHES

Dear Sirs: It gives me great pleasure to let you know of the benefits I have received from taking Thalco Thermal Salts. My age is 30 years, and before taking Thalco Thermal Salts I was 10 stone 12 lbs. After taking the Salts for six months I have reduced to 9 stone 1 lb. I might mention I was carrying most of the weight on my hips. Thalco Thermal Salts reduced my hips by 5 inches, furthermore I have never felt so well and full of energy in my life. I would also mention that I did not diet myself while taking the Salts.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) Mrs. G. W.

LOST 20lbs. in 4 MONTHS

Dear Sirs: When I first saw your advertisement in the newspapers I went to the Chemist and bought a jar of Thalco Thermal Salts, and as I found I was losing weight I kept on. In four months I lost 20 lbs. and to my great joy my general health improved.

Yours gratefully, (Signed) Mrs. A. R.

LOST 14lbs.

Dear Sirs: Since taking Thalco Thermal Salts I have lost 1 stone, and have enlisted ten others not including myself, who now regularly take these Salts. I was 13 stone 4 lbs. but am 12 stone 4 lbs. to-day.

Yours sincerely, (Signed) Miss C. W.

THALCO THERMAL SALTS

Price 1/6 per jar—all Chemists

The SHUT DOOR

Continued from Page 44

THE alcohol died down in him. There was a queer, cool hush over everything. Not a tree moved. Not a bird sang. The lake had faded off into vapor—but the island rose solidly out of the grey mist as if it were carved out of a single pearl.

This was the hour when in the war firing parties took out cowards and shot them. Several times the General had been in command of one. An unpleasant job, because the cowards died like brave men, and you had the feeling that there mightn't be much difference.

Chloe would be expecting him. She would guess that he could not come at once, but she would never dream that he was hesitating whether to come at all. He had the key of the boathouse in his pocket. She was seventeen. In twenty years time he would be seventy-two and she would be thirty-seven. His wife wasn't the woman to stand a scandal. She would divorce him; and he would only see Peggy every now and then.

HIS future had looked empty before, but at least it had looked respectable and dignified. Madeleine had been a married woman, and married women are fair game; but this girl of seventeen was forbidden fruit.

What had he got to give this child, five years older than his own Peggy?

His England didn't take divorce lightly. Every friend he had would think he had behaved abominably. He himself would think so, by and by. That was the kind of thing a code did to you—it hit back! But how could he bear to defraud Chloe of her dream? He was a god to her, and that was what was pulling him towards the lake, as if his soul were being dragged by ropes of iron. But how long would he seem a god to her—this eager, avid creature athirst for life? How soon would he be simply a wearisome old man? The door of her future would be locked again, and he would be the lock upon the door. No longer the hand that opened it! The island shone close to his feet, a bubble of pure gold. The sky was a faint azure. Was the night already over? Had time itself decided for him?

He could not go to her in daylight. He turned back to the hotel. The birds were making a horrible din in the garden—one was a nightingale.

He went back into the stale ugliness of the smoking-room, and wrote: "You are seventeen; and I am fifty-two. That is the reason why I am not coming to you. I shall not see you again, but I shall never get you out of my eyes, nor out of my heart."

Then he crossed out the last sentence. It was true; but it might haunt her. It was no use trying to haunt a girl who had the world before her.

He hunted about on the hillside and found a boy to take the note to Chloe. Then he went upstairs to his wife's room.

He was quite sure she was not asleep; but she had the sense to lie still with her eyes shut. When he had got into bed his eyes mechanically sought the hole in the mosquito netting; but there was no hole. His wife had had it mended.

(Copyright.)

The BAD SAMARITAN

Continued from Page 6

THE shadow of a man and horse fell on them and a cold little breeze seemed to blow across the desert. Brother and sister whirled about to see a tall man lounging easily over his saddle horn, a tall man with amused grey eyes and a tiny black line of moustache above thin lips.

"They're kangaroos," he decided, squinting at the canvas. "Anyone can see that. Kangaroos in their mating dance. My only criticism is that they are a little long-legged and a little too blue."

"They're not kangaroos!" Kay told him coldly. "They're nudes. Nudes at play."

"That," he said enthusiastically, "accounts for their color. They're blue with cold."

"We were just talking about you!" Chris put in maliciously. "Kay thinks you're handsome!" Automatically he flung up his arm and ducked.

Kay gave one astonished, outraged gasp, then grew cold and dangerous. "I only said," she corrected, "that rustlers should be handsome!"

"Of course they should!" Hatch lit a cigarette with steady fingers. "I always think it's a mistake when they're not—now that women sit on juries."

"You think of everything!" she murmured.

"You have to, to make your business pay," he informed her kindly.

"Well," said Chris, "for the last time I must be going. I hope you two won't quarrel as soon as my back is turned."

"You're a deserter!" said Kay. "Don't be surprised if you never see me again, Mr. Hatch has never been sure that I wasn't a calf."

Mr. Hatch looked indignant. "Cannibalism," he said, "isn't one of my vices. I have a heap of others which would fascinate you."

"So I've heard."

"I'll try them out for you some time."

He swung off his horse and came over to Kay's side. Her absorption in nudes became profound. She painted rapidly, if a little unsteadily.

"You have more disguises," he murmured, "than anyone I know. First, you do yourself up in a costume of mud. The next time I see you, you're all wicked out in green paint. You're not trying to fool somebody, are you?"

"No," said Kay. "Are you?" She swung around and faced him. "Because if you are, you may not be succeeding as well as you think."

There was faint, impudent laughter in his eyes. "You mean this rumor that I'm a rustler? Well, what do you think?"

To her horror, she found herself temporising. "I imagine you care a lot what I think! I suppose you lie awake nights, gnawing your finger-nails!"

"No," he said candidly. "I haven't proposed yet. But I'm coming to that one of these days. And then it'll be mighty important what you think."

"I can tell you now exactly what I think——"

"Don't!" he said gently. "Think about this instead!" He tilted her head against his shoulder and kissed her hard upon the mouth. Kay was briefly conscious of a bronzed young face against her own, of warm, compelling lips, of grey eyes that looked into hers and laughed. Then he swung upon his horse and rode away, waving debonairly.

She tried to go on with her painting as if nothing had happened, but lines blurred before her eyes and her hand shook a little. Finally she packed up her palette and paints, climbed into the battered Ford her family had relegated to her as being too old for useful work, and went home.

She found Dick Shores at the ranch when she got there, blond, quick, good-looking in a lantern-jawed manner. He greeted her warmly. "Your family talked me into staying for supper," he said. "Funny how easily persuaded I was, isn't it?" He held her hand a little longer than he had to.

"He's rugged and square," thought Kay, "and nice!"

"You're looking mighty pretty, Kay!"

She tilted her face. "You like green paint, then?"

"You're always pretty, Kay. You couldn't be anything else—to me."

"Now that," she said warmly, "is the way a man should talk!"

The conversation at supper was all about the cattle market and rustlers. Especially rustlers. Kay, fresh and brushed and scrubbed, her whipcords discarded for a cool pink linen dress, sat at the table and studied the faces about her—lean, fine faces, golden-brown from years of riding in the sunshine. She saw her father with his iron-grey moustache and his features a little seamed from looking at great distances. She saw Dick Shores and remembered suddenly he might be a detective. She studied him with new interest, his level eyes that took in everything, his thin-lipped mouth that told her nothing. She looked at Mike and Piute Pete, the cowhands, stolid and poker-faced.

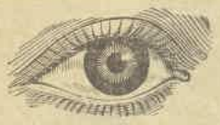
"All we need," roared the colonel, "is evidence. Just one more shred of evidence and we'll have Hatch behind the bars. And it won't be long now."

"He's got a lot of funny things to explain!" said Mike.

"I'm sending Chris to Cheyenne to-morrow on this income tax business." The colonel looked significant. "And maybe while he's there he can pick up a few other chunks of information."

After dinner Kay and Dick played duets together on the rickety old piano, with Dick's fingers touching hers at every chance they got. Then they cheated each other brazenly at double canfield, and finally went to bed. Dick tried to kiss her as they stood, saying good night, at her door. But she was in no mood for such undoing intimacies. The marauding kiss of Tom Hatch still stung her memory. She hated men just then, a little violently. But Dick was nice. He was clean and strong. She softened her rebuff with a shy smile and shut her door hastily.

Please turn to Page 49



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We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorefields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

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Relieve headache, neuritis and all nerve pains with Vincent's A.P.C. Dissolves rapidly — acts speedily. Prepared on scientific, hospital formula and recommended by medical profession. Powders & tablets: 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All chemists and stores, or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, 32 Market St., Sydney.

GENUINE VINCENT'S A.P.C

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

Long Life to ...Enamelware

TREAT enamelware as if it were glass, never subjecting it to sudden changes of temperature. Thorough soaking after use is the best aid to easy cleaning. But never soak it at once in cold water.

Never pour hot dripping into an enamel pan; heat the pan first with hot water.

Thorough soaking can usually be followed by rubbing with a soft cloth. Use a reliable scouring agent with a fine grain that will not scratch the surface.

YOUR SHABBY HANDBAG: If you have a shabby handbag that you want to freshen up, try sponging it over with a little hot vinegar. Dry well, and then polish with a mixture of warm linseed oil and a little methylated spirits.

OLD TOOTHBRUSHES: Don't throw away old toothbrushes. When they have been thoroughly disinfected they have many uses about the house. A soft one will be found admirable for applying silver polish. Such a brush can also be used for applying oil to certain articles.

Parents.. your son! What Of His Future? RADIO

offers him a lucrative career. Send NOW for free book: "Careers in Radio and Television."

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Mr. ——, of Cremorne, suffered for 36 years. After only one month's treatment no further medicines were necessary, as Balanced Meals prevented a return of the complaint. Discuss your trouble with our Dietitian at once. Interviews are free. 'Phone, call, or write for particulars.

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"DON'T BE A JOB HUNTER!"

Start your own business on our capital. No hard times; no lay-offs; always your own boss. Hundreds average £3 to £10 a week profit—year after year. We supply stocks on credit. Over 90 Home Necessities. Selling experience unnecessary. Wonderful opportunity to own pleasant, dignified, profitable business backed by world-wide industry. Write Hawleigh Company, Department NS-13OU, 90 Rawson Street, Brunswick, N.10, Victoria.

FOR PILES.... Get free trial tin of TIGER SALVE!

Hospital Matron says: "I have used your preparation in the cases of piles and the results have been marvellous." Tiger Salve is the inexpensive, safe and certain remedy. For sprains, too, there is nothing better to soothe and relieve than Tiger Salve. You can prove the healing properties of Tiger Salve. Send 3 penny stamps to cover postage and packing to Tiger Salve Pty., 185 George Street, Sydney, and a trial tin will be sent you.

DRINK VICTIM RELIEVED

For ten years one man was a heavy drinker, lost work, happiness, and home—his wife relieved him with "DRINKO." This safe, inexpensive treatment will also save your menfolk. It can be given secretly. Booklet in sealed wrapper. Write or call for it. Dept. W, HOME WELFARE PTY., Commercial Bank Chambers, 681 George Street, Haymarket, Sydney.

Pineapple Goes Gay

When pineapple gets tired of being served with cream, or rubbing shoulders with fruit salad, introduce it to the oven and produce these very tempting fancies. They're new, they're delicious, and they're made with Copha! What more could any woman want?

COPHA PINEAPPLE FANCIES

4 ozs. Sugar	Few drops Lemon Juice
4 ozs. Pure Copha (softened)	1 medium teaspoon Baking Powder
9 ozs. Plain Flour	1 lb. (approx.) Prepared Pineapple
Pinch of Salt	
2 Eggs (whisked)	
2 cup Pineapple Juice	

PREPARED PINEAPPLE: Drain the juice from 1 tin of Pineapple and cut the fruit into small pieces. Roll in flour and place in oven a few minutes to form a covering. Allow to cool.

ICING

1 tablespoon Pineapple Juice	1 oz Pure Copha
	6 ozs. Icing Sugar

Mix slightly warm and spread with warm, wet knife.

METHOD: Cream sugar and Copha. Add flour, salt, eggs, and fruit juice. Beat until smooth. Beat in the baking powder, then gently mix in the prepared pineapple. Place in greased baking dish and bake for 30 minutes in medium oven. When cold spread with icing cut into fingers or fancy shapes, and decorate with small pieces of pineapple or cherries.

Even your most favoured recipes will be lighter and tastier made with Copha, the pure vegetable shortening, but if you'd like some special Copha recipes then write for the Copha Recipe Book. It's full of novel and interesting dishes—cakes, puddings, pastry, and biscuits. Write, too, for the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder—it tells you how to cook all your vegetables so that they'll lose none of their fresh, garden flavour, and the mineral juices so vital to the health of growing children. Both the Recipe Book and the Vegetable Cookery Folder are free and post free from:—

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By EVELYN

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Dip Deep into Nature's Beauty-Box

MAKE the most of sunshine and fresh air. Both are tremendous aids in the quest for radiant health and glowing beauty. Loretta Young, M.-G.-M. star, you will note, even takes her papers into the garden to read when sunshine beckons. She realises it is too precious to miss when at home, and so much depends upon her looks—and health.

SUNSHINE, fresh air, flowers, vegetables, herbs, and fruit—all want to pass on some of their beauty to you!

The average person believes that in order to court beauty, a lot of hard cash is necessary, and that she must dip into the synthetic beauty-box, but Nature's wondrous aids are offering free—or at a cost of next-to-nothing.

SUNSHINE is Nature's beautifier as well as health-giver, and the surest way to obtain both is through the joy and freedom of fresh air and sunshine.

Workers in factories, shops, and offices envy all those who can spend hours daily in the fresh air and sunshine, and, yet, how women of the home seem to cling to the indoors!

Why not take your sewing out into the garden, read your Australian Women's Weekly while basking in sunshine; serve meals in the open; do an hour or two of beauty-building at gardening—leave the housework wait, if necessary.

Incidentally, until midsummer arrives you need not wear a hat. Remember, sunshine stimulates the growth of the hair and puts lights into it which are so attractive.

Did you know that tired-looking, muddy complexions may be cleared by celery and asparagus? Do you think you could survive a day eating nothing but asparagus and drinking parsley tea and diluted lemon juice?

Parsley tea is splendid for the complexion—especially good for those blotches and blemishes. Gather a handful of parsley, wash well in salt and water, and place in a jug. Add a slice of lemon, and pour over a pint of boiling water. Let it stand for a short time, and then drink like ordinary tea—minus, of course, milk and sugar!

Sage leaves make an excellent dentifrice; very strengthening for the gums. Steep the leaves in hot water. Use fairly strong.

As you know, spinach is one of the finest blood purifiers known. Unfortunately, it is generally cooked in oceans of water, and the latter, holding the preponderance of goodness in it, is poured down the sink.

Orange juice is invaluable. It not only clears the blood, but it possesses minerals which soothe and feed the nerves.

Grapefruit is a tonic—almost as good as the orange for you.

JUICE of a tomato is one of the most healthful beverages, and is said to be a great blood purifier. It has additional qualities, too, for it is also a good cleanser. Vegetable stains, and even nicotine stains, can be removed on its application.

And the Humble Lemon

THERE are certainly a whole lot of efficient beauty aids packed inside the humble lemon.

As an astringent lotion, lemon juice is hard to beat. Dabbed on open pores (diluted slightly if your skin is very sensitive), it will bring noticeably happy results.

For removing stains from hands and nails caused by the handling and peeling of vegetables lemon juice is invaluable.

It is, too, excellent as a mouth wash. It cleanses and disinfects, and a little juice squeezed on to the toothbrush will make the teeth beautifully white.

And it is good for greasy hair if used in the shampoo. Squeeze the juice of a lemon into the final rinsing water.

Fragrant Face Lotion

AND try this delicately fragrant home-made face lotion. It will soften and whiten your skin—and renew its vitality:

You simply gather as many sprigs of rosemary as you can pick easily, and put them in a large saucepan. Bring them to the boil (let the boiling for a few minutes be hard), then allow them to simmer gently for half an hour. Strain the liquid off, first through a strainer, and then through butter-muslin. Bottle and seal ready for use.

You can use this lotion nightly and even before you apply your make-up in the morning.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

...BY A DOCTOR...

PATIENT: Which is the best, to suppress emotion and aim to be serene and well-balanced, or to give way to one's natural feelings and not be ashamed to reveal them?

* * *

BOTH conditions are bad, as you express them. Repression is good in moderation, and a certain amount of emotion is necessary if one is to avoid becoming an automaton. The ideal state is to have balance—mentally and emotionally. At the same time one has to guard against being too emotional.

No person is infallible when it comes to his or her emotions. The emotions are at the same time our greatest asset as well as our greatest weakness.

The emotions keep us stirred up, and this state causes forcefulness or timidity, success, hardship, happiness, misery, as the case may be.

Every individual, of course, differs from everybody else in the pattern of his emotional make-up. Into the general emotional plan of everybody, there enter such important factors and determinants as heredity, childhood training, education and other special handicaps—or opportunities.

Nevertheless, we are all more or less alike. So much so that certain facts may be laid down regarding danger signals of temperament.

* * *

WE know, for example, that to be too emotional all the time is bad, just as all excesses, no matter what their kind, are bad. If we waste emotional force, we drain our vitality and retard our development.

Worry is another danger signal. Worry wears and tears the nervous system and undermines its strength like a devitalising disease.

Another pernicious habit is the one of doubting. A person who doubts is unable to make up his mind, sometimes even concerning so simple a proposition as to whether or not he should take a walk.

The dread of deciding questions may become so strong that it amounts to a chronic nightmare. Such people, after a while, do not know what they want. They are forever putting off decisions. They lack confidence in themselves. They do not possess the strength of their own convictions. They allow chance circumstances to influence their lives to an unbelievable degree.

Irritability is another danger signal of temperament that requires close watching. Irritability can get us into all sorts of unnecessary and avoidable trouble.

We lose our friends because of it. They, in turn, lose confidence in us. It keeps us continually angry and upset. It leads almost invariably to ineffectiveness in work and unhappiness at home.

* * *

BE doubly careful about self-pity! We all need courage to face the realities of life and to conquer the manifold and varied problems that confront every one of us almost daily. But if you pity yourself, you are only admitting to yourself that you are a failure.

Too much day-dreaming should also be avoided. It gets you into the habit of wishing and being satisfied merely with wishing, rather than being satisfied only—as you should—with actual accomplishment.

Allowing yourself to lose ambition and thereby getting yourself into a rut is another pitfall to be avoided.

Think about these danger signals. Let them warn you of approaching disaster. Always use your stirred-up emotional state for your own good and for your own advancement. Control it and direct it, else it will react upon you disadvantageously.

In Ease & Comfort
Remove Your Unwanted Hair

At last . . . a hair-removing cream . . . free from those unpleasant odours . . . that is La-ne-ta . . . so nice you can safely use it in your boudoir . . . free from annoyance to yourself . . . or others . . . how different . . . what a pleasure . . . what a delight . . . and better still speed . . . just 4½ minutes . . . and ALL hair comes away clean.

What a convenience . . . and just think of it . . . no fatigue, waiting with upstretched arms, no irritation as with ordinary depilatories . . . quicker and better than harsh razors, no dark patches of hair stubble . . . no stiff re-growth to chafe . . . just ease, comfort, and simplicity. . .

Is it any wonder that women are changing over to La-ne-ta in hundreds?

Ask your Pharmacist or Hairdresser for—

Creme La-nē-ta

This English Luxury Creme is used by the society leaders of England

FOR BRIGHTER COOKERY

All good cooks know that a touch of Bovril greatly improves their soups, gravies and casserole dishes. For Bovril not only adds nourishment and flavour on its own account, but brings out these qualities in the foods to which it is added. No kitchen is complete without Bovril.

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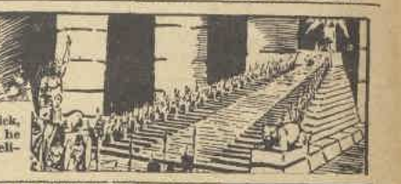
BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA



DUE, greatly, to Brick Bradford's bravery and resource, the city of Amaru has been saved from invading Yaca Indians. Now Manco, the Emperor of Amaru, Brick's comrade, wishes to reward him by bestowing on him the hand of the Princess Cuycha. Brick, however, loves beautiful June Salisbury, with whom he has been through many perils. The situation is a delicate one.

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,—

I suppose many of you have been dared to do things at some time or other, and often the dares have been quite foolish.

Recently I read the account of a man, who, for a wager, agreed to swallow six tacks. He managed to swallow only five, so, of course, lost his bet. Then he became very ill, and he is very lucky to be alive today.

Introducing MARGARET ANDERSON, of Bondi. —Falk.

Now, Pals, don't you do a thing which you know is foolish, or which may cause you serious injury, just because you are dared to do it. Always think before you leap!

A delightful letter came this week from a Pal in Victoria, who wins the prize of 5/-. Her name is Adelle Fricker (373 Punt Rd., Richmond, Vic.), and, although she is only eight years of age, her letter was very neatly written, well expressed, and a great pleasure to read.

Good-bye, Pals, until next week.

Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

My District

By MINNIE AYRES

I LIVE in the Licola-Glenmaggie district, which is a very pretty district. The Macalister River begins far back in the mountains, and meanders down through Licola to Glenmaggie, where it forms a large lake. It then follows on to Maffra.

The Macalister River is a clear river, and there are trout, blackfish, and eels in it. Giant gums and silver wattles deck its banks.

Mt. Wellington lies about 29 miles back in the hills from my home. This mountain was once a working volcano, as it has a bottomless lake in its crater. Mt. Useful lies west of my home, and McMillan's Lookout is quite close too.

Angus McMillan climbed to the top of this peak and sighted the flats at Gippsland.

The Macalister River flats are very rich, and most of the settlers around here indulge in agricultural farming.

Glenmaggie consists of a church, a school, post office, a hall, and a few houses.

Prize of 5/- to MINNIE E. AYRES (13), Glenmaggie, Gippsland, Vic.

Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Connie, Box 1336E, G.P.O., Sydney."

Perfect Peace

By DORIS DAVIS

PEACE, peace, oh wonderful peace.
Where shall we go you to find?
Far away where green fields lie
Are the noises left behind?

Ah; not here in the city's crowd
Where the trams pass on forever;
And the blasts of whistles are in our ears—
Here we shall find it never.

But where the wattles hang their boughs
O'er waters calm and still;
Where blossoms blaze a burning gold
There our cups of peace we fill.

Prize of 5/- to DORIS DAVIS, c/o Mrs. C. Humphries, York Street, Hamilton, Brisbane, for this original verse.

FUN FOR ALL

BILL: Do you believe in dreams?

Mike: I do! Last night I dreamt I was awake, an' in the morning my dream came true.

Prize Card to MARJORIE LOWE, Glen Side, Peach Orchard Rd., Dorimbah, N.S.W.

Johnny: I know a stonemason who has only one arm.

Tommy: Nonsense! How does he do his work?

Johnny: Oh, he holds the chisel between his teeth and hits himself on the back of the head with a hammer.

Prize Card to JOYCE GIN, 51 Hopetoun Rd., Toorak SE2, Melbourne, Vic.

Mother (severely): Johnny, where is that piece of cake I left on the plate?

Johnny: I gave it to a poor little hungry boy, mother.

Mother: That was kind and thoughtful of you, dear. Who was he?

Johnny: Me.

Prize Card to CLARE LEE, Wanaka, Boole Rd., Mazango, Qld.

Doctor: What hasn't my medicine done you any good, Mr. Tiger? Did you do as I said? Take your medicine two nights running and skip the next.

Mr. Tiger: Yes, I did. And I skipped all last night, and I'm not a little bit better.

Prize Card to G. DADLEY, 6 Gordon St., Burwood, N.S.W.

FATHER: What's Tommy crying for?

Mother: The poor child caught his finger in the pantry door.

Father: Ah, I see. He evidently didn't get the jam he was looking for?

Prize Card to ISABEL CONNOR, Mirani, via Mackay, Qld.

Schoolmaster: What is meant by mental occupation?

Pupil: One in which we use our minds.

Schoolmaster: And a manual occupation?

Pupil: One in which we use our hands.

Schoolmaster: Now, which of these occupations is mine? Come, now, what do I use most in teaching you?

Pupil (quickly): Your cane, sir!

Prize Card to PHYLLIS ERRATSON, Railway Parade, Hazelbrook, N.S.W.

Teacher: What did Henry the Third do when he came to the throne of England?

Willie: Please, sir, he sat on it!

Prize Card to DOREEN OREN, 34 Napoleon St., Sans Souci, N.S.W.

Just Chatter

INTRODUCING RAY BOADLE, a gifted musician from Cook's Hill, Newcastle. —Falk.

RUTH HILLS, of Berry, South Coast (N.S.W.), always reads about Mandrake; LOLA MILLER, of Parkdale S12 (Vic.), is welcomed as another new Pal; DULCIE JONES, of Illabo (N.S.W.), is fond of reading riddles.

MAVIS HOBBEN, of Boggabri, is welcomed as a new Pal; HAZEL BAXTER, of Balmain (N.S.W.), would like to correspond with Joyce Willmott; VERA STEHN, of Oakey (Qld.), is fond of jokes and riddles.

ALF BLAKEY, of Cabramatta (N.S.W.), likes jokes too; HELEN BAILEY, of Bondi (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal; MAISIE GILL, of Balmain (N.S.W.), writes pretty verse.

DULCIE O'SULLIVAN, of Bexley (N.S.W.), does pretty paintings; NANCY GAINER, of Broken Hill (N.S.W.), is a new Pal and will be fifteen years of age in October.

NELLIE DARYNELL, of Alexandria (N.S.W.), is fond of sketching; D. RICHER, of Eastwood (N.S.W.), likes reading jokes; DOROTHY McKINLEY, of Narrandera (N.S.W.), writes a nice letter; SYLVIA ESTELLE, of Cooran (Qld.), do send your stories along.

COLIN STYMAN, of Morpeth, likes riddles. PATSY FOWLER, of River Darling (N.S.W.), is fond of drawing and painting pictures; BARRY TURNER, of Hurstville (N.S.W.), spent her last holidays on a sheep station.

SYLVIA FAKES, of Glen Innes (N.S.W.), is fond of knitting; ROB MILLER, of Goodwood Park, Adelaide (S.A.), has a cat called "Tiger Tom"; GRACE HARVEY, of Moore (Qld.), is welcomed as a new Pal.

JUNE MOORE, of Inverell (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter; ADELE FOWLER, of Wee Waa (N.S.W.), has a pet lamb called "Mary"; JOAN HARVEY, of Beaufort (Vic.), is fourteen years of age.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL

"GREAT news," said Wunderlust to Fred as he put the receiver of the telephone back into its place. "Mr. Hudson, who was in that motor car accident last week, is recovering rapidly and is now allowed to see visitors, so I think we should go out to-day and see him."

"That is good, isn't it?" replied Fred eagerly; "I suppose we can take him something. Say we take some strawberries and cream. I'm sure he'd love them. Don't you think he would?"

"Yes," laughed Wunderlust, "but I doubt if he would be allowed to eat them yet for a while. When people are ill like he is, Fred, they have to be kept on a strict diet and given only everything of the very best."

"Wouldn't you call strawberries and cream the very best?" said Fred incredulously.

"Of course," said Wunderlust, "but I don't know if the hospital authorities would, but we can go down the street right away if you like and take them to the hospital on the off chance."

"Oh, yes, do," cried Fred, taking his hat from the peg and putting it on his head.

So Fred and Wunderlust went down the street and purchased two boxes of strawberries and two jars of cream.

With Fred holding the strawberries very carefully and Wunderlust the cream, the two walked silently along the road for a few yards.

"There's the bus," said Wunderlust excitedly, as he hailed a big yellow-and-black bus, which obligingly drew up to the kerb.

In they jumped, and made their way to the only vacant seat in the bus, which luckily enough was the front seat.

Fred gazed out of the window all the way, and did not speak one word to Wunderlust until the bus pulled up where a number of streets all seemed to meet one another, and Wunderlust grasped him on the arm gently. "This is where we get out," he murmured.

"It is?" said Fred rising. "It wasn't a long ride, was it?" He was a little disappointed that the hospital was not twice as far away as it was.

Fred and Wunderlust were soon out of the bus and inside the entrance to the hospital. They were met by a very cavey nurse, who took them down a long corridor to Mr. Hudson's room.

"HOW are you?" said Wunderlust as soon as the nurse had opened the door.

"Very good," smiled Mr. Hudson, who apart from having a few bandages round his head and hands, did really look quite well.

"Fred's brought you some strawberries and cream," said Wunderlust. "I told him that perhaps you would not be allowed to eat them, but he said he would take the chance."

"That is very good of you, Fred," replied Mr. Hudson, seeing the look of disapproval on the nurse's face, "but I don't think I should eat them. Do not think that I don't appreciate your kindness. I do a lot. But I have an idea. There is a little boy further along the corridor who has very few friends. He would just love them, I know. That is, of course, if you'd like to give them to him."

"I'd love to," said Fred eagerly. "Which room is it?"

"Nurse will take you along," said Mr. Hudson smilingly. "Won't you, nurse? You don't think strawberries and cream would hurt George, do you?"

"Oh, no!" she quickly replied. "They would do him the world of good."

So the nurse took Fred to little George's room, while Wunderlust and Mr. Hudson talked.

"George," said the nurse, "this is a little boy whose name is Fred, and he has brought you some lovely strawberries and cream."

"How lovely," said George, "but he must eat some too."

"No," said Fred. "I want you to have them all."

But as George persisted, Fred was eventually persuaded to share the strawberries and cream with him.

So George and Fred became very fond of each other, and whenever Wunderlust went to visit Mr. Hudson Fred always went to visit little George, and, incidentally took him something nice to eat.

THE TORTOISE. Prize of 5/- to BERYL HENDERSON, 129 Holder St., Ashfield, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.

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night after night
until Esterin brought relief

NERVES frayed, health endangered, all because the nerve centres need soothing and relaxing. Such suffering is no longer necessary. NYAL ESTERIN, the new sedative that acts directly on the nerve centres, brings quick relief, and natural sleep to the sleepless. NYAL ESTERIN contains ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the prompt relief of pain. It does not form a habit. Take NYAL ESTERIN tablets for sleeplessness, headaches, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatic and nerve pains. Your chemist sells NYAL ESTERIN Tablets at 1/3d. a tin of 24 Tablets.

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GET HOLD OF THAT COLD! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious illness. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE, taken in accordance with the directions, will immediately relieve the worst of Colds and prevent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey, Children will take it Freely.

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Beautiful hair provides one of the chief adornments of femininity, and Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain restores the natural shade with such perfection that it is used exclusively in the leading beauty salons. Application is so easy that private treatment is safe and sure. Allen's stain provides an inexpensive way to make the hair rich and glorious. All Chemists, 4/- per bottle in brown or black. Made by Felton, Grimwade, and Duerdins, Ltd., Melbourne.

The BAD SAMARITAN

Continued from Page 46

THE next morning Chris left for Cheyenne. The next noon Mike, the cowhand, saw Tom Hatch riding across the Brandon south pasture, looking very attentively at the colonel's still-unbranded calves. And that night the calves were stolen.

The colonel had seven kinds of tantrums. He was all for hanging Tom Hatch then to the nearest cottonwood tree. But Dick Shores was cool and unruffled.

"We've got to have the evidence," he said. "Something more than Hatch's just looking at the calves. We've got to find what he did with them. There were thirty head in this haul—too many to truck out in one night. In the old days when you just drove 'em off, you could get away with it. But times have changed. So he must have them cached some place. We've got to prove they're in his possession, or we've got to catch him moving them. But I think we can do it. He hasn't had time to take them very far. Our best play, as I see it, is not to let him know we suspect him. Catch him off guard. I suggest that Mike and Piute Pete scatter now to look for the calves. If they find them on his land they're not to let out a murmur—to him—but ride back here and give us the tip. Then we'll know what to do!"

Kay, watching him, felt her heart swell with admiration. He was so calm and sure.

Piute Pete came riding back in two hours, his horse in a lather. He had found the calves. And within a mile of Hatch's house. Not actually on his land, to be sure, but in a willow-fringed pocket of Pete Casey's old homestead, bordering Hatch's meadow on the north, with easy access to his corrals. Pete further reported that a saddled horse was standing in Hatch's feed lot, ready for instant action.

"He'll bring in the truck after dark!" the colonel prophesied.

"We'll guard all the roads!" he added. "Mike, you take the down-river road. Pete, you post yourself along the county road to the north—damn it, why did I let Chris leave when we needed him most. Well, we can get Jake Powers to watch the canyon road. But we need someone on the Medicine Ridge cut-off—blast this blankety-blank-blank broken foot of mine!"

"I'll take the cut-off," offered Dick.

"FINE. But we need someone to watch Hatch's ranch. He had confederates, to pull it off that slick. Maybe we can get the whole lay-out."

"Why can't I watch the ranch?" asked Kay.

"You keep out of this, young woman!" thundered her father.

"For God's sake, Kay, don't mix into this!" pleaded Dick. "You might—get hurt. You don't know that outfit!" She was thrilled at the sharp solicitude of his voice, the anxiety that leaped to his eyes.

"But I wouldn't get hurt!" she argued. "I'd keep perfectly out of sight. There's a grand hiding place in the quaking aspen thicket at the head of Dry Creek Draw—and it gives you a bird's-eye view of the whole Hatch place."

"You'll keep out of it!" the colonel roared. "We'll have to leave that post vacant unless the sheriff can get out here."

"I heard he was down on Powder River," said Mike, "looking after some claim-jumping squabbles."

"And Hatch darn well knows it!" muttered Dick.

"Damn this foot!" The colonel bit his pipe stem. "Well, anyway, we have him pretty well penned up with all the roads guarded. He can't get away."

Kay was very docile while they were still in sight. But when the three young men had departed for their posts she gathered up her paints and easel, her brushes and canvas, and climbed into the dusty car.

"Where are you going?" demanded her father.

"Oh—just out to finish my landscape. It's for your birthday."

He patted her cheek and smiled. Kay trundled demurely down the road until a long escarpment hid her from view. Then she turned into a side trail and pointed the nose of the car toward Dry Creek Draw. This draw was a shallow ravine, heading high on the shoulder of craggy Bald Mountain, where a snowdrift usually lingered until full midsummer. A tiny pool, moss-lipped, bush-fringed, was left in the snowdrift's wake, commanding a perfect view of Hatch's ranch down in the valley below.

Leaving her car, Kay climbed the steep slope of the mountain on the far side, rounded the shoulder under cover of quaking aspen and took up her vigil at the pool.

It was a hot, still day. Her hiding place was well shaded, but no breath of air stirred among the leaves. Kay brushed damp curls from her forehead and stirred restlessly. Insects came to life, small, droning colonies of them; gnats buzzed about her ears, mosquitoes swept down with their shrill wailing. Great blue flies, low-crouching, came out, thirsty for blood. And nothing seemed to happen. Peaceful and still, the ranch dreamed in the sunshine. Shorty and Heck Tom's two hired men, were stacking hay in the south meadow. She saw the cook come out and kill a chicken. She saw Hatch come out and pump water for the stock. The saddled horse stamped and tossed his head in the shady corral. She began to feel drowsy and it was only the persistent whine of the insects that kept her awake. The afternoon grew hotter.

And then suddenly her nerves flashed to attention. Hatch had come out of the house and mounted the horse. She watched with straining eyes to see if he took the trail up to Pete Casey's homestead where the stolen calves were hidden. He tied a package behind the saddle, and to her amazement headed sharply away from the cache, galloping unconcernedly toward the south. He swung in behind one of the low ridges that formed the buttresses of Bald Mountain and disappeared.

The flies and mosquitoes grew more attentive. Kay yawned and stretched and fidgeted.

"A detective's life," she crooned, "is not a happy one!"

A sound broke upon her reflections, a horseshoe striking flint, the clattering of a small rock dislodged, the creak of saddle leather. And a minute later Hatch rode in behind her.

"I just thought," he said pleasantly, "you must be getting pretty hot up here. I brought some beer and sandwiches for you. Or if you don't care for beer, here's iced lemonade in a vacuum bottle."

Kay looked at him with a sort of paralysed fury. "How—" she began.

"How did I know you were here?" He grinned at her and poured lemonade into a tin cup. "That's my secret. Can't a poor rustler have secrets? Here, try one of these sandwiches. They're very nice."

She made no answer and he continued conversationally. "I'll give you the recipe some time. You spread a little minced onion and horseradish on the pickled tongue of a calf——"

"Stolen?" she asked impudently.

He bowed. "Frequently. And have one of these cheese tidbits—they're stolen, too."

"Who in the world can you steal cheese tidbits from?" she asked in spite of herself.

"My cook. He'll probably kill me when I get back. He's in a state. Sometimes I think I should get married and have a woman's influence about the house."

"Any woman in her right mind," said Kay, "would kill you, too."

"No really charming woman is ever in her right mind. Let me fill your cup again—there! I told you I was the politest son-of-a-gun living."

Kay's lips curled. "You can't buy me off with soft words and sandwiches. I'm on to you. And I'm out to get you."

He looked shocked. "You're not insinuating I can be had?"

In her embarrassment she took a long, grateful gulp of the lemonade.

"I mean—" she floundered.

"You're adorable!" he said and lightly kissed her ear. "Well—I must get back to my rustling. I've got a big night's work ahead of me. Don't forget to tell the boys. And good-bye—it's been mighty sweet, seeing you this way."

IT was a disgruntled little group that gathered about the supper table at the Brandon ranch that night. All confessed complete failure. No one had seen Hatch, and no one from the outside had tried to get in touch with him. He had made no move toward the calves. No suspicious-looking trucks had been seen on the roads.

"I guess we're watching the wrong bird," said Piute Pete.

Kay started to speak and stopped. She didn't dare tell what she knew of Hatch's movements. She didn't dare reveal she'd disobeyed orders. And besides, how much of what he said had he meant?

"I've got a big night's work ahead of me," he'd said. "Be sure to tell the boys." Was it bravado? Was it a trap?

"Of course, he lay low to-day!" said Dick quickly. "He's smart, he is. He probably knew we were watching him."

Please turn to Page 50

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES

Her Guardian was in the SAFE

"WHAT'S in that box, Mummie?" asked the inquisitive imp, when she had run into her father's room at bath-time.

"Ah! That's where your Guardian is kept," answered her mother.

It was an A.M.P. policy for £2,000 that was the baby's guardian, and the mother little dreamed that, within a few short weeks, an accident would make that A.M.P. policy not only her baby's guardian, BUT HER OWN guardian as well. The young husband had become a member of the A.M.P. in 1930, when he had thought to take out a policy for £500, but had been persuaded to make it one for £2,000 because his income permitted it. That £2,000, plus six bonuses, were paid to the widow on his death.

Does the moral need to be stressed?

Men and women, who have not thought it necessary to have such guardian for their babes, should remember that this baby's father didn't think that his days were numbered. They should send to the nearest A.M.P. office for an experienced adviser to help them to a wise decision.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

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ETIQUETTE; the unwritten law that demands everything you put before your guests should be the best. That is why experienced hostesses always choose fine, dry, free-running—

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Are the 7 stains spoiling the beauty of

YOUR TEETH : : : YOUR SMILE?

A BRIGHT, sparkling smile—disclosing bright sparkling teeth. You *can* have a smile like that . . . even though your mirror tells you that your teeth now are dull, discoloured.

For Science says dull teeth are only stained teeth, and that these stains *can* be removed — with the right sort of toothpaste.

You see, here's what happens: Everything we eat, drink and smoke leaves 7 kinds of stains on our teeth. (See list below.) At first, these stains are but tiny, invisible deposits, but they gradually build up, unless removed completely, until finally all the world can see them.

And very often these stains *do* build up, no matter how faithfully you brush your teeth. Because most toothpastes — having only *one* cleansing action — can not remove all 7 stains.

But *two* actions get every single stain off — and Colgate's Dental Cream has both. First, a penetrating foam washes away many of the stains. Second, a gentle polishing action removes all the others, while polishing your teeth to a brilliant lustre.

Science classifies the hundreds of tooth stains into these 7 major groups—

1. Meats and other proteins. 2. Cereals and other starchy foods. 3. Vegetables. 4. Sweets. 5. Fruits. 6. Beverages. 7. Tobacco Smoke.

DC 35/9

LARGE TUBE 1/3D

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

IF YOU PREFER POWDER, TRY COLGATE'S NEW PROPHYLACTIC DENTAL POWDER — a special formula releasing oxygen that prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhoea. Sells at 1/6.

Ask the Mother

who has made this change

If you have a boy or girl who is "headachy", "bilious", or subject to "little upsets", try this!

The average mother gives any laxative the family may be using, while doctors give children a liquid laxative of suitable ingredients, suitable strength, and in suitable amount.

If you want to know what a tremendous difference this means to any youngster, just inquire of any mother who has tried it!

An Interesting Experiment

Avoid all use of mineral drugs, whether they are salts, pills, tablets, or "candy" form. Even once a month is too often to give any child a violent cathartic.

Use a liquid laxative containing senna (a natural laxative). California Syrup of Figs has the right amount for children's use, and this rich, fruity syrup does not harm or upset a child's system.

Once you change to California Syrup of Figs instead of harsh medicines, you'll risk no more violence to your child's appetite, digestion, and general physical condition. You'll have a safer, more satisfactory result. Those little upsets and complaints seem just to disappear as a rule and the child is soon normal again.

Remember—

It is not wise to give laxatives of adult strength to a child, just because you give it less frequently or in less amounts. *Stomach upsets and bowel troubles of many growing boys and girls can be traced to this unwise practice.*

Get a bottle of California Syrup of Figs at any chemist. Children like its agreeable taste, and it agrees with them. No need to give a child anything stronger. This fruity syrup is laxative enough; indeed, many adults use it in preference to pills and tablets.

The "Liquid Test"

This is the way to relieve occasional sluggishness, or constipation in a child of any age:

First: Select a liquid laxative of the proper strength for children. Second: Give the dose suited to the child's age, and condition. Third: Reduce the dose, if repeated, until bowels are moving without any help at all.

An ideal laxative for this purpose is California Syrup of Figs which every chemist keeps in stock.

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 325 Pitt Street, Sydney.

The BAD SAMARITAN

Continued from Page 49

"AND how!" Kay muttered to herself.

"But we can't slacken a minute!" Dick went on. "The second he thinks we're off our guard he'll start working. It's important that we patrol the roads to-night. Excuse me for eating and running, but I've got to get back to the cut-off!"

"Maybe we can rouse some neighbor out to help you," said the colonel. "Strikes me you've picked the dangerous post. The truck probably will come in on that road. It's not used much now, you know, since the washout. You'd better take someone with you."

"Oh, I'll be safe enough!" scoffed Dick. "Mike's within sound of a gunshot. And I'm not afraid of Hatch—I've handled tougher propositions than he is."

Brave, thought Kay. Brave and cool. And just a little boyish. Wanted to do the thing alone. Probably—probably wanted to be a hero in her eyes. She smiled with tenderness. But she was a little ashamed to find her hands cold and her lips dry. Hatch was brave and cool, too.

She was seized with a sudden sharp stab of inspiration. To get the calves Hatch would have to go through the gate that separated his pasture from Pete Casey's — poor Pete who had taken the rap for him. Well, if someone were camped in that gate, Hatch would be trapped.

"And any move he made," she reflected, "would be just so much evidence to me."

After the men had saddled fresh mounts and made off to their posts, she read a while to her father, wrote some letters for him, and went to bed sweetly enough. She waited until the light was out in the colonel's room, then crept into her clothes, found an old sleeping-bag she used on camping trips, and saddling a horse, for fear the car would rouse her father, started off into the night.

It was cold and eerie and lonely out in the shadowy pasture. Terrifying business, that camping out by the gate, with only the black, star-riddled sky above her. Kay, wrapped in her sleeping-bag, lay on the ground and watched the barbed strands of wire above her, etched against the moon. She strained for sounds, the pad of approaching footsteps, the whisper of conspirators. Once there was a soft snuffling close to her head—some wild thing. She thought of bears, she thought of wolves, she thought of wild cats. She lay rigid while the snuffling came closer and closer. She remembered old trappers saying it was best to play dead when attacked by animals. There was a blast of warm, hay-scented breath against her cheek, there was an astonished snort, the sudden heavy pounding of feet into the dark. Merely the contraband calves exploring their quarters.

She breathed a deep sigh of relief only to have her nerves flung into panic again by the wild laughter of a coyote somewhere off to the left. Far off among the misty buttes another coyote answered him. A gibbering repartee struck up between them.

The breeze grew cold, stabbing sharply through the sleeping-bag. Kay watched the stars wheel slowly across the sky and thought the night would never end.

And then abruptly she heard the sound of a horse's feet. She saw a black sombrero in the moonlight and a long shadow that fell across her face. She wondered if the thunder of her heart was audible. A figure swung out of the saddle with a faint, clinking sound. In a minute he would be opening the gate. But he didn't open the gate. He came over to her side, instead, and bent above her. "I just thought," said Hatch, "you must be getting cold out here!"

"You—" spluttered Kay, startled at the wave of feeling that shook her.

"So," he continued, "I brought you some hot coffee and a few more sandwiches. If you don't eat them you can file them among your souvenirs. 'How he loved me!' you can tell your grandchildren. 'He was weak on orchids but long on sandwiches. He was mad about me. It was for my sake he gave up rustling and settled down as a bankrupt cowman, the idol of all who knew him'——"

"Don't you ever stop talking?" asked Kay.

"Only when I'm stealing calves," he said amiably. "It's awfully hard to keep up a conversation then—too many distractions. And it wears out the calves."

"It wears out anybody!"

He sighed sadly. "I sometimes think I won't marry you after all. You have no sympathy. And if there's one thing a rustler needs, it's sympathy."

"You certainly won't marry me!" she snapped. "Not if I see you first."

"Then I can only pray you're short-sighted. That is, if I keep my present intentions. Shall I tell you about my present intentions?"

"I can guess!"

"You have a suspicious mind," he brooded. "A suspicious mind and no sympathy. It plumb puzzles me why I'm so wild about you!"

"You've just got in the habit of wanting what doesn't belong to you! By the way, when are you going to get started on your night's work?"

"That's what I'm wondering! Your being here kind of complicates things. You're the bravest darned girl—and the most foolish. I guess that's why I love you."

The wind swung around to the north, getting still colder and rawer. Kay shivered in spite of herself and Hatch's arm came around her, drawing her close to his warm side, though she struggled valiantly.

"Poor little kid!" he murmured. "You're all tuckered out. Now, listen—you keep dead quiet and don't let out a peep, no matter what happens!"

"Well, of all things!" She was indignant. "Asking me to keep quiet while you take my father's calves! Perhaps you want me to help you!"

But he bent forward suddenly in a listening attitude, and his arm about her tightened. "Hush!" he whispered.

She heard it, too, riding down the wind, the deep, distant throbbing of a powerful motor. A truck was coming on the cut-off!

She beat frantically against Hatch's chest. "You've got to stop them!" she cried. "You can't let this go on. Poor Dick—he's out there all alone—"

"So Dick's guarding the cut-off, is he?" the man asked. "That's fine—that's very nice. And don't worry, honey, your fair-haired boy won't get hurt."

"Oh, you——"

He clamped iron fingers across her mouth. "Keep still!" he said. The roar of the truck was drawing nearer. They could hear its deep note as it took the hogback grade. Hatch seized Kay by the arm, and lifted her to her horse. "Come on!" he said. "We'll make for Pete Casey's old corral. That's where the loading takes place. And mind—not a squeak out of you!"

Sullen and desperate, her heart pounding wildly, she followed him. She could at least identify the man on the truck. As they drew near the great, gaunt skeleton of the corral, black against the sky, she saw another figure. Hatch whistled two low notes. The unknown answered with three. Hatch made her dismount and led her to the shadow of the branding chute.

"Don't move!" he said. "And for God's sake keep quiet!" She heard him go to the other man. She heard a low-toned colloquy between the two. There was something about the stranger's voice, soft, drawling, that sounded familiar. She racked her brains to place it. She'd heard it before. She had a feeling she'd heard it many times. The thunder of the truck sounded louder. Hatch and his conspirator stopped talking. They flattened themselves in the dark and waited. She wondered at that. Why were they so cautious? Wouldn't the man on the truck be one of their own number?

FINALLY the great car bumbled across the meadow and into the moonlit space outside the corral. Two men swung down from it. Kay strained her eyes.

Hatch's voice barked suddenly: "Stand where you are! And up with your hands!"

The newcomers spun about as if shot, their arms above their heads. And Kay gave an incredulous gasp. Moonlight flooded the face of Dick Shores. And the other man was Mike, her father's cowhand.

"All right, Tod!" said Hatch. "I'll keep a bead on 'em while you put on the jewellery. It's no use, boys—you'll be wearing bracelets in a minute."

Tod! Of course, it had been Tod's voice she'd recognised. Tod Gammon, the sheriff. Then Hatch must be—why, Hatch must be the detective! Dick had stolen the calves, and it had been very convenient for him to have them all watching Hatch. The snap of handcuffs broke her reverie.

"I'm sorry," Hatch said to her, when they'd loaded the rustlers into the sheriff's waiting car. "Did you have your heart set on loving a cattle-thief?"

"Who's talking about love?" she asked.

"I am," he grinned. "You'll be hearing quite a lot about it."

She changed the subject hastily. "How did you know where I was hiding?"

"That's my secret," he said. "A man has to have some secrets to marry on!"

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JOAN RANKED *Too Low* in the WORLD'S *Tennis* LISTS!

Wimbledon Performance Places Her Ahead of Dorothy Round

By RUTH PREDDEY

The ranking of the world's ten best tennis players, always a difficult task, has provoked more than the usual controversy this year. The latest grading of the players by Mr. Wallis Myers, for instance, has not been as popularly received as on previous occasions.

In Australia we are to a certain degree handicapped because we are so far from the scenes of activity, but, nevertheless, we can judge from the performances recorded, for results cannot lie.

MISS KATHLEEN STAMMERS, England's most outstanding player this year.

MISS JOAN HARTIGAN, Australia's champion, has again been ranked amongst the world's best ten women tennis players.

WORLD'S TWO leading players, Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody and Miss Helen Jacobs, congratulate each other on their tennis performances. They are both Americans.

MR. WALLIS MYERS ranks the ten best women in this order: Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody 1, Miss Helen Jacobs 2, Miss Kathleen Stammers 3, Mme. Sperling 4, Mrs. Fabyan 5, Miss Dorothy Round 6, Mrs. Arnold 7, Mme. Mathieu 8, Miss Joan Hartigan 9, Miss Peggy Scriven 10.

Australians will no doubt agree that the list could be improved upon according to the results of the performances by the players during the last 12 months. To the majority of tennis enthusiasts the following ranking would seem to be an improvement:

Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody (Am.)	1
Miss Helen Jacobs (Am.)	2
Mme. Sperling (Denmark)	3
Miss Kathleen Stammers (Eng.)	4
Mme. Rene Mathieu (France) ..	5
Mrs. Fabyan (America)	6
Miss Joan Hartigan (Australia)	7
Miss Dorothy Round (England)	8
Miss Peggy Scriven (England) ..	9
Mlle. Jedrzejowska (Poland) ..	10

IN Mr. Myers' list of the best ten men players it is difficult to understand why Jack Crawford is ranked ahead of von Cramm. While admitting that Jack Crawford has put up a very creditable performance this time abroad, we must realise that Baron von Cramm was in the finals of both the French and Wimbledon championships.

An analysis of Mr. Myers' ranking of the best ten women will also provoke a great amount of controversy.

Dorothy Round, the present holder of the Australian championship and last year's champion of Wimbledon, has been relegated from last year's No. 1 player to sixth on the list. She did not participate in the French championships, and was defeated in the quarter-finals of Wimbledon by Joan Hartigan.

If it was this defeat that caused her to be ranked sixth on the list, it is difficult to understand why Joan Hartigan, who was ranked in eighth place last year, was placed in ninth position in this year's ranking list.

Joan Hartigan, as it has been pointed out before, left Australia as a private citizen, but was permitted to represent Australia at Wimbledon.

Wimbledon the Test

HER chief interest was in these world's championship matches, as Wimbledon is now known, and she purposely set out to use the minor tournaments in which she played as practice tests for Wimbledon. With the same purpose in view she deliberately avoided any tournaments played on hard courts. This was one of the reasons why she did not enter for the French championships, which were played prior to Wimbledon.

How Joan Hartigan defeated Dorothy Round is well known, and the fact that Joan won three games in each of the two sets played against Helen Wills-Moody should have won her a higher place in the list of the ten best women players.

Women's Davis Cup

THE surprise packet of the ranking is that of Kathleen Stammers, of England. This player has been performing so well during the last year that she has regained the same place in Mr Myers' ranking as she held in 1933. Last year she failed to be included amongst the exclusive ten.

In compiling his list, Mr. Wallis Myers appears to have included the performances of those players who have taken part in the Wightman Cup.

As only Americans and Englishwomen can take part in these series of matches, it seems decidedly unfair that performances based on the results of these matches should be taken into account.

However, this may be another reason why women should have an international Cup match on the same lines as the Davis Cup. This would provide a basis for more even ranking.

The inclusion of Mrs. Arnold, of America, as seventh in the ranking list will occasion some surprise. This diminutive player, who is not quite five feet in height, is also a Wightman Cup player.

Mrs. Fabyan, who was formerly Miss Sarah Palfrey, is also an American Wightman Cup player, and her performance in the recent finals of the American championships would have enhanced her position in rank.

Another sports writer's opinion, published in the London "Times," places the first two in the same position as Mr. Myers, but prefers Mme. Sperling in place of Miss Stammers as third player, ranks Miss Stammers 4, Mme. Mathieu 5, and Dorothy Round 6, as Mr Myers has ranked her. Mrs. Fabyan is placed 7 in the "Times" list, Miss Scriven 8, Miss Hartigan 9, and Mlle. Jedrzejowska 10.

GIRL *Building Yacht for a Crew* OF GIRLS

Adelaide Skipper Starts a New Fashion

A slim young Adelaide girl who has been spending the winter and spring evenings with her brother building a "sharpie" under electric light in her father's garage, not only believes she will be the first woman skipper of that type of yacht, but also that she is creating a record in having a crew composed solely of girls. Phyllis Doherty is the young skipper.

THE Blue Peter, for such her boat is to be called, should be ready for use in a couple of months' time, and Phyllis intends to start it in all races open to sharpies for the coming season, so as to get plenty of practice.

The crew consists of three girls (the regulation number) including the skipper herself. The other two members are Nita Harding, of Croydon, and Gwen Chegwidden, of Kingswood. "Two girls who, although inexperienced, are very very enthusiastic and who are interested in other sports, Nita being a keen hockey player, and Gwen a basketballer and swimmer," is their captain's description of them.

Title Race

MR. C. P. HASELGROVE, who built the first sharpie in South Australia, has offered the crew of the Blue Peter the loan of his boat—the Firefly—so that they may gain experience in sailing and handling the type of boat, and Phyllis' brother, Harcourt, will also give them instruction.

The sharpie is a very recent introduction to the racing yacht world, but for all that the S.A. 12-metre Sharpie Association has £200 in funds to stimulate interest by setting out £100 for the sharpie champion and £100 prize money to encourage international competitors.

These races will be held during the S.A. Centenary at Glenelg, and England, Holland, Germany, and America have all received invitations to compete, and all will probably do so, bringing their own crews and sails to Australia, but using Australian-made boats. Interstate competitors will also probably take part.

A crisp description of the finished craft is given by its pretty young builder in the following words: "The sharpie is a half-decked centre-board boat, gunter-rigged, with a small sail area of approximately 150 square feet. The boats are strongly built of spruce, with beech and oak frames. The design has been worked out to produce a strong and lasting boat which is inexpensive to build and which will stand hard use for a long time."

The Blue Peter will probably sail at Glenelg, where several other craft of the same type are now being built, and Miss Doherty is hoping that other women will follow her example and "man" the yachts for racing. Her own, true to name, will be painted blue and white, and the fair sailors hope to "tog" themselves in blue and white as far as possible, too.

Joyce Wethered's Visit Would Help Our Golfers

WHILE the associates are still concentrating on the "pivot" and the "follow through" as demonstrated by the British women golfers, it is reported that there is a great possibility of Joyce Wethered, the British professional, visiting us next year with Gene Sarazen, the American golf professional.

The prospect of such a visit has already caused excitement among the women golfers, and many who are now spending their spare moments endeavoring to imitate the champions they have seen in action during the last few weeks hope that Miss Wethered's method of play will be along the same lines as the British women's team, which left Australia last week.

Miss Wethered is perhaps one of the first women golfers to turn professional, and in this capacity she is just as outstanding a player as she was as an amateur.

Wherever she has played, large galleries have collected, and there is not the slightest doubt that her visit to Australia would be a decided success. Gene Sarazen, on the other hand, was a popular visitor when he toured Australia last year with Joe Kirkwood.

Gene Sarazen and Joyce Wethered would probably prove the greatest drawcard golf has ever had in Australia.

In view of the fact that the Australian associates hope that the time is not far distant when Australia will be sending a team of representatives to England, another visit of a woman champion from overseas would help considerably with the perfecting of a prospective team.

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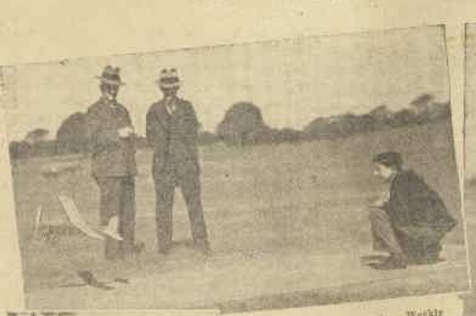

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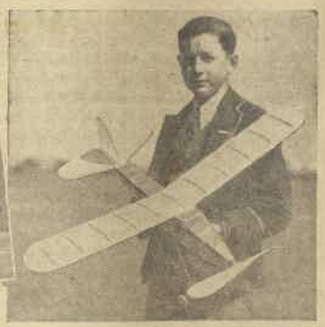

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By ARTHUR APPLIN

Author of "Winning Through," "Storm Driven," Adventure For Two," etc.

CHAPTER 1

"HOW'S the old bus running?" Derek Rathbone looked up and slowly straightened himself—six foot of bone and muscle, long and lean, with the high cheek-bones of the Celt and dark brown eyes. Wiping his hands on the grease rag he pulled a cigarette from the pocket of his overalls and lit it.

"She's running as sweet as ever she did," he replied, looking at the dapper little chauffeur who drove a supercharged racer, whose millionaire owner occasionally entered it at Brooklands. "You wouldn't think I'd been running her for seven years, would you?" He opened the throttle. "Listen to that! She purrs like a cat full of milk."

The professional driver nodded, appreciatively. "And I bet you get more fun out of that old bus than my boss does out of his two thousand quid's worth! It's taking pains that does it; to my mind a car's like a woman; a bit of spit and polish is no good. You can't shove them into a garage after a hard day's work and expect them to come out fresh and lively next morning."

Derek blinked his eyes and rubbed his nose, reflectively, leaving a smudge of oil on it. "Don't know much about women—but I dare say you're right."

The chauffeur wished him "good night" and Derek had the garage to himself again. He closed the bonnet of the car, cleaned his hands on some cotton waste and, getting inside, started to polish the instruments on the dash-board.

Nina had promised to go out with him on Sunday for a picnic; he wondered where he would take her. It must be somewhere away from the crowds, some place where they could be alone. She'd kept him guessing too long, though it wasn't her fault. Since she'd lost her film job her new work had taken her right away from him. Something had to be done about it. He polished the fittings viciously, humming, meanwhile, the latest dance tune—music that suggested sunshine and love. He started as he felt a hand on his arm. Nina James was standing beside him, leaning through the open door.

"Hullo, Derek," she smiled. "I saw the car as I was passing; thought you couldn't be far away."

"Getting ready for Sunday; it's all right, isn't it, Nina?"

She nodded. "I think so. Derek, something's happened; I'm fearfully excited."

He leant back, looking at her greedily; he was hungry for her, had been ever since he first met her on the stairs at Coulson Mansions, and discovered that she owned the flat just above his. Romance from the word "Go." Marvellous that it should have happened to an ordinary, commonplace fellow like him.

"Something's always happening to you, Nina." He took her hand. "Get in and tell me all about it."

"I mustn't stop, Derek; I'm meeting my brother at half-past six." But she sat beside him on the low seat, and he kept her hand in his.

"I don't like this mysterious brother of yours—any more than I like your mysterious job, keeping an eye on some mentally deficient old man in the wilds of Hampstead, or whatever it is. Look here, Nina, I've made up my mind it's got to stop. Can't you give it up? If it's a question of money—why, if you got a chance you'd wipe any film star off the map. And, ducky, I'm writing you a play!"

SHE laughed, and when she laughed her face lighted up, her dark blue eyes shone. Derek's heart leapt as he looked at her. "I don't know that I want to wipe any film star off the map. It would be such an effort—and I'm a lazy little cat, really——"

"You're wonderful! Nina—I love you." He put his arms round her. "You've heard it dozens of times before, I suppose. It's so jolly difficult to express what I feel; there don't seem to be any words for what I want to tell you. You're so beautiful. You're different from all other women——"

"Darling——" Her eyes, set wide apart, with dark lashes, looked at him, tenderly. She began to laugh. "You've got an enormous smudge down your nose—it makes you look so sweet——"

"Bother my nose!" He bent forward and kissed her mouth. She put her arms round his neck, clung to him a moment, then drew back.

"I do love you, Derek—but I must go now."

"You can't go!" he cried. "I can't let you go. I've never seen you look so lovely, darling——"

"It's my hat—and I'm wearing a decent dress for once in a way. I made it—the hat I mean."

"I can't see anything but your face." He touched a wisp of the honey-colored hair. "You haven't told me your news yet."

"Well, I went down to the studio to-day—just to see what was going on—and, my dear, Schneider, the German producer, saw me and told me there was a small part going in a new film that would suit me. He's going to send me a contract. It's terribly good to get into one of his productions—isn't it wonderful?"

HE didn't reply. He knew it was mean and petty to be jealous of her work, but he couldn't help being jealous of anything that took her away from him. Nina knew what he was thinking. She opened her bag and took out her lipstick. "It's a good salary, Derek; it will make all the difference to us."

"It will mean that you [illegible] this rotten job in Hampstead?"

She closed her bag very slowly. "Yes—I hope so." She got out of the car. "Don't ask any more questions now, Derek. If things go right I may have a wonderful surprise for you. Now I simply must fly."

She ran across the road and disappeared into the entrance of Coulson Mansions. She mounted the stone stairs so quickly that she was out of breath when she reached the top. She closed her front door quietly behind her, and stood for a few moments looking round the small sitting-room. It had the tired, unwelcoming atmosphere of a place that has not been lived in for some weeks. She opened the window, drew the curtains, and went into the bedroom. She took off her hat and dress and shoes and laid them carefully away in the wardrobe; then put on a plain, black costume that was lying on the bed, where she had left it a few hours before.

She washed her hands in the bathroom adjoining, looking at her face in the mirror, then took down a pot of cold cream and removed the make-up she'd put on for Schneider's benefit. There was a double knock at the door. She wiped the grease off hurriedly and went to open it. Tom James came in. The only resemblance he bore to his sister was in the color and shape of his eyes. His skin was very dark, burnt almost the color of mahogany by tropical suns. His features keen, his hands long with finely-tapered fingers. He was neither tall nor broad, but there was a suggestion of wiry strength about him and a look of dogged determination in the cul-

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tured face. He took Nina's hand, and kissed her affectionately.

"This is the first time I've seen you dressed for the part. Lord, Nina, you look a regular tweeny."

"I don't feel it, anyway! I've been down to the studio, Tom, and Schneider saw me and offered me a part."

She sat down on the arm of the chesterfield. "Look here, Tom, I'm getting fed up, hanging about Nathan's house. How much longer is this business going on?"

He closed the bathroom door, drew the curtains closer, and switched on the light. "Listen, Nina. I've found my man at last, a Burmese, Abdur Kurim. He was at the Haunch Street cafe this afternoon. That's where all the big deals are done. There was the Russian, Peter Bortch, with him—who will introduce him to Nathan. Bortch and this man, Abdur Kurim, have got the jewels. Unless they quarrel about the price with Nathan, which isn't likely, he'll buy them. After that they will be at his house . . . in his safe."

Nina got up and lit a cigarette.

"They won't be there long," Tom went on, slowly. "That will be our last chance. Nathan's about the cleverest and the most powerful man in the business—but I doubt if even he can get rid of the jewels without cutting them up. You know what it means to me, Nina. The Rajah of Matala is expected in Europe this month or next. He's put his faith in me to get the jewels back. If only I can deliver them our fortunes are made! I'm particularly anxious, now, because there is a gang of crooks after them, too. I've been shadowed, and I expect they will tackle Nathan, too, when he gets them."

NINA was twisting the cigarette between her fingers. "How shall I know when—when he's got them?"

"It will be to-morrow or Sunday—Saturday is the Jews' Sabbath, and your employer is strictly orthodox! I shan't know till the last minute. I'll phone you. That will be all right because Nathan will be out of the house. You know the combination of his safe?"

She nodded. "Unless he changes it."

Tom glanced at her. "Good girl—you must watch for that. You're not afraid?"

"No. . . . I was thinking—about Derek."

"That journalist fellow below?" He got up and began to walk to and fro. "Are you in love with him, Nina? I don't like journalists. They're always nosing about for a story——"

"He's a lawyer, really," she said, quickly; "only he hated it so. He's all right, Tom. I'm not frightened . . . only I couldn't bear to do anything to hurt him."

Tom put his arm round her shoulders. "Don't be afraid. Once you've got the jewels we're safe. Nathan will be powerless—you see, he daren't do anything." He glanced at his watch. "You ought to be going I suppose. No chance of our running into your young man? We'd better not be seen together."

Nina gave a nervous laugh: "Don't think I should like to take up crime as a profession, Tom—perhaps being in love makes one squeamish."

Tom threw himself into an armchair, and lit a cigarette.

"Look here, old girl," he said. "If you feel rotten about it, it's not too late——"

She turned quickly. "What do you take me for, Tom? I'm going through with this whatever happens. I don't really mind feeling like a criminal . . . but spying on old Nathan, and all that——" She threw her cigarette away. "Of course I know that in working for the Rajah we're working for the British Government—and that your being asked to trace the jewels, and get them back before the news of the theft leaks out, with the chances of another 'political crisis,' is jolly flattering——"

Tom smiled. "It's not that. The Rajah's been awfully decent to me. Ever since I started in as tutor to his son I've been one of the family—gone all over the place with them, and lived like a prince. Fine chap, his son, too . . . Prince Rama Singh thinks more about the state of his people than his own comfort. It was he who really got me going about recovering the jewels without incriminating his people. His father, the old Rajah, would think nothing of hanging half the household if the theft was traced, even to one of the servants! Rama Singh persuaded his father to keep the whole thing quiet—hence all this mystery and secrecy . . . and you see, if Nathan gets away with the great ruby he's sure to have it cut up—and then no end of a curse will descend upon the Rajah's family, and the State—and they'll probably begin fighting again. You know the sort of thing that happens—some blighter starts a rumor that a neighboring State has stolen the thing—produces a bit of ruby and says it's part of the great ruby—and then a few starts, and ends in a first-class war."

Nina took a deep breath. "Glad you've told me all this, Tom. Funny old thing, not to have told me before. Now I feel quite happy about it. Wish I could tell Derek, though."

Tom got up. "You must promise not to do that! Not even when we've recovered the jewels!"

"All right," she said, quietly. "But I'd trust Derek—with my life."

CHAPTER 2

THE following afternoon Montague Nathan was slowly pacing through the garden of his Hampstead house. High brick walls on either side hid it from the eyes of inquisitive neighbors, and at the end a huge acacia tree screened it from the eyes of inquisitive neighbors, and from the houses on the other side of the road. The late autumn roses were still blooming, and Nathan bent his ungainly frame over a beautiful specimen of Scarlet Glory to inhale the perfume. Taking a tiny penknife from his pocket he carefully cut the scarlet bud, and held it out in front of him.

In the dining-room where she was clearing the table, Nina James paused to watch him, and wondered if he really saw the rose, for she was certain those heavily-lidded eyes were closed, and that he was not thinking of flowers at that moment. She watched him curiously, standing where the curtains hid her from sight.

Slowly he crossed the crazy pavement and entered the house. Nina bent over the table as he came into the room. He stood behind her. It was a favorite trick of his—standing behind people. She felt the eagle-like eyes fixed on her back; experienced a feeling as if an octopus were reaching out its tentacles to hold her.

"I'm going to the City now," he said, "but I shall be back about seven. Put out my clothes, I'm dining with friends."

"Yes, sir. And if anyone rings up, you're in the City?"

"Yes—expect me back any moment. Never forget to say that."

As she turned she saw that he was trying to fasten the rosebud into his buttonhole. His hands fascinated her; large, with long fingers, delicate and soft as a woman's. She took a pin from her dress and fastened the rose in the long dust-coat. He always wore a rose when he went to the City. Tom had told her that Nathan had never been seen in the Haunch Street cafe without one in his buttonhole, and to-day it was small and blood-red—like a ruby! An omen, perhaps.

FOR an instant he raised the heavy lids of his eyes and looked at her—just like an eagle's, those eyes, piercing, searching for prey, inscrutable.

She watched him walk across the parquet floor, pick up his soft, black hat and heavy malacca cane, and close the front door noiselessly behind him. She finished clearing the lunch away, went into the pantry, and began to polish the silver—waiting for the telephone call from Tom. An hour passed before the bell rang. She ran into the study, picked up the receiver quickly, and said, "Hullo?" in a toneless voice.

"Is that Heath 4200?"

Nina knew who was speaking at once. Her hand trembled a little, but in the same toneless voice she replied: "Yes, Mr. Nathan's house. He has just gone out—the parlor-maid speaking."

There was silence a moment; she glanced over her shoulder to make sure the door was closed. The voice at the other end of the wire came again, low but clear. "Peter Bortch and Abdur Kurim are meeting him this afternoon at the cafe in Haunch Street. Are you quite ready?"

"Yes," she replied. "But he said he was dining out this evening."

"Good! That should help. If you are successful, bring them to the flat. I'll be there in any case about half-past nine."

She went upstairs and put out Nathan's evening clothes, then went into the bathroom adjoining his bedroom. There was another door here into the passage which was always kept locked and bolted. She withdrew the bolt and put the yale lock on the catch. It was unlikely that Nathan would try the door before he went to bed—and then it would be too late to take precautions!

She stood looking at her reflection in the long mirror on the wall, thinking that if Derek could see her in her parlor-maid's uniform he probably would not recognise her. It suited her but it seemed to alter her entirely. It was a different woman who had caught the attention of Schneider in the studio yesterday.

She collected the bath-towels before she left the room. If anything went wrong that would provide an excuse for entering the bathroom when Nathan came back.

As she left the room she heard a distant peal of thunder. The storm was coming up.

CHAPTER 3

MONTAGUE NATHAN got off the bus at Holborn Circus, walked slowly through Hatton Garden and turned right, past the fish market where he stopped for a few moments. Pieces of melting ice lay in the gutter, salt powdered the pavement. The air reeked with the smell of fish and disinfectant. He poked some garbage on the road with his stick. A dirty business. He felt thankful for roses and jewels.

He walked slowly into Haunch Street, turned into a dingy building with grey-curtained windows, and swing doors that didn't close properly. At the end of a passage was a large, low-ceilinged room filled with small, marble-topped tables. Around the wall leather-covered seats divided by partitions made little alcoves for each table. There was a counter at one end of the room with three steaming urns, rows of china cups and saucers, dishes of sweet cakes and sandwiches under glass covers. The place was almost deserted; by the dim, artificial light Nathan saw through the haze of grey smoke two men sitting in an alcove by the window playing dominoes. Two other men sat in the centre of the room, chairs drawn close up to the table, leaning on their elbows, each with a half-smoked cigar between his lips.

Nathan paused a moment to watch the men playing dominoes. They showed no sign of recognition and he took a seat facing the bar, chose a cigar from his case, cut it carefully, lit it carefully, and sat back. He told Andrew, the attendant, to bring him tea with a slice of lemon in it; then he buried himself in a newspaper.

Ten minutes passed and one of the two men in the centre of the room got up and

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left. Nathan looked at the clock, took the rose out of his buttonhole, smelt it, held it in front of him, and then laid it on the table. The men playing dominoes brought their game to an abrupt end and got up. One was tall, with thick, black hair, and eyes nearly as dark; the other, a Burmese, lean to the point of emaciation.

As they reached Nathan's table he looked up, nodded to them, and held out his cigar-case. "Good afternoon, Mr. Borich," he said to the tall man.

"This is Abdur Kurim." the Russian said as he sat down. Abdur bowed; he kept his hands in the loose sleeves of his coat. Borich leaned across the table. "Show my client what you have brought," he said.

The Burmese drew his chair still closer to the table, spread out his arms so that they screened the surface. Slowly he withdrew his hands from the sleeves of his coat; dark, bony hands, smooth and shiny as bronze. The clawlike fingers plucked a small pouch of pigskin from his vest pocket, put it on the table and untied the string that bound the mouth. He held it out to Nathan.

Nathan put his handkerchief on the table, emptied the contents of the pouch on to it. There were three stones, one a ruby, the size of a pigeon's egg, the other two emeralds, slightly smaller. Nathan produced a small dichroscope from his pocket and examined the ruby. He struck a match and held each stone for an instant against the light. He rubbed the emeralds gently between his finger and thumb, then dropped the stones into the bag and put it in his trousers pocket.

"If they are cut," he said, "they will be ruined; yet it is practically impossible to dispose of them as they are."

"America?" Borch suggested.

Nathan shrugged his shoulders as he opened a wallet and took out a wad of notes. He put them on the tabel. "I mentioned my price; you will never get a better. If you are satisfied, let us drink another cup of tea."

IT was six o'clock before he left the cafe. He skirted the fish market, walking quickly. Dark clouds set heavily over the City. He waited in Holborn Circus for an omnibus. It was growing dark when he walked up the steps of his front door; thunder rolled continuously, and every now and then a flash of lightning swept the streets. From the landing window Nina had seen him coming. She ran downstairs and switched on the lights in the hall as Nathan came in.

"Going to be a storm, Sir," she said as she took his hat and coat.

Nathan grunted. "I am using the car to-night. . . . If you and the others like you can sit in the study and listen to the wireless."

She watched him walk upstairs, his hands in his trousers pockets just like an ordinary man, she thought; generally they swung by his sides when he walked, like an ape's. She waited until she heard him lock his door, then ran upstairs, fetched the towels from the linen cupboard, listened outside the bathroom door and went in, noiselessly. She had left the communicating door open; in the mirror opposite it she could see Nathan's reflection. He was standing at the far end of the bedroom, his back towards her. She couldn't see what he was doing—but she knew, and her heart beat quickly. She held her breath, heard the faint click of the secret panel sliding back.

She moved towards the door and watched him put his fingers on the dial of the safe. The light fell full on it; she strained her eyes, saw each movement of the long, sensitive fingers. To the right, half an inch perhaps; the same distance to the left, then back—again to the left—to the right. His hand tightened its grip and slowly, noiselessly, the door of the safe swung open.

Nathan moved, his profile outlined against the dark panelled wall; the eagle eyes were no longer hooded. He seemed to be listening. The slightest movement and he would discover her. She pressed the warm bath-towels against her breast. Surely he must hear the thumping of her heart? Suddenly there was a crash of thunder. He took a little bag from his pocket, and put it into the safe.

Nina gained the passage, picked up her shoes, and glided downstairs. She went to the kitchen and told cook they could listen to the wireless if they liked. "Nothing worth hearing till about half-past eight, though. When the old man's gone I want to run round to the tobacconist and meet my boy—ahan't be long."

The cook, a fat, amiable creature, said: "Bring him in if you like, dearie. What about dancing in the hall? Don't see why we shouldn't have a party."

The chauffeur rang the front door-bell to say the car was round. Nina waited in the hall for Nathan to come down. A quarter of an hour passed, then she heard his bedroom door open. She handed him his hat and coat, and followed him to the car, spreading a rug across his knees. "Does Thompson know where you're going, sir?"

Nathan looked at her. "Yes. Don't forget what I said about listening to the wireless. Very good programme to-night—you'll enjoy it."

"Certainly, sir. Thank you, sir."

Very thoughtful of him! Plenty of lights in the house, plenty of noise—keep away possible burglars. As the tail-light of the car disappeared, a man came out of the shadows of the house opposite, stood beneath the street lamp, and opened a newspaper. A servant, probably. Nothing very remarkable about him except the large, black, velour hat. Nina went back into the house, ran quickly upstairs to her room and changed her clothes. In the corridor she stopped to listen. Cook was getting supper ready, and Alice, the housemaid, was holding forth to her from the scullery on the merits of the orchestra, which they were to hear on the wireless.

CHAPTER 4

SHE locked and bolted the bathroom door, pulled on a pair of thin rubber gloves, went into the bedroom and took a torch from her pocket. It seemed a little unnecessary to take such precautions, but she had been well schooled by Tom. In a second she had the secret panel open. For fully a minute she stood with the circle of light directed on the safe before she touched the dial. She felt certain she remembered. She turned the dial . . . it was like searching for wave lengths on a wireless. . . .

She pulled the knob. She had heard the tumblers fall into their places—but the door didn't open.

Suddenly she started. Her heart seemed to rise in her throat as she heard a strange scraping noise outside the window. With her hand on the dial she turned, and as she did so the door of the safe swung open. Perhaps it was a branch of ivy torn loose by the storm that she had heard against the window. It came again. She switched out the torch and groped with her hand in the safe.

Her fingers touched something soft and as they closed over it she felt three hard, protruding lumps. She couldn't see what she held, daren't wait to look. No further sound came from the window now, but she was conscious that there was someone—or something—there!

As she opened the bedroom door the heavy curtain bellied out. Someone outside was opening the window!

Somehow Nina found herself in the street, but didn't know how she got there. On the other side of the road she saw the man still reading his newspaper beneath the lamp. It was not until she reached the tube station and was going down in the lift that she began to think that that was a queer way of spending a wet evening. Immediately her imagination was on fire. She sat very upright in the tube, clutching her bag tightly on her lap, reading the names of the stations they passed through. Why hadn't she taken a taxi? She must have been mad to go by train. . . . Perhaps she had imagined the noise outside the window. . . . Perhaps Nathan had opened it himself while he was dressing; he loved looking at the tangled branches of the old acacia tree silhouetted against the sky at the bottom of the garden.

She turned off the Marylebone Road into Coulson Street, waited a moment as if afraid she might have been followed, then entered the block of flats. Once inside she felt safe; no one knew; no one could possibly suspect; she might even return to Nathan's house and listen to the wireless and discover the robbery for him when she turned down his bed! Cook would think her young man had kept her. But she hadn't decided what to do. Tom would tell her.

She took out her latchkey and noticed she was still wearing the rubber gloves. She peeled them off and thrust them into her bag, guiltily. She would burn them when she got to her room. She walked slowly up the stone staircase, pausing on each landing; she must be calm in case she met anyone, yet when she reached the fourth floor she was breathless. She walked quietly along the corridor. There were only two flats on this floor; the door of Derek's stood open. She tiptoed past, and was just mounting the next flight when she heard his voice behind her.

"Nina! Where on earth have you sprung from? Why didn't you tell me you were coming home?"

"I didn't know myself till—till half an hour ago." She tried to speak calmly; her breath was coming in short gasps; her heart beating like a hammer. "I've got an appointment—at my flat. Business—film producer."

He caught her hand, pulled her into his flat, and took her in his arms. He looked into her eyes—a dangerous thing to do, he knew. Her eyes had the mystery and fascination of all the women of all ages.

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm jealous, I suppose. How can I help being jealous of everything and everyone that keeps you from me? I never know where you are, nor what you're up to. You're a mystery!"

"That's what a man expects a girl to be, isn't it?"

She released herself, standing with her back to the fireplace, lit a cigaret'e, and smiled at him. She was listening for Tom's footsteps outside. She hadn't an idea what the time was now—he might be waiting upstairs already. Derek was speaking:

"I wish you'd trust me," he said. "I know there's something you're keeping from me. I don't want to pry into your affairs. I only want to help you. And I've got a feeling that I can help. Something's worrying you."

She shook her head. "I have been worried, but it's all over, now. Everything's going to be wonderful, Derek, only you mustn't keep me now."

"Can't you tell me about it?"

HE pulled forward a huge chair, she dropped into it. Suddenly she felt deadly tired. She crossed her knees, and lay back, still clutching her bag tightly. He offered her a cocktail, and she drank it, greedily. She wished Derek wouldn't stare at her, but he couldn't keep his eyes off her. He wanted to touch her, hold her, kiss her.

"I love your room, Derek," she said, automatically.

Derek shrugged his shoulders. She had put up a barrier between them. "It's an awful hole, really, except for those very rare moments when you're in it."

"It mayn't be beautiful," she went on in

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a husky voice, "but it's got something as good as—if not better than, beauty—"

She stopped, listening for footsteps. She talked just to keep Derek from asking questions—and to hide her anxiety.

Derek came and sat on the arm of her chair. "Nina, why have you come back?"

"I've told you, Derek. It's about my contract." She rose to her feet. "Listen! I think I hear him coming."

Derek stopped her as she reached the door. "Can't I see you when he's gone? . . . I'm longing to read you the first act of the play I told you about. You inspired it!"

"All right—I'll ring your bell. Don't come out. He'll think it queer if I'm not waiting for him . . . These film people are very impatient, you know!"

She was certain she had heard footsteps, but there was no sound now. She shut the door behind her. The corridor was empty, and in darkness. Someone had switched out the light on the stairs. She went up to her flat. Tom hadn't arrived. She took the leather pouch from her bag, untied the string, and looked inside. She didn't know much about jewels, but there was no doubt about these. She held the ruby in the palm of her hand, fascinated. The most precious of all precious stones! She imagined it shining on the breast of the Eastern prince from whom it had been stolen . . . The deep green of the emeralds served to enhance its beauty.

Suddenly she felt frightened in case Tom didn't come. She heard a clock strike. He ought to have been waiting for her. Someone might have stopped him—kidnapped him. If so, they would come here! She was working herself up into a panic. She daren't keep the jewels in her bag. She stared round the room, racking her brains for a hiding place, then went into the the bathroom.

The jar of cold cream was standing on a cabinet. She had left the lid off the day before. She picked it up thoughtfully.

The front door-bell rang—two short, sharp rings. Nina started and drew a deep breath of relief. Tom had come.

She picked up a towel, wiped the cold cream off her fingers and put the pot back on the shelf.

She opened the front door and stepped back with a sharp cry. The man who stood outside was not Tom. He pushed his way into the room, and Nina recognised the man in the black velour hat who had been reading a newspaper under the lamp opposite Montague Nathan's house!

CHAPTER 5

DEREK glanced at his watch. Half an hour had passed since Nina left his room. He had heard her visitor ring the bell and go into her flat. He wondered how long he would keep her and felt another twinge of jealousy; infernally silly, of course, but she was so young and beautiful.

He lit a pipe and tried to read the evening paper, but he couldn't concentrate. He put a record on the gramophone and sat down again. Perhaps Nina was listening to a stupendous offer; pretty poor chance he'd stand if she did suddenly blossom out into a film star.

He got up, impatiently, to put on a different record, and as he did so heard a faint cry; then, distinctly, the crash of glass followed by a thud. He dropped the record and sprang to the door.

The passage was in darkness. He rushed upstairs to Nina's flat. A crack of light came from the door. He went in, saw her lying crumpled up on the floor of the sitting-room, her arms stretched before her.

Derek knelt down; there was blood on her forehead and an ugly swelling. Her eyes were closed. "Nina!" he cried. "Nina!"

He picked her up and carried her to the sofa. Her face was dead white and her lips colorless. He dashed down to his own flat to fetch some brandy and a wad of lint. When he came back he noticed for the first time that the room had been turned upside down; a chair by the window was upset; a tray with syphons and broken glasses scattered over the floor.

He moistened Nina's lips with the brandy. Presently she opened her eyes, bewilderment in them.

"It's all right, darling," he said; "it's all right. Don't move; lie quite still."

She tried to raise herself, and pointed to the bathroom door, which was wide open. "In there," she whispered. "Be careful. In there, please, quickly——"

"Nina, you must lie still," he cried.

"There," she repeated. "Don't let them take it——" Her voice trailed away.

Derek went to the bathroom. It was empty. The window was wide open and he looked out, seeing only the fire-escape staircase two or three feet below, which zigzagged to the landing windows of each floor. He went back to the sitting-room and, picking up the telephone, asked the exchange to put him through to the nearest doctor.

While he waited she said: "Is it there? Is—it—there?"

"Yes, dear, everything's all right. Don't try to speak now."

A voice came over the wire: "This is Doctor Hartley's house."

As Derek answered, the front door creaked behind him; he turned—the wind must have blown it open. "Will you ask Doctor Hartley to come at once to 10 Coulson Mansions, Coulson Street? Very urgent——"

"I'm sorry, sir, the doctor's out. He may come in any moment, though."

Derek rang off and asked the exchange to try another. This time he was successful. He got through to a Doctor Brown, who said he would be round in a minute or two. He knelt down again beside Nina. There was blood oozing from the wound on her forehead; her eyes were clouded and her face deathly. A great fear seized him; he fetched some water and bathed her forehead, listening intently for footsteps in the passage outside. Why the devil didn't the doctor come? He felt's Nina's arm around his neck; she was trying to pull his head down, trying to whisper something. He smiled reassuringly.

"Derek—get my cold cream—the china jar——"

The expression on her face looked as if she were going through some terrific mental strain. "That's all right. Don't worry, darling! I'll get it in a minute." He thought her mind was wandering; her hands were moving restlessly.

"Bring it now!" she urged. "I must have it!"

To humor her he went to the bathroom and found a large china pot of cold cream; looked like part of her theatrical make-up.

She stretched out her hands, touched it, then pushed it back. "That's right. Keep it, Derek. Don't let anyone——"

Her arm fell limply over the side of the chesterfield; her eyes closed again. Derek heard footsteps in the stone passage. Putting the jar down, he went to the door, and found a man facing him.

"I'm Doctor Hartley," the man said. "I just got back as you rang off. What's the trouble?"

DEREK began to explain, but the doctor cut him short, bending over Nina and making a brief examination. "Better take her straight to hospital," he said. "This is a nasty wound. We won't waste time waiting for an ambulance. My car's below, so I'll run her round to the hospital myself." He stood up and gave Derek a quick glance. "How did it happen?"

"I don't know. I was sitting in my room waiting for her to finish interviewing somebody—she's on the films. About half an hour after her visitor arrived I heard a crash, and a thud——"

"Was she conscious when you came in? Has she told you anything?—made any statement?"

"No—nothing."

"Have you informed the police? No? Well, as soon as you've helped me downstairs with her, you'd better ring them up. Is that her bedroom? I'll see if I can find a blanket or something to wrap her in."

He strode into Nina's bedroom. Derek knelt beside her, called her name, and tried to bring her back to consciousness. Her eyes fluttered open and she tried to speak; Derek bent down to catch the words, but could only hear, "Don't let them——" when Hartley came back with an eiderdown, wrapped her in it quickly, and carried her to the door. Derek followed him down the stairs.

A LARGE saloon car was standing outside in the street. As Hartley pushed the engine into gear he said to Derek:

"You'd better wait until I ring up from the hospital and say how things are, before you get hold of the police. It will only take about five minutes."

"Where are you taking her?"

"Oh, St. Anne's, of course."

Before Derek could speak, the car leapt forward and turned into the main road. At the same moment a taxi dashed up to the door and stopped. A man got out and asked Derek where number 10 was: "Someone has telephoned for a doctor to come at once. My name is Brown."

Derek explained that the first doctor who had been called had arrived, and already taken Miss James to the hospital. Brown didn't wait for any further explanation. With a—"That's all right, then. Sorry I couldn't get here sooner," he turned and hurried away.

Derek went upstairs. He stood in Nina's sitting-room for a few moments looking round, taking in details which he hadn't noticed before. A large vase of flowers had been knocked off the table, the bureau was open, and the contents scattered on the floor. He was going to pick them up when he remembered that if the police were called in, everything must be left exactly as it was. He went into her bedroom, finding the doors of the wardrobe open, and drawers pulled out. Everything in the two rooms pointed to a struggle which suggested a quarrel—a jealous lover? A thief?

He stood at the bureau fingering the telephone. Once the police were called in Nina's private life would be dug up. Press reporters would come in like a pack of wolves, eager to tear her life—perhaps his—to shreds if they could make a good story. Too well he knew the game! And he loved her. Now he realised for the first time how much his love meant to him. Yet he knew nothing about her—nothing! He picked up the telephone, intending to call up the hospital, when a movement in the room made him turn sharply. A man was standing behind him with an automatic revolver.

"Put that down, and tell me what you're doing here,' the man said.

"Drop that gun," Derek said, quietly. He asked the exchange for St. Anne's Hospital. The man made a sudden movement towards him as if to seize the telephone, but Derek's foot shot out, tripped him up, and sent him sprawling; before he could recover his gun Derek kicked it in the direction of the bathroom.

"That was neat," the man said, picking himself up.

"If you move an inch I'll show you something neater, and not so nice," Derek retorted. He put the receiver to his ear and kept his eye on the man. "St. Anne's Hospital? Dr. Hartley brought in a casualty about a quarter of an hour ago from Coulson Mansions—Miss Nina James . . ."

"What's happened?" the man interrupted.

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Derek didn't reply. The hall porter was speaking. Derek's face changed color. "What do you say?" he cried. "No casualty admitted since seven o'clock!"

"Tell me what's happened!" the man at his side cried again.

"I'll tell you directly when I know who you are and why you're here," Derek said, shortly.

"I'm her brother—Tom James. For God's sake——"

Derek got through to St. John's Hospital, the only other hospital in the neighborhood. Same result. They didn't know Doctor Hartley and no casualty of the name of Nina James had been admitted that evening.

Finally Derek got through to Doctor Hartley's house. A pleasant voice answered him saying it was Doctor Hartley himself speaking. Derek's grip tightened on the telephone as he heard Hartley say, "Yes, my servant told me someone had rung up but I have only just come in——"

Derek dropped the receiver, stood speechless, staring at Tom James, who seized him by the shoulder: "What's happened to Nina?" he cried, "tell me what's happened to my sister."

WITH an effort Derek pulled himself together. "You're her brother, are you? Well, Nina was having a cocktail with me in my flat below before she came up here to keep an appointment with someone. While I was waiting for her to come back I heard a crash, and rushed up. She was lying on the floor with a wound on her forehead. I fetched some brandy and then I rang up a doctor. They said he was out, but about two minutes later he turned up—a Doctor Hartley—saying he'd just got back as I rang off. And he took her to St. Anne's Hospital in his car. He said he was taking her there—but she's not there! They've both disappeared. When I got through to Hartley again he said he's never been here at all! What's it mean? Do you know what it means?"

"Out of the way! Give me that gun!" James cried. "You fool, you've let them get hold of her."

"Who?" Derek seized the telephone. "Stop where you are. I'm going to call the police."

Tom James caught his arm. "Wait! The police mustn't come into this. Not now! Wait—for Nina's sake!"

That stopped Derek. "For Nina's sake!" He put down the telephone but picked up the gun and kept James covered. "Was Nina's appointment to-night with you? She told me it was business—a film producer."

"She came here on purpose to meet me . . . to bring me some—information on behalf of someone for whom I am working. She must have been followed—and robbed. Can you describe the man who took her away, who said he was Doctor Hartley?"

Derek tried to remember; he'd been too excited to notice anything in detail. "An ordinary-looking man—dark, clean-shaven, prominent teeth—I think he was wearing a grey suit and a black hat——"

James turned away with a gesture of impatience. "Good heavens, you might have known a doctor wouldn't have rushed a girl off to hospital just because she had been stunned! Have you searched the flat?"

Derek shook his head.

"What did this doctor do while he was here? Quick—there's not a second to lose."

"He examined her—asked how it happened—and went into the other room to fetch a blanket."

James ran into the bedroom; the clothes had been torn off the bed and thrown in a heap on the floor. The wardrobe was open, and the drawers ransacked. He went into the bathroom and examined the window-ledge; anyone climbing in or trying to get out that way would be almost certain to leave some mark.

It would have been easy, however, for anyone to hide there, or in the bedroom, when Derek disturbed him, and to slip out when he went to fetch the brandy. He went back to the sitting-room.

Derek was walking up and down impatiently. "Have you found anything?" he cried, "got any clue?"

"No. The bedroom's been ransacked. They've searched everywhere—it looks as if they couldn't find what they wanted—so they've taken Nina!"

Without any real cause Derek had always suspected this brother of Nina's. It was strange that she had never arranged for them to meet. He loathed suspicion—but how was he to know that this man was indeed her brother?

"Look here," he said, "I'm going to marry your sister, James. Drop all this mystery, and tell me all you know. What was this 'information' Nina had that somebody wanted? And who is it, who has taken her away? And be quick about telling me, too."

"I can't tell you anything yet. Nina was helping me in my job——"

"What is your job?" Derek put his hand on the telephone again.

"Stop!" There was a note in James' voice that arrested Derek. He spoke as one accustomed to giving commands, and being obeyed. "You mustn't question me now. It's impossible to explain yet. We've got to find Nina—"

He poured himself out some brandy, and drank it quickly. As he put the glass down he picked up Nina's bag, took out her latch-keys, and slipped them hastily into his pocket as Derek turned round.

His eye fell on the jar of cold cream; he picked it up, and held it to his nose, sniffing. Derek watched him. Suddenly he remembered that in the brief interval when Nina recovered consciousness it was the first thing she had asked for. He had thought she was too dazed to know what she was saying at the time—or had been prompted by an instinctive desire for something cool and healing on the forehead.

But she had told him to keep it! Could there be some clue there?

CHAPTER 6

"ARE you going to tell me what I asked?" Derek said, "or must I phone the police?"

Tom put down the jar of cold cream as absentmindedly as he had picked it up. "If you do that," he said, quietly, "it will probably cost Nina her life! If you love her you'll do exactly as I tell you."

"Well, for God's sake, be quick then!"

"Get your hat and coat. I want you to come with me. There is probably someone watching this place; if we go out together they may come back."

Derek hesitated. James put his hand on his shoulder. "You've got to trust me. I know how you're feeling. Rathbone—Nina told me about you. . . . I'm sorry I can't tell you more. The only thing that matters is Nina. We can't let the police in on this yet. Wish we could. Hurry up—get your hat."

Derek went out and waited in the passage thinking Tom would follow him, but he heard Nina's door close. He turned, went quietly back, and listened.

He was using the telephone. "There must be someone there," he was saying. "Will you ring them again, please? Heath 4200. . . . Is that Mr. Nathan's house? When do you expect him back? No, I won't leave a message. I'll ring up again in the morning."

Derek heard him replace the receiver; he slipped into his flat and got his hat and coat, filled his cigarette case, and went out.

James met him on the stairs. "That your flat?" he asked. "You're a journalist, aren't you?" He took his arm and led him down the passage. "We'll wait outside for a taxi; when we are in the main road I want you to get out, come back here, and take up a position near the flats where you can watch the entrance. I suppose you know most of the residents by sight? If you see anyone who looks the least suspicious, follow him. If they go to Nina's flat hold them there and phone me at this number." He gave Derek a card: "Keep phoning me till you get me."

He signalled to a taxi. Derek looked at him critically while they waited but couldn't trace the least likeness to Nina in him, except perhaps in the eyes, set wide apart, very bright, and restless. Somehow he still mistrusted him. Nina's disappearance had been mysterious enough, but he was making it more so.

"Is it likely that anyone would risk coming back here?" he asked.

James touched his arm, warningly. The taxi was waiting. "If the gang don't find what they want on Nina," he said, lowering his voice, "they're almost certain to come back."

He waited until Derek had got into the taxi, then told the driver where to go.

"I'm going to a cafe," he informed Derek, "where I may be able to get some information that will help—that's where you'll ring me up. If I don't hear from you I'll come back." He stopped the taxi in the main road. "There's a garage opposite the flats on the other side of the road—you know it, of course. You could hide there and get a good view of the building. By the way, you've still got my gun; you'd better keep it in case of accidents. Don't use it, though, unless you're forced to."

Before Derek could reply the taxi had driven off.

He turned up the collar of his coat, pulled his hat over his eyes, and, walking swiftly back to Coulson Street, took up a position just inside the entrance to the garage. A lamp stood directly in front of the entrance to the flats, and by its light he could see the faces of those who passed. The only person who went in was the postman on his last round and, later, two women who lived on the ground floor came out. He heard a church clock strike. Half an hour passed; he had emptied his cigarette case.

HE was beginning to grow impatient, for his imagination was at work painting vivid pictures of the dangers that threatened Nina. Deeply as he loved her, he had never realised until this moment all that her love meant to him. Inaction was impossible; his thoughts were running in dangerous channels now. With fear was growing mistrust. Why hadn't she confided in him?

He crossed the road and ran quickly up the stone stairs which he had climbed so often with Nina when they came home together after dining out or dancing, in the good days before she had taken this mysterious job. Not until he faced her front door did he realise that there was no way of getting in. She would have left her key in her bag; he remembered having seen Tom pick up the bag, and thought he had seen him putting something in his pocket. He had taken the key! He knew Derek couldn't get into the flat again—didn't want him to!

God!—what a fool he'd been to believe the fellow! There he had been, standing in the garage, for over an hour while Tom James got on with his plans in peace. He unlocked his own front door, ran to the kitchenette at the back, and flung open the window. Below it ran the fire escape staircase that zigzagged from the courtyard to the top floor landing window.

He lowered himself on to the staircase, and climbed up till he stood beneath Nina's bathroom window. By standing on the rail he could just reach the sill. Getting a firm grip, he pulled himself up and climbed in.

Before switching on the lights he made sure all the window curtains were tightly drawn; then he had a good look around the flat, Nina's bedroom, into which he had

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glanced, shocked him. Everything she possessed appeared to have been turned out and thrown carelessly about the floor—dresses, hats, underclothes, shoes, bits of jewellery.

He picked up a pair of long ear-rings he'd seen her wearing, and a green jade necklace. There were some letters lying in a corner. He recognised his own handwriting, and his heart beat faster. Whatever she was, whatever she'd done, she loved him, or she wouldn't have kept those letters. He began to tidy the room, picking up her clothes, folding them up, and putting them back in the drawers and wardrobe; he didn't care, supposing the police were called in, if his actions were questioned; it didn't matter that it was only sentiment that prompted him. He straightened the mattress which had been pulled half off the bed, arranged the sheets and blankets, and folded up a pair of blue silk pyjamas he found on the floor. Doing these things gave him a sense of intimacy, a feeling of possession which meant responsibility.

He went back into the sitting-room, sat down at the bureau before the telephone, and took Tom's card from his pocket. Before ringing up Tom he had to make up his mind what he was going to do—be prepared for the worst that might happen. If he really loved Nina he would have to make himself responsible for her. No use trying to console himself with the thought that she might be a dupe; she was far too intelligent for that, he knew. If she was a crook what was he going to do about it?

Impulsively he picked up the receiver, put it to his ear, and asked for the number of the cafe in Haunch Street. While he waited for an answer he wondered what had suddenly swayed him to this decision. His subconscious mind had dug up a text on which he remembered having heard a sermon preached as a boy: "Love casteth out fear." He laughed; a good text for a journalist or a lawyer!

A voice, speaking in broken English, came faintly over the wire; said it was the manager of the Haunch Street cafe speaking. He didn't know a Mr. James. . . . No; no message had been left. He rang off quickly as if inquiries were unwelcome.

Derek hung up the receiver. More than ever now it looked as though Tom had fooled him; and he hadn't any proof that he was really Nina's brother. He was left without a single clue to help him—except the cream pot. He slipped it into his coat pocket.

Just as he was about to switch out the lights and leave the flat he observed another key on the mantelpiece. It would enable him to enter the flat during Nina's absence.

He closed the door behind him and as he went downstairs heard his telephone bell ringing. He dashed in, hoping—praying—it might be Nina.

"Hullo!" a voice said, "is that Derek Rathbone? Tom James speaking. I'm at St. Pancras, catching the night boat-train to Paris, via Dunkirk. . . . Received information that one of the gang has got what I'm after and left via Havre to-night. If that's correct, Nina will be all right—they'll let her go. Don't interrupt! Haven't got a minute. Train just going. Do nothing until you hear from me. Keep an eye on Nina's flat—and keep your mouth shut! If there are any further developments you can wire me care of Cook's, Place de l'Opera."

CHAPTER 7

DEREK looked up Tom's train in the A.B.C. Not a hope of getting to St. Pancras in time or he would have driven there and stopped him. He sat down at the table. Only a few hours ago Nina had sat in that arm-chair facing him. He saw her quite clearly, the way she crossed her knees and sat with her head thrown back, holding her bag tightly in her lap. She had looked horribly tired. She had admired his room, told him it had something better than beauty. Funny he couldn't remember just what she had said; but he could hear her voice, quite clearly, tender and a little husky.

He got up—dangerous to dream. He had to do something. He examined the pot of cold cream; nothing on the jar to show where it was bought. It might be some secret preparation, some poison, even. . . Could the "information" Tom James referred to be hidden here? He rubbed a little of it on the back of his hand—caught the faint perfume of jasmine. . . . Nina's hair when he smelt it held the same perfume.

He pushed the jar away. Getting sentimental! He went to the telephone and rang up Heath 4200. It was some time before a harsh voice answered him: "Yes, yes, who is it?"

Derek guessed it was Nathan himself speaking. "Mr. Tom James rang you up about a couple of hours ago——" he said slowly, and then waited.

There was a distinct pause, then the voice came again, very clear and calm now: "I don't know anyone of the name of Tom James. Who is speaking?"

Derek gave his name. "I think he wanted to make some inquiry about his sister; Nina James." He held his breath, for there was another silence, and he knew instinctively that this man, Nathan, had met Nina.

"I have a servant of that name in my employ, a parlor-maid."

Non-committal! But Derek was startled. Nina James was an uncommon name. He knew that her work was in Hampstead. "Would you mind telling me if she's in your house at the present moment?"

"I should like to know the object of all these inquiries," Nathan replied, speaking even more slowly than he had before. "As a matter of fact, I've only just come in from dining out, and discovered that Nina left the house without permission—apparently to meet her young man—and hasn't returned. You're not the person she went to meet, by any chance?"

Derek had to think and act quickly, but his brain was in a whirl. Nina—a parlor-maid! His worst fears and suspicions returned. Nathan was the only man who could help him; he had to trust him—but he'd have given anything to be able to see him.

"Well, I am her young man," he said. "As a matter of fact she has the flat above mine in this block. And she did come here to-night, but not to meet me. It was a business appointment. Can't go into details now, but she's been kidnapped——"

"What's that?" Nathan's voice crashed through his own. "Have you notified the police?"

"Not yet. There are reasons apparently—I can't explain over the phone."

"Hold on a moment."

Derek waited. The seconds seemed eternity. When Nathan spoke again his voice was calm. "You'd better come along and see me. . . . You say Nina James has a flat above you? Well, I'll come down and see you then. I'll come at once. Give me the address."

He repeated it after Derek, then rang off. In less than twenty minutes he arrived. Derek had put the jar of cold cream into his bathroom along with his shaving tackle.

NATHAN'S appearance shocked him; why, he didn't know. The long dust-coat and beneath it a well-cut evening suit. Across the white waistcoat a fine platinum and gold watch-chain; diamond studs in his shirt-front and on his little finger a single diamond ring of great size and beauty. He threw his soft, black hat into a chair. His piercing eyes took in the room at a glance, then he looked at Derek, and his lips, sensitive but with a suggestion of cruelty in them, parted in a faint smile.

Derek was instantly on his guard, though he knew his only hope of helping Nina lay in being frank. There was a mixture of secretiveness and benevolence about Nathan that was baffling.

"Now young man," he said, "please tell me everything that has happened. If you want me to help you, and I gather you do, don't omit any detail, however unimportant it may seem—and be quick. There's not a moment to lose."

"Won't you sit down?" Nathan shook his head, impatiently. "It's jolly good of you to come here."

As he said that, Derek realised that Nathan wouldn't have come unless urged by some very strong motive. He wasn't the type of man who would worry over the disappearance of a servant. "I'll tell you everything that's happened if you'll promise not to take advantage of my confidence. I mean I'm fearfully in love with Nina. Except for her brother, whom I never met till to-night, she's alone in the world. First of all I want you to tell me how long she's been in your employ and why you engaged her as a parlor-maid."

"I engaged her as parlor-maid because I wanted one," Nathan replied, sharply, "through a Bond Street agency. She gave me a reference which I didn't take up. The agency was good enough—and I am a pretty fair judge of character!"

"Yes!" Derek cried, "Nina's all right. You've got to believe that, Mr. Nathan. She's been with you two months, hasn't she?" Nathan nodded. "When I first met her she was on the films—small parts, you know."

Nathan bent his hawk-like eyes on Derek. "Very interesting! Did she tell you why she gave up her film job to take servant's work?"

Derek shook his head. "I didn't know she was a parlor-maid. She didn't tell me where she was working—I understood she had some temporary engagement; work on the films is very uncertain."

Derek lit a cigarette. While he told Nathan what had happened he heard the ticking of the clock on the mantel-shelf. At the same time he was listening for the faintest sound on the staircase, hoping against hope that he might hear Nina's footsteps. Tom had said that the gang would let her go. Derek couldn't quite believe that. His only hope lay in Nathan, and the Jew stood with his back to the fireplace, grasping his malacca cane between his hands, his face a mask, his eyes fixed upon Derek. Once or twice he interrupted with a question.

When he had finished Derek took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. He was in a sweat. Nathan said he'd like to see Nina's flat; could they get in?

Derek nodded.

"Tell me," he said when they reached the top floor, "didn't Nina say anything during the brief interval of consciousness that would give you some hint or clue as to her assailant—or what he wanted? She must have said something?"

"She wasn't really conscious," Derek replied. He had said nothing about her request for the pot of cold cream. After all, it was a trivial incident and it was no good starting this man off on what might be a false trail. They went into the sitting-room.

Nathan looked round and sniffed. "Quite luxurious for a parlor-maid. I don't see any signs of a struggle," he said.

DEREK explained that he had tidied up, put her things away.

"Why did you do that?" Nathan snapped. "If we call in the police, that will make them suspect you immediately."

"We're not going to call in the police," Derek said, firmly.

Nathan smiled. "I should have thought,

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since you were her lover, that that was the first thing you'd do! Now wait here while I have a look round." He took a magnifying glass from his pocket, examined the syphons and broken glasses on the tray, and then the bureau and the telephone. Then he went into the adjoining room and Derek listened to him poking about. When he returned he sat down in an armchair in front of the fireplace and pointed with his stick to another chair facing him.

"Now sit down, young man," he said, "and listen to me. The man who followed Nina here and struck her the blow which stunned her must have hidden in the bedroom when you came up, and slipped out when you went to fetch the brandy; and it was either he or a confederate who returned as the doctor and took her away. They couldn't find what they wanted, so they took Nina, hoping she'd got it on her—this 'information' the brother referred to. Now, I'm sorry to disillusion you about Nina, but the 'information' was precious stones belonging to me, which were stolen from the secret safe in my bedroom this evening while I was out. I had deposited them there only a few hours before. No one but Nina could have known that, and certainly no one but she could have found out the combination that opened the safe. Sorry to be brutal, but she's a thief. Probably working under her brother."

Derek leaned forward, grasping the sides of the chair; his first instinct was to take Nathan by the throat, but he recovered himself quickly. "I won't believe it," he cried, unsteadily. "You can't prove it."

"If the police found her finger-prints on my safe?"

Derek buried his face in his hands. "But we won't call in the police—yet." There was something very sinister in Nathan's voice now. "The police are very busy—they sometimes bungle affairs like these." He leant forward, twisting his stick between his fingers, staring at the unlit fire. "If I can get my property back, and I think you can help me since this fellow Tom James knows you're in love with his sister, and takes you for a fool——"

He stopped abruptly, knelt in front of the fireplace poking beneath the grate with his stick. "Hullo, what's this?"

He pulled out a pair of rubber gloves and a small pigskin pouch.

There was silence for a few moments; Derek got up and stood beside him. "I put this pouch in my safe before I went out this evening," Nathan said. "It contained the precious stones—specimen jewels bought for an American client."

He held out the gloves to Derek. "We shouldn't have found any finger-prints on my safe. Obviously Nina is a professional. . . . Sorry, my boy," he went on, blinking his hooded eyes at Derek. "D'you want any further proof?"

CHAPTER 8

DEREK didn't speak. Proof indeed! The evidence against Nina looked overwhelming. He poured himself out some of the brandy he had brought up for Nina. "Shall I mix you one, sir?" he asked Nathan.

The Jew shook his head. "I'm sorry about this," he said. "Sorry for you. I liked Nina; trusted her. I don't often make mistakes——"

"Perhaps you weren't mistaken!" Derek cried. "How do we know that the man who followed Nina here wasn't the thief? He might have hidden the gloves and pouch in the grate himself!"

Nathan smiled, and held out the rubber gloves. "Could a man wear these?" He let Derek examine them, then put them into his pocket.

"What are you going to do?" Derek asked. He was helpless now. It seemed impossible to save Nina. The question—"Was she worth saving?" didn't trouble him. He loved her and that was enough. He believed in her in spite of the evidence Nathan held; faith gave him courage.

"Look here," he said. "I want to help you." He stood in front of Nathan. "We don't know who's got those jewels, but if we could find Nina she could tell us. We've got to concentrate on finding her. Supposing we succeed and recover your property, will you swear not to prosecute Nina?"

Nathan looked at him, smiling curiously. He towered above him. His personality seemed to fill the whole room. Derek realised the strength of his personality, the force of his character . . . a man who would stop at nothing to get what he wanted.

"You must be very much in love; d'you realise you are asking me to break the law?"

"Hang the law!" Derek cried.

"I know. When I was young I said that. One must obey the law or—perish!" Nathan sat down again, took a notebook and pencil from his pocket, and asked Derek for a detailed description of Tom James and the "doctor," which he wrote down. "The doctor's the man we want, I think," he said. "I don't expect you'll hear from Tom James. Write him a letter—and don't mention my name—I'll have inquiries made at Cook's office in Paris in case he calls there. Tell him you've got a clue. Ask him to come back. If I can trace any of the gang who've taken Nina off, I'll telephone you."

An idea had been forming in Derek's mind while Nathan spoke, but he didn't like to tell him of it yet. They went downstairs together. Nathan suggested that the key of Nina's flat would be safer with him. "The chances that she was able to hide the jewels are remote, but obviously she's both clever and cunning . . . If the gang don't find what they want on her, they'll come back. You will be watched—they'll probably pay you a visit——"

"I hope they will. I'm not going to give that key up to anyone, though, Mr. Nathan."

Nathan shrugged his shoulders. "As you will; but be on your guard."

"I'm not afraid."

Nathan smiled grimly. "I'm sorry. The man who's not afraid is generally the man who gets caught. Don't leave your flat tomorrow until I telephone—and if anyone inquires about Nina, remember you know nothing—absolutely nothing!"

Derek leant against the door of his flat and watched Nathan go downstairs. Very slowly and quietly he went. There was something sinister in the calm reserve and lack of haste. As he reached the bottom landing his shadow was thrown against the wall, hovered a moment, huge, grotesque, and then disappeared. Derek went into his sitting-room and slammed the door behind him.

CHAPTER 9

NATHAN walked round the block of flats. He saw that the fire-escape ladder descended to an open space at the back that had an exit into a narrow, badly-lit street of a few mean houses, stables converted into lock-up garages, a chimney sweep and a cobbler. He returned to the main road, took a taxi from the rank, and drove to the Haunch Street Cafe.

It was still open, but only one table was occupied. Four men were playing cards there—strangers to Nathan. The regular habitues seldom came late in the evening. Andrew, behind the counter, was clearing up for the night, dumping sandwiches and cakes into a tin box. Nathan strolled over, and asked for a cigar:

"A good cigar—and take one yourself."

He pinched the end of his cigar, and lit it carefully, inhaled the tobacco. "No one here to-night."

"Just closing time, Mr. Nathan. Been quiet lately. Peter Bortch came in an hour ago—very drunk." He jerked his thumb in the direction of a curtained alcove. "Sleeping it off," he added.

Nathan leant across the bar. "He was sober enough when I left him this afternoon. How long did he remain here?"

Andrew picked up a tumbler, and began to polish it unconcernedly. "A stranger came in—leastways he's not a regular, though I know his face; joined Bortch and the Indian gentleman. They talked for some time, and then the Indian left, suddenlike, as if he was in a hurry. Bortch and the stranger had another drink and went to the telephone-box. I don't remember noticing him again."

Andrew put down the tumbler, and thrust some buns into another tin. Nathan stared at the glowing end of his cigar. "What was he like?"

"Oh—ordinary, you know. Grey suit and a big black 'at. Tallish." Andrew sucked his teeth a moment. "Seemed very pressing with Bortch, I thought."

Nathan got up, and passed behind the curtains of the alcove. Peter Bortch lay with his head on the table. Nathan poked him with his stick. The Russian grunted, and opened his eyes. He started when he saw Nathan, sat upright. "What the devil . . . I must have fallen asleep!"

Nathan sat down opposite him. "Are you awake now?"

Bortch nodded, edged away from the table; he didn't like the expression in Nathan's eyes. "I'm all right. What's happened?"

NATHAN said: "Where is Abdur Kurim?"

He saw a look of relief in the Russian's eyes. "Bolted! You needn't worry about him. He tried to get away without paying me my commission, too; I followed him to the Indian Restaurant in Roper Street. That's where he's been working as a waiter, you know. I caught him just in time. He's got the wind up. Took the nine o'clock boat train from Victoria to-night."

"Why has he got the wind up as soon as the danger is past?"

Bortch moistened his lips. "He's been shadowed. We were followed yesterday. I got him here just in time."

"You're lying!"

"I swear I'm not!" Bortch tried to rise, but Nathan pushed him back into his seat with his stick, kept the point pressed to his stomach. "You've double-crossed me, Bortch."

"Me?" The Russian stared at Nathan with protruding eyes. "What are you getting at, Nathan? How could I?—and, anyway, why should I? You've got the stuff, haven't you? And you've paid me. What's happened?"

Nathan kept the Russian prisoner with his stick. He turned his head and listened. Andrew was piling up the chairs on the tables in the cafe; the other men had gone. "My safe was broken open to-night while I was out, and the jewels were taken. What do you know about it, Bortch?"

"Nothing. I swear it."

Nathan knew he wasn't lying now. He withdrew the stick, slowly knocked the ash off his cigar, keeping his eyes on him. "Who was the man you were talking to, here, to-night? The man in the grey suit and black hat——"

"Oh, that was one of Soapy Hudson's gang. Don't know his name, but they call him Jimmy." Bortch put his arms on the table, and lowered his voice to a whisper. "I think they knew what Kurim had got hold of; they were after them, too. Jimmy stood me a few drinks and tried to pump me; so I pretended I was drunk. But I got more out of him than he did out of me."

"What did you get out of him?"

"That this man who's been shadowing Kurim is in the employ of the Rajah of Matala. Goes by the name of James, but

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he had some fancy title out in India. I guess he traced the jewels to the man who passed them on to Kurim. Seems as if Soapy's gang had been after the jewels, and didn't know we'd got 'em——"

Nathan said: "I haven't got them."

HE told Bortch what had happened. "Either James has got them—if so, he's on his way to the Rajah with them—or else his sister managed to hide them. If they're on her, Soapy's lot will have found them by now, but she's shown she's got brains and she may have hidden them or passed them on. There's still a chance. What do you know about this man, Soapy Hudson? Where does he hang out?"

Bortch let fly a string of oaths in Russian before replying. "His name is Bill Hudson; cunning as a bagful of monkeys. Organises; doesn't do any of the dirty work himself. They say he's married one of the smartest-looking women in London; keeps her in a big house on the Embankment—lives in tip-top style——"

"That'll do!" Nathan leant back in his chair, his hooded eyes half closed. For nearly a minute he smoked in silence. "Could you find this house on the Embankment?"

Peter Bortch, pulling back the curtains of the alcove, shouted to Andrew to bring them the telephone directory. He moistened his thumb and turned the pages slowly. "There you are!" he said. "Hudson, Mrs. William, 19 Riverside Walk."

Nathan scribbled the address in his notebook. "That's where they've taken the girl then. This man James is no more her brother than you are. She's a professional thief."

"Looks like it," Bortch said. "Bit risky taking her there, though."

Nathan shook his head. "Safest thing they could do. They know she daren't squeal."

"To the police, you mean?"

"Of course."

The Russian's eyes narrowed. "Hudson would stop at nothing to get her to say where she'd put the jewels, and he won't waste time, either, knowing you'll be on his track."

Nathan rolled his cigar between his lips; now his face was a complete mask. "A nice girl; I liked her," he said softly. "Brains . . . I suppose they've got a torturer, Bortch?"

The Russian shrugged his shoulders. "Whatever Hudson does will be snappy."

Nathan looked at his watch. "Nina was unconscious when they took her away. If they don't find what they want on her they'll probably leave her alone till tomorrow. Get down there early in the morning; about nine o'clock, and keep a watch on the house. I'll send for Derek Rathbone and tell him the girl's there, and that he's got to get into the house, see her, and find out where she put the stuff."

Peter didn't speak; he could hardly believe that Nathan was serious. He listened while the Jew gave him a description of Derek.

"If he gets into the house," Nathan went on, "wait for an hour, and if he hasn't come out, phone me. If he comes out with Nina, follow them."

"You don't think he's got an earthly, do you?" Bortch said. "What sort of chap is he?"

"The usual type of muddle-headed Englishman—or perhaps a trifle more intelligent. Hudson would take him for a fool—and that's his one chance of success. And he's very much in love with Nina."

"That won't help him. He'll do something rash and give the show away."

Nathan smiled. "Love is like a high explosive—useless and dangerous when left to itself, but in the hands of a skilful man it becomes a powerful weapon."

CHAPTER 40

HALF an hour had passed since Nathan left Derek's flat. Now that he was alone, with nothing to do until he heard from the Jew, he began to realise the tragedy that had happened. Events had moved so quickly he hadn't had a chance of realising their full import. In the space of an hour or two the face of the whole world had been changed for him. For weeks he had been living in a fool's paradise—dreaming, building castles in the air, and at the same time working hard so that he might bring one of those castles down to earth and turn it into something real and concrete.

Nina was a thief! It didn't matter whether she was a tool in her brother's hands, or the dupe of one of the many gangs that infested every city. She had committed a crime; brought herself within the law. Montague Nathan had only to speak and the police would be on her trail. His one chance of saving her was to help Nathan recover his property—and supposing they did find Nina and she hadn't got the jewels it wasn't likely that the Jew would let her off. He would demand his pound of flesh. Against his will the question forced itself upon him: Was she worth saving? Though she had deceived him—perhaps she didn't love him at all—he still loved her. Surely that was the answer. Omnia vincit amor—Love conquers all things. A true saying, as old as the world.

Derek picked up a pipe, filled and lit it, then fetched the jar of cold cream from the bathroom, and, standing beneath the electric light, slowly thrust his fingers into it. He couldn't rest until he had satisfied his suspicion that Nina might have hidden Nathan's jewels there. Fear had prevented him from looking, and the unlikelihood of his finding them.

He scooped off an inch or so of cream, dug deeper, felt a sense of relief when his fingers encountered nothing. Finding the jewels wouldn't help restore Nina to him. It would only be a final proof of her guilt. He hesitated before exploring the very bottom of the jar. The faint perfume of jasmine set his imagination on fire. He felt Nina's presence vividly as if she were standing in the room beside him. This wasn't the moment for sentiment or romance! He saw Nathan's hawk-like eyes staring at him, heard his harsh voice saying: "Look at yourself—you're trying to shield a criminal!"

Against his will he felt round the edge of the jar; the cream oozed out over the top, and then his fingers touched something hard and pointed. He pulled the great ruby out of the cold cream, then two smaller stones, emeralds; wiped them clean with trembling fingers and put them on a piece of paper on the table. He knew practically nothing about precious stones, but he realised that these were magnificent specimens, remarkable for size, and of beautiful color.

He stared at the ruby, and as he stared its fascination grew; a stone for which men would risk their lives—had risked their lives. It glittered in the electric light; it dazzled. It tempted him. And the emeralds, deep green like translucent ocean waves . . . for an instant the wild thought of throwing them out of the window into the courtyard below came to him . . . but they would be found even there.

He held his breath as he heard a sound outside. Someone coming along the passage. He waited, afraid to move, until he heard a door on the other side of the corridor close.

He wrapped the stones up in his handkerchief and put it into the breast pocket of his coat. Then he replaced the cold cream in the jar and smoothed it over with a knife. The hands of the clock pointed to midnight. Opening the front door, he listened. Everything was quiet. He switched on the wireless—dance music from Budapest.

He ran quickly upstairs to Nina's flat, and put the jar back in the bathroom, wiping it carefully with a towel to remove all finger-marks. If another search were made, if the gang that had abducted Nina forced her to say where she had hidden the jewels they would be baffled. He went back to his own flat, locked and bolted the door, and picked up the telephone straight away in case his resolution should fail him.

He asked for Heath 4200, heard the bell ringing, and waited for Nathan's harsh voice to answer him. When there was no reply he repeated the number to the clerk on the exchange who said he would change the line. Same result. He put down the telephone; and, before undressing for bed, tied a knot in his handkerchief and slipped it under his pillow; then he switched out the lights and, opening the window, leaned out. His bedroom overlooked the courtyard; it was in darkness, but he could see, directly below, a few stunted shrubs. He traced the outline of the fire-escape staircase down to the basement; here there was an exit to the badly-lit, narrow side street. As his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness he saw something moving slowly and stealthily in the bushes. He thought it was a stray dog until he noticed a tiny pinpoint of light directed on the earth and moving with the figure.

It was a man, searching. Derek strained his eyes. He would have given anything to have been able to see the man's face. He was quite certain he was searching for the jewels; he'd been sent either by the gang who had abducted Nina, or by Nathan. Perhaps it was Nathan himself.

Derek waited. For nearly an hour the man continued to search, then, at last, gave it up and slipped quietly through the opening that led to the street. Derek smiled; now the jewels were safe in his possession he would keep them until Nina was found. He was glad he hadn't been able to get Nathan on the telephone. Once the Jew knew that his precious jewels had been found he wouldn't care what happened to Nina.

Derek decided that he wouldn't tell him of his discovery—but bargain with him first. It was daybreak before he fell asleep, and three hours later he was awakened by the telephone bell jangling. He jumped to the receiver and heard Nathan's harsh voice, rasping and impatient.

CHAPTER 41

"BEEN ringing your bell for the last three minutes," Nathan said. "Was beginning to think something was wrong."

Derek glanced at the clock. It was just after nine. He explained that he had overslept himself, and asked Nathan if he had any news. Nathan hesitated before replying. Derek wondered if he did it on purpose to impress him.

"Yes, I've some information that will interest you. Get into a cab at once and come here." He gave Derek the address.

"All right, I'll get my car out and be with you in half an hour."

Nathan had begun to speak again, but he didn't wait to hear. He threw on his clothes, then untied the handkerchief and looked at the jewels again. He didn't like carrying them loose in his pocket in case he was held up and searched. Equally risky to him to hide them in the car if he left it standing outside Nathan's house, or to leave them in the flat. To him the jewels meant nothing but Nina's safety. He lit a cigarette, put on his hat, racking his brains for some secure way of carrying them about with him. He put his hand to his head, and, as it touched the brim of his hat he got an idea.

It was an ordinary soft, felt hat which had been a bit too big for him. Just inside the brim, back and front, some pad-

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ding had been introduced to make it fit securely. He pulled this out, wrapped it round the stones; then, with a needle and thread, sewed it up and replaced it. The leather lining was stiff enough to hold the padding in position, and keep the stones from protruding.

The old car went up Hampstead Hill like a bird. Crossing the Heath Derek kept his foot on the accelerator. It was about ten o'clock when he pulled up outside Nathan's house. It impressed him. Obviously the Jew was wealthy. He had a queer reaction when he rang the bell, remembering it was here where, for nearly two months, Nina had lived as parlor-maid. Playing a part. Acting as she did on the films. Difficult to realise, and even now, almost impossible to believe.

As he stepped into the hall he was conscious that he, too, was acting a part. He was going to hear everything Nathan had to say before he gave him a hint that he had found his property.

He stood by the french windows overlooking the garden, twisting his hat carelessly between his fingers. A gleam of sunlight came through the grey clouds. He heard a bird singing in the acacia tree, and noticed the orderly beds of rose bushes. Suddenly he was conscious that Nathan was standing behind him. He wondered how long he had been there, and again he felt the vague sense of uneasiness he had experienced when first they met.

"What a delightful place you've got here, Mr. Nathan," he said. "I see you're fond of flowers."

Nathan made a gesture with his hands. "Roses and jewels," he said, softly. "Yes, they are my only interest in life—except humanity. I like to study my fellow creatures, but the more I learn about them the more I enjoy my garden. Shall we go into my study? Will you drink a glass of sherry—or is it too early?"

"I didn't have time for breakfast," Derek answered. "You asked me to hurry."

NATHAN closed the door quickly. "I'll order you coffee," he said, "and something to eat later."

Derek found himself in a small room with an Adams fireplace and ceiling, and comfortable leather armchairs. Nathan motioned him to one of them and held out a box of cigars. Derek said he'd rather smoke his pipe. "Like many Englishmen you find a pipe a useful screen for your emotions," Nathan said. "Now, Mr. Rathbone, I gather nothing unusual occurred after I left last night?"

"When I went to bed there was someone searching in the bushes in the courtyard below my window."

"I sent him," Nathan said, quietly. "A sudden inspiration that, finding herself trapped, Nina might have thrown the jewels down there. It would have been a good move. But unfortunately the search proved fruitless."

"Then tell me what has happened," Derek said trying to hide his impatience.

Nathan leaned towards him. "Let me take your hat." He put it on the table. "I think I know where Nina has been taken. We can't be sure, but I've traced the leader of the gang who's abducted her. A man named Hudson. He has a house on the Embankment where his wife lives." He gave Derek a slip of paper with the address on it. "You may have met Hudson." He described him.

"He's the brains of the gang—organises; runs cabarets and gambling clubs. Oh, yes, the police know he's a crook, but he's too smart to get caught out. Now, are you prepared to go straight down to Hudson's house and say you've come to inquire after a patient of Doctor Hartley's who you know is staying there? The man who pretended to be Hartley is called Jim Carver. Don't let them know you suspect anything. If anyone asks how you found out the address, say a message was left at your flat telling you to call there. If you play the game properly you won't be asked too many questions, and I think you will be allowed to see Nina."

"But why——"

"You're very simple. Don't be offended—it's just what I want. If they think you're just her lover, and there's no room in your head for any other idea they'll leave you alone with her, gambling on the chance that she'll give away the secret to you—ask you to look after something for her—probably! You must put her on her guard. They'll be listening, probably watching. It's up to you to find some device for communicating with her without letting anyone find out. D'you know the deaf and dumb alphabet?"

Derek shook his head.

"Can you lip-read?"

"Oh, I've tried to—for fun sometimes. Nina will understand. There's not much she doesn't know—and she'll be on her guard all right."

"While you're talking watch every movement, every gesture."

Derek leaned forward in his chair his hands clasped together, staring at the Persian rug at his feet, a strangely intricate pattern—like a puzzle. When he didn't speak Nathan said:

"Well? Are you afraid?"

"Afraid!" Derek was wondering what Nathan would say if he told him he had the jewels with him. This interest in Nina would evaporate.

"All right," he said. "I'll go down to Hudson's house, and if Nina's there you can bet I shan't leave before I've seen her."

Nathan glanced at the clock. "You'd better hurry. I understand Soapy Hudson isn't particular in the methods he employs to make people speak."

Derek slipped his hand into his coat pocket where he had put Tom James's gun. "If anyone tries anything on Nina I shall know what to do," he said.

Nathan put his hand on his shoulder. "Better leave it behind, my boy, or hide it in the car. Force is useless. I've told you, you must appear absolutely innocent. Once you get into the house you can be as bewildered and anxious as you like, fall in with everything that's suggested, and don't try to be too clever. You know my telephone number? I shall stop in all the morning—until I hear from you. And remember, you and I have never met. You haven't even heard of me."

Nathan walked to the door with him. "Got your own car? That's good."

Derek put his hat on, pulling it down firmly. He held out his hand to Nathan. "I'm jolly grateful for your help. You'll swear, if I do succeed in getting your jewels, you won't take any action against Nina?"

He was sorry when he had said that, because Nathan looked at him closely, frowning. "You seem very sure of finding them," he said. Then he nodded. "I don't swear, but my word is my bond . . . and remember, I'm not helping you for Nina's sake but entirely for my own interests. If once Hudson's crowd get hold of these jewels Nina will have to suffer the consequences of her crime."

Derek said, "Of course." Slipping the car into gear he drove off. He turned round as he reached the corner of the road. Nathan was still standing at the front door watching him.

CHAPTER 12

RIVERSIDE WALK faced the Embankment. It lay back from the main road which runs from the old bridge, past the rows of large and still fashionable houses, to Westminster. It was cut off from this road by gardens surrounded by iron railings. Not more than sixty or seventy yards in length, the street ended abruptly where a narrow road of small shops and houses began. Number nineteen was the last but one in the Walk, and the house adjoining it was unoccupied.

Derek drove slowly down the Walk without stopping. He wanted to take his bearings and have a good look at the gangster leader's home before ringing the bell. It was a tall, narrow house of red brick with lattice windows. The hall door was painted green and the steps leading to it were spotlessly white. A smart car was drawn up outside the garden gate, the chauffeur at the wheel reading a newspaper. At the end of the street Derek turned and came back.

He had expected to find something sinister about Soapy Hudson's headquarters, but number nineteen might easily have belonged to a successful artist or a city merchant. As he got out of his car and walked up to the front door the chauffeur looked up from his paper. The door was opened by a manservant. Derek saw into a white-panelled hall with a parquet floor.

"Is Mrs. Hudson at home?" he asked.

Like a well-trained servant the butler held the door wide open. Derek could have walked into the hall if he'd wanted to, but he remained standing on the step. He gave the man his card.

"If you will come in, sir, I will inquire," the butler said.

Derek was shown into a small sitting-room, furnished in perfect taste. He heard the door close behind him. The chauffeur had put down his paper and was staring up at the house. Nothing remarkable in that, though.

Derek watched him through the window. The road was deserted. On the other side of the gardens he could hear the roar of traffic and through the trees he could see the span of the bridge across the river. He wished the servant would come back. Every second seemed an eternity. He was afraid he might lose his head at the critical moment.

He didn't hear the door open behind him, or the servant come into the room, and started violently at the sound of his voice. "Mrs. Hudson will see you, sir. Will you come this way, please?"

Derek followed him up a flight of softly-carpeted stairs, noticed his broad shoulders and long arms. Soapy Hudson had provided himself with a good chucker-out, he mused. They went into a room on the first floor. Derek saw a woman sitting on the chesterfield with her back to the window, a Pekingese dog on her lap which began to bark shrilly at the sight of Derek.

"Quiet, Pongo; quiet, darling!" she said. She put it down on one of the crimson and gold cushions that covered the chesterfield. Derek couldn't see her face very well, but her skin was white, her hair dark, and her eyes narrow and set wide apart. She had a large mouth, and brightly-painted lips. She looked at Derek curiously, smiling; but her eyes seemed to work independently of her lips.

"Sit down, won't you. I don't think we've met before—but am I right in believing you're a friend of Miss Nina James?"

For an instant Derek was thrown off his guard. "Yes!" he cried, "is she here?" Then he added, quickly: "I've been so terribly anxious since I found she wasn't at the hospital. And then a message was left at my flat saying I'd find her here, so I came along at once. As perhaps you know—she may have told you—we're engaged to be married."

MRS. HUDSON shook her head. "We didn't know anything. You see, Doctor Hartley's partner brought her here when he found he couldn't get a bed at the hospital. Unfortunately, you didn't give the doctor your name or telephone number, but he promised to try and send a message to Coulson Mansions this morning."

Derek, who had remained standing, now sat down. He couldn't help but admire

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Mrs. Hudson's calm, self-assurance, and the way she snapped at opportunities he gave her to explain Nina's disappearance. She had a soft, lazy voice, and while she spoke her eyes never left his face. He hadn't asked for any explanation, yet she had given him one which, superficially, seemed perfectly reasonable. The only queer thing was why Nina should have been brought to a private house. To ask that would show he was suspicious, so he said:

"It all happened so terribly quickly, Mrs. Hudson. I hadn't time to think of anything. I've been terribly worried as you can imagine, because when I originally rang up Doctor Hartley he was out, but of course his partner got the message. Not knowing that and not hearing anything I simply couldn't imagine what had happened. Please tell me how she is."

"Well—she regained consciousness this morning but she doesn't seem to remember what happened yet. Poor girl, it must have been a terrible blow. I suppose you heard that I still keep the upper part of my house as a private nursing home? I love the work—and as we haven't any children ——" She shrugged her shoulders and put a carefully manicured and henna-stained hand on the dog's head: "I carry it on as a hobby."

"What a splendid idea," Derek said, lamely. It was difficult to hide his impatience. It was also difficult to believe that this woman, speaking so calmly and convincingly, was a gangster's wife; and lying to him. He was too keyed-up to criticise her story. The psychological effect of his surroundings helped to confuse him, and the memory of Nathan's harsh voice bidding him hurry because Soapy was known not to be particular in the methods he employed to make people speak. . . .

"I'd like to see her at once, if I may," he blurted out. "I'm rather pressed for time."

"Of course," Mrs. Hudson said. "I'll tell the nurse."

Derek held the door open for her. "By the way," she said, "have you informed her relations?"

"She hasn't got any relations, except a brother and he—he lives abroad."

"Oh, dear, well it's a blessing she has you, isn't it?"

Derek watched her go upstairs. He left the door open, listening. There wasn't a sound to be heard, not even from the street outside. It seemed strange, uncanny, the absolute silence. Downstairs he had heard the hum of the traffic, but here nothing. He looked at the windows; sound-proof, he supposed. Mrs. Hudson came back.

"The nurse says she is sleeping, but I'm sure it would do her good to see you. Won't you leave your hat and gloves on the table," she added, as Derek got up.

He hesitated a second, then threw them down carelessly. They climbed two flights to the top floor; Mrs. Hudson led the way down a long passage. Derek thought he saw the figure of a man at the far end, but as they approached he disappeared. It might have been a shadow.

A NURSE opened a door at the end. Derek hardly noticed her. His heart had started to beat quickly. He could hardly believe he was really going to see Nina. He felt that anything might happen. For her sake he had to be alert, calm, and on his guard. If anything happened to him there was no one to save her now. His hand rested on the automatic pistol in his coat pocket. He heard Mrs. Hudson say:

"Here is the patient—and she's awake. . . . My dear, I've a visitor for you."

The curtains were partially drawn a. .inst the window, shutting out the light. Mrs. Hudson moved to the foot of the bed, and Derek saw Nina. She was lying on her back, her arms stretched out beside her on the eiderdown. Her lips were tightly compressed, her face colorless, and her eyelids fluttering as if she were trying to keep them open, but hadn't the strength.

Derek bent over her, and touched her hand. It was cold. He knelt down, lifted the bedclothes, and put her arms underneath. As he did so, the wide sleeve of her nightgown slipped back and he saw a small red mark on her forearm, and as he touched it Nina winced. He pretended not to notice.

"Nina!" he said, quietly. "Nina, darling! I'm here."

She took a deep breath, turned her head towards him, and slowly she opened her eyes. He was afraid she didn't recognise him, but as he put his hand on her forehead he saw the tightly-drawn muscles about her mouth relax, and her lips moved as if she were trying to say something.

"That's all right," Derek said. "You're quite all right now, darling. As soon as you're fit to be moved I'm going to take you home. You've nothing to worry about."

SHE turned her head and looked at Mrs. Hudson. "I know," she whispered, "but I'm so sleepy . . . Can't remember anything. Can't talk now, Derek."

"You mustn't try. There's nothing to worry about." He was thinking of that mark on her arm: a tiny, punctured wound, freshly made—the kind of mark left by a hypodermic syringe. Her eyes were closing again. Now his suspicions were confirmed —she had been doped.

He had to act quickly. At all costs he had to get Nina out of the house; if he couldn't take her with him he must get out himself so that he could bring back the police. With the jewels in his possession he could easily bribe Nathan to hold his tongue.

"I wish I could take her home," he said. "I'm afraid she's got something on her mind—something worrying her. I think I know what it is."

"Poor girl," Mrs. Hudson said. Her voice reminded Derek of the purring of a satisfied cat. "Perhaps you'd like to be left alone with her, Mr. Rathbone?"

Derek put his arm round Nina and as Mrs. Hudson opened the door he said: "Listen, darling, the jar you told me to take care of is quite safe. I put it back in your bathroom. D'you hear, Nina, it's quite safe."

Her eyes opened wide, he felt a tremor run through her body, she tried to speak but he pressed his lips against her mouth. As the door closed behind him he whispered in her ear: "Hush! It's all right."

She tried to raise herself, but hadn't enough strength. She was staring across the room. There was another door by the window. A tiny crack of light showed that it was ajar. Derek was certain someone was standing behind that door listening—and Mrs. Hudson was on the other side of the door behind him, probably watching. He held Nina very tightly, pressing his fingers against her side, trying to signal to her.

"Listen, my darling," he said, talking quietly but distinctly, "that jar is quite safe. I put it back and no one would think of looking there. The flat's locked up and everything's put away tidily. Try to pull yourself together, darling. I'll ask them if I can't take you home this afternoon."

She sat upright, trying to push the clothes away. "Now," she said, "Derek . . . I must go now. . . ."

Her voice trailed away, her head fell back against his shoulder. He laid her down on the pillow, ran to the window, and opened it wide. It looked out on to a small garden surrounded with a high brick wall at the back of the house. Then he opened the door and called to Mrs. Hudson. The passage was empty. He called again. Even the nurse had disappeared. He leaned over the bannisters, listening. He couldn't see into the lower hall, but he heard voices and hurrying footsteps, then the front door banged. There was a window at the end of the passage; he reached it just in time to see the car driving rapidly away.

He had fooled them successfully—but for how long? He was alone in the house now with Mrs. Hudson and the servants; Nina was safe, but he must get her away quickly. He went back to her room. The door by the window was closed. He saw a bell and rang it violently.

"I'm afraid she has fainted," he said when Mrs. Hudson appeared.

Mrs. Hudson went into the adjoining room and came back with a tumbler half full of some effervescing liquid which she held under Nina's nose. "This will bring her round," she said softly. "There, her eyes are opening . . . that's better, isn't it? Lie quite still. Mr. Rathbone wants to take you home. If you think you are strong enough to be moved presently there's no reason why you shouldn't go."

Some minutes passed before Nina fully regained consciousness. "I feel much better now. Quite different," she said. "I'll do whatever you tell me."

"That's fine," Derek cried. "What do you think, Mrs. Hudson?"

Mrs. Hudson hesitated. Derek knew she was acting. "Well, I've no objection; she seems all right now. I don't know what the doctor would say—but if you'll be responsible, Mr. Rathbone—I'll ring for the nurse and she can get dressed." She opened the door. "Will you go down to the drawing-room and wait? I'll join you in one minute."

CHAPTER 13

DEREK walked down to the drawing-room. He left the door ajar so that he could hear anyone passing along the passage outside. His hat and gloves were on the table where he had left them. He looked critically round the room. The Hudsons lived in luxurious style, and someone in the house showed extraordinarily good taste; he had been impressed by Nathan's wealth, artistic sense and appreciation of beauty, but this crook, Soapy Hudson, had him beaten.

A movement in the room made him turn sharply, and he saw the butler just behind him placing a tray with a decanter and glasses on a small table. He moved Derek's hat and gloves, and put them on a chair, looked up as Derek turned round, and said: "Shall I leave them in the hall for you, sir?"

Derek shook his head.

"Will you have a glass of sherry, sir?"

"I'll wait till Mrs. Hudson comes down. Charming view you have from here."

"Yes, sir; very pleasant in the summer, but damp in winter. These old houses lie below the level of the Embankment, and twice we've had the cellars flooded."

Mrs. Hudson came into the room; the butler held the door open, then went out. "Miss James is almost ready," she said, smiling at Derek. "Do sit down, and let me give you some sherry. My husband is very proud of it. It's been lying in these cellars for 25 years."

Derek let her pour him out a glass. He wondered how the floods had affected it, but said nothing.

"I don't know whether you are interested in pictures, Mr. Rathbone, but we have some rather nice Gainsboroughs, a Goya, and a Velasquez. You must bring your fiancee to see us when she is quite recovered."

"Delighted," Derek said.

Mrs. Hudson lit a cigarette, and settled herself on the chesterfield. She had what film producers call allure. She talked in an effortless way, discussing subjects of the moment intelligently. Derek tried to hide his impatience. He was trying to listen to her, and waiting for Nina's footstep on the stair at the same time, wondering why she was so long, if Mrs. Hudson suspected him, and how far Soapy had got on his way to the flat.

At last he glanced at his watch; instantly felt it was a bad move on his part,

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suggesting to her that he was anxious to get away. "D'you think Nina's all right?" he asked. "Quite fit to be moved?"

Mrs. Hudson nodded. "I think so. Seeing you has really done wonders for her, Mr. Rathbone. You'll have to be very patient with her and keep her absolutely quiet. We were very worried about her at first. When she recovered consciousness she had the most extraordinary ideas, poor child." She glanced at the clock on the mantelshelf. "Yes, they are rather a long time. I'll go and see if she's ready."

As she reached the door the telephone bell began to ring. Mrs. Hudson hesitated a moment, then walked to the bureau and lifted the receiver, standing with her back to Derek. He pretended to sip his sherry, then put the glass down on the table. This brought him a few steps nearer to Mrs. Hudson.

"Hullo?" she said. "Yes, this is Embankment 5678. Yes, it is Lola speaking . . . What? . . . They're not there?"

There was a long pause. Derek was watching her intently, straining his ears; faintly he could hear the voice at the other end of the wire, but not the words that were spoken. Lola Hudson was standing very still, almost rigid. He took a step closer, and she moved, almost imperceptibly. He knew she didn't want him to overhear. He slipped his hand into his coat pocket, and his fingers closed over the automatic pistol. Now she was speaking again:

"Of course not, dear! I was waiting till you rang up . . . but if you're coming back for lunch you'll have to be quick."

Derek heard the click of the receiver replaced at the other end, but Mrs. Hudson still kept hers pressed against her ear. "That will be delightful," she purred, "two stalls for Drury Lane this afternoon. We'll lunch at one, then——"

"You're talking on a dead line, Mrs. Hudson," Derek broke in. "Soapy rang off twenty seconds ago!" As she turned, he pulled out the pistol. "Put up your hands."

HER face went white, her eyes dilated, but in a second she recovered herself. Slowly and deliberately she replaced the receiver. The telephone was plugged into the wall beside the bureau, and in a flash she had pulled the cord out and flung the instrument at him. Derek stepped back and dodged.

"If you move again, or speak, I'll shoot."

All the fight went out of her. She held up her hands and stepped back, her eyes wide open with fear, holding him. "All right . . . don't shoot. I'll go and fetch Miss James—you can take her away."

"Stop where you are!"

She nearly caught him. He heard footsteps pounding up the staircase. He jumped to the door, flung it open, and stood with his back to the wall, waiting for the butler. But now there was no sound. He stepped into the corridor, looking round cautiously. He took the key out of the drawing-room door and locked it behind him, putting it in his pocket. He looked over the bannisters; the hall was empty; then he glanced up the stairs. The butler couldn't have reached the top floor. Somewhere he was hiding, lying in wait for him.

Keeping his gun ready, Derek rushed up the first flight of stairs, crept with his back to the wall along the landing, and up the last flight. The door of Nina's room was shut. He burst in. The nurse made an effort to stop him, but he flung her aside. .

Nina was sitting on the bed. She looked at him with a dazed expression in her eyes. He put his arm round her, and, pulling her up, dragged her into the passage. "Come, sweetheart. Hurry!" She leant against him, a dead weight. "Make an effort!" he cried. "Once we're outside you're safe."

As he reached the end of the corridor, he stopped and pushed Nina behind him. The staircase descended at right angles. He'd heard a movement, and he knew that somewhere on the stairs the butler was waiting for him—and by now he would be armed. He stopped breathing. Suddenly he saw the man spring up at his feet—saw also the gleam of a gun in his hand.

Derek raised his foot, and, with a well-delivered kick, sent the man sprawling back down the stairs. Shouting to Nina to follow him, he reached the second floor just as the butler was picking himself up. He caught him straight on the point of his chin with his right, and the man toppled back, rolling down the remainder of the stairs, to lie in a senseless heap in the hall.

Derek grabbed Nina's hand, and dragged her to the front door. As he was opening it he remembere his hat left in the drawing-room!

He had forgotten the wretched jewels! During the last five minutes the only thing that had mattered had been Nina. He held her closer. He could feel her breast rising and falling as she took deep breaths of the fresh air; he could feel her heart's quick beating. She was safe. Nothing else mattered.

He looked at her. A little color had come back into her cheeks. Her eyes were wide open; the sunlight fell on the honey-colored hair that had blown back over his shoulder . . . It was the scent of jasmine, which reminded him that in some inexplicable way her safety was wrapped up in the jewels—that she wouldn't be really free unless he kept possession of them.

He glanced up the Embankment; the roar of the traffic over the bridge was a cheerful sound after the awful silence of the house. He laughed as he saw the red omnibuses, the lorries, and shining cars, the people hurrying to and fro. And then he remembered that Soapy Hudson was tearing through the streets in the car to reach his home before Derek could get Nina away. He turned his head and looked back into the hall; he saw the shadowy outline of the butler, who had risen, and was clinging to the bannister rails. Derek hurried Nina to the bottom of the steps.

"Get into the car," he said. "Wait there. Start her up if you can. I shan't be a moment, sweetheart."

She clung to him. "Don't leave me, Derek! Don't go back into that house! They'll kill you. Don't go back, Derek!"

He pushed her into the car and dashed back into the house, ran to the foot of the staircase. Nina's voice was echoing in his ears: "Don't go back! They'll kill you!" She really loved him!

Then he felt a sharp, stinging sensation in his arm, as if a knife had grazed it, heard the splinter of woodwork behind him, and saw the butler crouching on the stairs with a gun. Derek dropped as the man fired again. He cursed himself for his lack of caution. Suddenly he thought of Nathan. How the old fox would have despised him being caught like this in the moment of success!

He waited, flattening himself out, holding his pistol ready. The butler waited, too, only the top of his head visible; Derek saw his eyes. He aimed between them. He couldn't fire; he daren't kill him, and the man waiting for him knew it; but if Derek showed himself the butler would shoot. Derek's imagination pictured himself in the flooded cellars—where they kept the priceless sherry!

"Chuck your gun down or I'll fire!" he said.

THERE was no reply. Hudson and his gang were coming nearer with every moment. He found himself trying to calculate how long it would take them to get from Coulson Mansions to the Embankment. Depended on the traffic; twenty minutes would be quick work. And he'd lost count of time. Half an hour might easily have passed since Mrs. Hudson answered the telephone.

That thought gave him an idea. Dropping his gun on the step beside him he put up his hands. "I don't know what you're playing at, taking pot-shots at me. Mrs. Hudson's locked in the drawing-room. I came back with the key to let her out, and," he added sarcastically, "to apologise for any damage I may have done."

TAKING the key from his pocket he threw it up to the butler. "Here you are! Unlock the door yourself!"

Running to the front door, he hanged it, waited until he heard the butler pulling himself to his feet. Cautiously, without making a sound, he crept to the foot of the stairs again, and waited until he heard the key in the lock. He gave no warning now, but, stepping forward, he fired twice, aiming low at the butler's legs. With an agonised cry, the man crumpled up—like a concertina, Derek thought, as he went up the stairs two steps at a time. The butler was still clutching his gun. Derek put his foot on his arm and wrenched it away from him. Then he went into the drawing room.

He stopped on the threshold and caught his breath. Mrs. Hudson was standing by the window smoking a cigarette. She looked at him calmly, through half-closed eyes, took the cigarette from her lips, and blew a cloud of smoke into the air. Derek covered her with his gun.

"Don't move!"

She shrugged her shoulders. "If I did you wouldn't dare shoot—but I'm not going to. I'm much too interested to know why you've come back. Was it to finish your sherry or to thank me for taking care of your fiancee?"

He feared her more at that moment than all the time he'd been in the house. Her calm insolence and her self-control fascinated him. He was conscious of her vivid personality. In spite of her artificiality she was strangely, uncannily attractive. Though he knew he was mad to waste a moment of time she made him feel reckless and bold, irresistibly tempted to play her own game.

"I'm sorry to give you so much trouble, Mrs. Hudson—hope I haven't made you late for your matinee." He picked up the glass of sherry, which he had only just tasted, and emptied it. "A wonderful sherry. Lucky the floods haven't affected it. I really came back for my hat—though I don't suppose any of you would have thought of looking inside it."

He picked it up from the table and put it on. The expression on Mrs. Hudson's face changed. Her eyes opened very wide. "One moment, Mr. Rathbone——"

She took a step towards him.

"This gun really does go off," he said warningly, "and your husband would hate to find two cripples in the house when he gets back."

She pulled herself together, and gave a forced laugh; her hands were clenched. "I should have liked to keep the hat as a souvenir of a very clever actor," she said, "and a charming young man!"

He bowed as he backed towards the door, still keeping her covered. "When I get married I'll send it to you!"

Her voice, shrill with uncontrolled fury now, followed him as he reached the door: "I'm afraid I shall have to wait a very long time!"

He turned the key in the lock. The butler was propped against the wall, his head between his knees, his hands clutching his legs. Derek pulled the front door behind him. Nina had started the engine; she was leaning out of the door calling to him. He saw Hudson's car tearing down the road. It pulled up in its own length as he jumped down the steps.

A man leaped out; his hand went to his pocket. "I've got you covered—stop, or I fire!" he growled.

Derek stopped. He was on the pavement, midway between the two cars. Two other men got out, and one of them Derek recognised as "Doctor Hartley." He wasn't

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afraid of the threat to shoot—they wouldn't dare in the open street, but they would close round him, and he wouldn't have a chance of escaping. Derek guessed the first man was the gang leader; he was thick-set and broad-shouldered, handsome in a dark, sallow way, and immaculately dressed.

"You're too late, Hudson," Derek said, "but your wife can tell you where the jewels are."

As he spoke Hudson took a step towards him and then Derek heard the drawing-room windows fling open. Lola Hudson came out on to the balcony. They all looked up; Derek's heart stopped beating; she would shout to them to take his hat. . . . It was all up with him.

But she didn't speak. She stood staring over the top of the car across the road; Derek followed her gaze. He saw, walking slowly and nonchalantly along the pavement on the other side of the narrow street, the burly, blue-uniformed figure of a policeman.

Reaction was so swift and sudden he could have shouted for joy. In the past he had often laughed at the majesty of the law, but now he wondered if there was any sight more lovely, more inspiring, than an English policeman ambling along his beat in the spring sunshine.

"Officer!" he called.

The constable half turned, then, with great deliberation, crossed the road. Derek grinned at Hudson.

"Officer, could you direct these gentlemen to the Lost Property Office? I know it's somewhere on the other side of the river, but for the life of me I can't remember the street——"

The policeman cleared his throat and addressed himself to Soapy. "Well, sir, if you go straight across that bridge there——"

Raising his hat to the group on the pavement Derek jumped into his car and drove off.

As he turned out of the Walk into the main road he looked back. Hudson had disappeared indoors, but the policeman was still holding forth to the other two.

He took Nina's hand. It was like ice. He looked at her face. She lay back in the seat, her arms hanging limply, her legs stretched out, lifeless. "Nina, darling, look at me! Everything's all right—I'm taking you home."

She tried to smile; her head rolled from side to side. "It's too late," she said, faintly. "You've been—wonderful Derek—but you didn't understand. It's too late. Nothing matters now—nothing!"

CHAPTER 14

DEREK cut through to the Fulham Road and up Queen's Gate to the Park. Hudson was pretty certain to follow him, but first he had to see his wife and get rid of the policeman. How he cursed himself for boasting to her about having the jewels hidden in his hat! Hudson would take the quickest way to Coulson Mansions to try to cut him off. He decided it wouldn't be safe to take Nina there. He turned out of the Park, down Upper Grosvenor Street, thinking he might find a quiet room at his club where they could talk.

Nina put her hand on his arm. "Where are you going?" She sat upright as she spoke. She was breathing normally again, the fresh air had revived her.

"I want to take you home, but it isn't safe."

She leaned forward looking at him, trying to read his thoughts. "You—you gave my secret away, Derek! They won't bother about us any more. . . . Listen, I want you to take me to Tom's rooms; Leinster Road, Bayswater. We shall be all right there, and I must see Tom. Darling, he'll explain."

He didn't tell her she wouldn't find Tom at his rooms; for all he knew he might never have gone to Paris at all. He let the car out down the Bayswater Road. He was pretty certain they weren't being followed now.

"You don't think Hudson knows where your brother lives?"

"No—I'm sure he doesn't. It's impossible—almost."

She didn't speak again until they drove down Leinster Road, when she asked him to stop at number five. Derek went on past the house and pulled up on the other side of the road some fifty yards further down. Nina made no comment.

She rang the bell at number five and a plump, cheery-faced woman opened the front door, gave Nina a smile of recognition, and said: "Your brother's not at home, Miss. He didn't sleep here last night, and he's not back yet."

Derek felt Nina's hand tighten on his arm. "Oh, yes," she said faintly; "I know. But he asked me to meet him. I'd like to go up and wait."

"Certainly, miss, that's all right. You know your way up, don't you? If you want anything, just ring."

NINA let go of Derek's arm and began to walk up the staircase. Derek turned to the housekeeper and asked her if he could possibly produce something for Miss James to eat. "She's had rather a trying morning and no lunch yet. If you could manage some soup——"

"Certainly, sir. I'll bring some up at once. She does look a bit tired. Those films, I suppose."

Derek followed Nina into Tom's room, a typical lodging-house sitting-room, full of furniture from Tottenham Court Road; the walls covered with pictures, the mantelshelf with ornaments. An open door on the right disclosed a small, dark bedroom. Nina was standing by the bureau searching some papers that lay there; then she went into the bedroom. Derek heard her moving about. He opened the window, threw some cushions on to the sofa and told her to come and lie down.

"I can't," she cried. "I can't rest until I know what's happened to Tom." Looking at Derek pitifully, she put her hands to her forehead. "I can't remember what happened! You must help me. You love me, don't you, Derek, and—you trust me?"

"I love you more than anything in the world," he said slowly, "and I will help you, but you've got to do what I tell you." He took her in his arms and put her on the sofa. "First of all you've got to lie down until you've had some soup and feel better. Then we'll talk."

As her arm slipped from his shoulders she gave a cry, held out her hand. There was blood on it. "Derek! You're hurt! Let me see."

He assured her it was nothing; a bullet had just grazed the skin; he promised to go into the bathroom and bathe it whilst she was having her soup. When the housekeeper brought it up she wanted to stay and talk. She lived in the basement with her two children, and didn't get much chance of gossiping. Derek went to bathe his arm, and when he came back she was gone.

Pulling up a chair he sat beside Nina. "Now, before we talk, Nina, I want you to tell me what happened to you in that house."

"They tried to make me tell them where the jewels were," she said, "tried to frighten me by telling me what they were going to do to me. Then they gave me some awful drug, thinking I would talk—and just before you came they injected something into my arm. I must have been half-dazed, or I wouldn't have let you speak about that cold cream jar I asked you to take care of——"

"Never mind that now," he said. "You're safe for the moment."

She pushed him away, got up, and looked through the windows, then closed them. "I must go back to Coulson Mansions, Derek, and find out what's happened. Where did you put the cold cream? They may have missed it. Don't look at me like that, Derek, and don't question me. Not yet. If you love me, you must help me!"

CHAPTER 15

DEREK made Nina sit down again. "There's only one way to help you," he said. "I must know the truth. I know what was in that jar!"

He told her what had happened after "Doctor Hartley" had taken her away; of her brother's visit; the message he had subsequently received saying that Tom was on his way to Paris; of his ringing up Nathan, who had come to see him and had told him that Nina, while acting as his parlor-maid, had stolen some jewels from his safe.

"He told you that?" she cried.

Derek nodded. "And it was he who traced you to Hudson's house and helped me find you. Now, listen to me! If you'll return his property he has promised not to take any action against you."

She took his hand, gazing into his eyes. "He mustn't get hold of them, Derek. You don't understand. You must trust me. You don't think I'm a thief?"

She had said it, and he couldn't reply. He couldn't meet her eyes. When he did look up, she was staring at him, anxiously. "You took them from his safe, didn't you, Nina?"

She got up with an impatient gesture, started to walk about the room, then turned on him quickly, looking at him boldly—no fear or shame in her eyes: "Yes, I took them, Derek! That's the only reason I took the job as parlor-maid—so that I could get hold of those jewels. Not for myself, but for someone else. But I did it. Now you know! Are you going to trust me—or aren't you?"

She came closer. "Look at me, Derek. You don't know all I went through in that place on the Embankment. Use your imagination—ask yourself why I've taken the risks I have, without some terrific incentive——"

Derek shook his head. He was afraid to think. She was accusing herself. "Your brother," he stammered, "was it for his sake?"

She hesitated a moment. "Yes. It was for his sake, and that's all I can tell you. I suppose I'm testing your faith pretty high, Derek . . . but I'm glad." She laughed, hysterically. "Yes, I'm glad. A woman likes to know!" Tears were running down her face, her breath came in short gasps; two bright spots of color burnt on the high cheek-bones. "Are you with me or against me, Derek? If you don't want to trust me, you can get out now . . . I can carry on by myself. I can carry on . . . beat Soapy and Nathan and all the lot of them. . . . What are you going to do?"

She stood in front of the fireplace, holding on to the marble mantel-shelf, gazing at him. When he didn't speak she turned away. "Very well," she said in a strangled voice, "I don't blame you. But you must go now. . . . Go on, get out of here"—her voice rose—"get out of here—and leave me alone! Do you hear? I don't want to see you again!"

Derek did not hesitate. He went to her, took her in his arms, kissing her wet face, her eyes, her lips. He felt her body relax as she abandoned herself. He had got outside himself, discovered he had two distinct personalities fighting for supremacy, a sort of Jekyll and Hyde, a conscious and a subconscious self.

It was the subconscious self that prompted him to say: "I'm with you, Nina. You alone in all the world count. . . . I'm going to leave you now, to go to Coulson Mansions to see what's happened. While

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I'm away you've got to take a couple of aspirins and lie absolutely still.'

He got up, picked up his hat, and put it on. Immediately reason reasserted itself. Why shouldn't he tell her he'd got the jewels, make her come back with him and hand them over to Nathan?

"Quick then!" Nina said. "I'll be quite safe here—they know I haven't got them. And, Derek, if you can't find the jar, throw a few things into a suitcase for me. I must get off to Paris and meet Tom."

THAT was it, he thought. Get her safely out of the country and then bargain with Nathan. "Promise not to leave here until I come back, Nina. I may be rather a long time," he said, holding the door open. Her eyes were still wet with tears.

"Darling, I do love you!" she whispered. "I knew you wouldn't fail me. You're wonderful! I can't tell you what I feel——"

"Hush!—don't talk!" He was afraid lest he should suddenly change his mind, lest conscience or reason should divert him from his purpose as soon as he was away from her. She looked so lovely lying there, her slender figure outlined against the cushions.

"Go quickly, Derek!" she said.

It wasn't so easy to leave her after the hell of anxiety he'd gone through. He went back to the sofa, took her in his arms again, pressed his lips against her mouth. "Try to sleep, my darling!" he murmured. "I'll tell the housekeeper not to let anyone in on any pretext whatsoever."

He opened the hall door cautiously, and looked up and down the street. No one who looked the least suspicious was anywhere near. The only people in the vicinity were an old lady exercising her dog, a couple of workmen carrying a ladder, and two chattering girls. As he walked quickly to the car, he decided that he must not take the slightest risk now. He knew the daring and power of Hudson's gang. Soapy was no ordinary crook, but the leader of a large and clever organisation. The first thing to be done was to get rid of his hat, and find a hiding-place for the jewels. He got into the car, pulled up the floor-board at the back, and disconnected the accumulators. That would keep anyone who tried to steal the car busy for a little while.

Making his way to the Bayswater Road he picked up a taxi, and told the driver to take him to Verney's restaurant in Oxford Street. It was just striking two when he dismissed the cab. The restaurant was emptying. He gave his hat and gloves to the cloakroom attendant, and put the ticket into his waistcoat pocket.

The maitre d'hotel came forward to greet him. "Haven't seen you for a long time, sir."

"Been busy working," Derek said. "Not much money in law or literature nowadays, Leon!"

The Italian smiled and spread out his hands. "Not much money in anything."

Derek grinned. A cheering reflection! He ordered some cold meat and a pint of beer. Wonderful what food could do to a hungry man. Until he started eating he didn't realise how hungry he was.

"Now I want a cup of coffee and a really good cigar," he said when he had finished.

While he was waiting for the coffee to be made he went to the telephone-box and rang up Nathan. He got through immediately. "This is Derek Rathbone speaking," he said.

"Where are you?" Nathan asked. His voice had changed; no longer harsh, it came clearly and incisively over the wire.

"I'm speaking from a call-box—in Oxford Street——"

"All right. That's enough. I was afraid that your mission hadn't been successful. Are you alone?"

"Yes. I'm going to Coulson Mansions—I'd like to see you at once. Can you meet me there?"

Now it was Nathan who hesitated. "It would not be wise to meet there unless—you have something to give me."

Derek said, "I've something to tell you that you will be glad to hear. Be at my flat in three-quarters of an hour."

Nathan rang off. Derek drank his coffee and lighted the cigar. As he smoked he laid his plans. His mind was crystal clear now. His two selves, the subconscious and the conscious, were merged into one again. There was no longer any wavering.

He paid his bill to Leoni, told him he might be dining there. As he was going out the cloakroom attendant stopped him: "Your hat and gloves, sir!"

Derek said he was just going round the corner, and would be back soon. He stood on the pavement letting the crowd surge round him — mostly women inspecting windows; then he walked along Oxford Street a little way and, hailing a passing taxi, drove to Exeter Mansions in Jermyn Street.

The hall porter, an ex-sergeant, saluted him as he came in. "Mr. Shaw sir? He's just gone up."

ANTHONY SHAW was a young man with a comfortable income. He had read for the Bar, but as soon as he'd eaten his dinners he had deserted the Temple for Brooklands. Not finding enough excitement in car racing he had turned his attention to the air, and had developed quite a reputation for skill and daring.

"Hullo, old thing," he called from the bathroom, when his servant announced Derek. "Where've you been lately? Get yourself a drink. I'll be out in a minute."

Shaw appeared in a bath-wrap drying his face and thick brown hair on a towel. He fell into an armchair and lit a cigarette. "Been mucking about with the machine all the morning. . . . Well, what's up? Gosh, you don't look a bit ragged—as if the mice had been at you!"

"Where is your machine?"

"My own particular bus is at Croydon—just been overhauled."

"That's the Puss Moth, isn't it? Never know what it means, sounds a silly combination. Look here, Tony, could you fly her over to Paris for me to-morrow?"

"Who?"

"This is serious."

"As long as you don't ask me to be——"

"It is a girl. I'd like to get her away to-night, but I suppose that's impossible. I don't know whether you've met her . . . Nina James."

Shaw looked mildly interested. "You introduced me to her at the Red Hat Club one night. Very nice—she hasn't married you, has she?"

"She's got mixed up with a rotten lot—some gang or other. Must get out of the country quickly and secretly. If they know she's going they may try and stop her."

Shaw sat upright. "I say, old chap, where've you been lunchin'?"

"It may sound a bit fantastic, but it's jolly serious. If you'll take her I can get her down to the aerodrome any time of the morning you say."

"And when I get there—if we're not shot down?"

"Hand her over to her brother—if I can get hold of him."

Anthony got up, stretched himself. "All right, it's a bet—only I don't guarantee to hand her over to her brother. This isn't a film stunt, is it?"

"No. Wish it were."

"All right. I'll have to get hold of my mechanic. You'd better phone through this evening and I'll tell you if it's O.K. and when to be on the ground."

Derek held out his hand. "Jolly decent of you, old chap."

Anthony shook his head. "I love helping my friends. It's all I live for, really!" He looked at Derek curiously. "Never imagined you getting mixed up with such social celebrities as gangsters. What've you been up to?" He walked with him to the door. "Where's your hat?"

"Lost it—trying to keep my head."

"Better have one of mine." He picked up a brown, felt hat from the oak settle in the hall. "Can't go about looking like a bit of old Chelsea or a baby Scout."

CHAPTER 16

MONTAGUE NATHAN replaced the receiver of the telephone and turned to Peter Bortch, who was standing with his back to the fireplace in Nathan's study. "That, as you probably overheard, is our young friend, Derek Rathbone. He's on his way to Coulson Mansions—wants me to meet him there."

The Russian shook his head. "He's a fool. Soapy will be waiting for him."

Nathan blew his nose before replying, and carefully replaced the large silk handkerchief in his pocket. He took a box of cigars from the bureau, took one, and lit it, then after a moment's hesitation handed one to Bortch. "He's no fool. He's cleverer than I thought. He may be dangerous."

The Russian looked at Nathan through the flame of the match he had just lit. "In love with that girl—easy."

"Love—and vodka have driven many men mad in your country, my friend, and a madman is always dangerous. Now, you're certain of this, that when you went back from telephoning me you saw Rathbone come out of the house alone. Soapy came up at the same moment and he let Rathbone get into the car and drive off. It was then you saw the girl in the car?"

Bortch nodded. "There was a girl there, all right. Fair, that's all I could see. It must have been Rathbone who spoke to the policeman. That was smart of him. Soapy went into the house, and left the other two talking to the policeman, and he hadn't come out when I left."

Nathan rolled the cigar between his lips. "Why didn't you obey my instructions? I told you to wait for an hour——"

"Well, it was getting on for that," the Russian broke in, "and I was suspicious. I went up to the front door, meaning to ring, myself, and heard a thud, like a body falling downstairs. I couldn't have been more than five minutes telephoning during which time Rathbone must have got the girl out."

"In that case what the devil did he go back for?"

Bortch scratched his head. "He wasn't carrying anything, either. Soapy wouldn't have left Mrs. Hudson alone in the house." He came closer to Nathan, lowering his voice. "Suppose there was a scrap—supposing he killed someone—and got the jewels out of Soapy's safe?"

Nathan knocked the ash off his cigar. "I can believe he had the guts, but I can't believe he had the brains. And how did he get Soapy out of the house? Look here, Bortch; Nina and this fellow Tom James are working together. Rathbone's in love with Nina, and his flat is close to hers. He must have met this alleged brother before. It's possible they're all in together. But why does he want to see me at his flat in half an hour? He said he was going to tell me where the jewels are, if I would promise not to take any action against Nina."

"Then I'd hurry there before Hudson arrives," Bortch said, sarcastically.

Nathan walked to the door. "What puzzles me is why Nina hasn't given me away to Rathbone. If he'd told her he'd got the jewels, supposing he has, she most certainly would have done so. Perhaps you're right, Bortch. The man is a fool, but love has made him cunning. I want you to come with me to Coulson Mansions; I shall leave you outside to watch the house. You know the garage opposite? Wait there. I shall stand by the window in Rathbone's flat. Signal to me if you see any of Soapy's gang. If I use my handkerchief, come up."

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CHAPTER 17

WHEN Derek reached his flat he found Nathan waiting for him outside the front door. "Sorry if I've kept you waiting," he said, "but I had to take Nina where she'd be safe, and then get something to eat."

Nathan followed him into the sitting-room, and took a seat by the window. "That's not very comfortable," Derek said, pulling round the armchair, "won't you sit here?"

Nathan smiled. "I like a hard seat when I talk business."

Derek flung himself on the sofa.

"Business?" he repeated, slowly. "What do you mean by that, Mr. Nathan?"

The Jew looked at Derek, then at the end of his cigar. It had gone out. He struck a match and relighted it. "You have found the thief," he said, speaking very slowly and distinctly. "I gather she has told you where the jewels are. You have done me a great service; you naturally expect a reward."

"I don't want anything," Derek replied, "except to return the jewels to their rightful owner—and clear Nina's name."

"Quite. Will you tell me where she is now?"

"With friends. She's been through a pretty rotten time."

"Poor girl! I warned you Hudson wasn't very nice in his methods—especially with women. I suppose she was too upset to talk?"

"Yes—she'd been drugged."

"Ah!" Nathan leaned forward. "Why did they do that, I wonder?" Derek didn't reply. "She told you where the jewels are, however?"

"She couldn't—she doesn't know."

Nathan got up, glanced out of the window, then turned to Derek. "You've got them? You found them in Hudson's house?"

His hawk-like eyes were piercing Derek's mind, trying to read his thoughts. For a moment he thought of lying—but if the Jew found out he would only drive a harder bargain.

"You must be satisfied, Mr. Nathan, if I tell you that I know where they are; that no one else knows, and that they are perfectly safe."

Nathan sat down again. "They won't be safe until they are in my possession. Where are they? Have you got them on you?"

Derek laughed. "I said they were safe. They wouldn't be safe on me with Soapy and his gang around."

"Perhaps you are right," Nathan said softly. "I'm glad you are cautious. You've been very clever, Mr. Rathbone. I am deeply indebted to you. Among Gentiles my race hasn't a reputation for generosity, but you will find that I am not ungrateful—when the jewels are safely lodged in my bank. You may have guessed by now that they are something out of the ordinary. They belonged to a young Indian prince who got into debt over here, and was forced to sell them. The utmost secrecy had to be observed, for if the sale leaked out there would have been a nasty scandal."

"I see," Derek said slowly. "That clears things up a bit."

"It does," Nathan said, cheerfully. "The last thing I want to do is to call the police in and let the Press get hold of the story. Nina probably banked on this. Anyway, thanks to your cleverness, both she and the jewels are safe now—Nina is quite safe as far as I am concerned."

Derek got up, and held out his hand. "That's a bargain, Mr. Nathan. You promise that not only shall no action be taken, but that you will never breathe a word of what hr. happened?"

Looking at Nathan, he smiled. A weight was off his mind. As for the future, there was plenty of time to consider that. Love conquered all things. "You give me your word?" he repeated. "It's the only reward I want."

Nathan said: "I give you my word." He picked up his hat, and as he did so glanced through the window again. "Well, delay is dangerous. Shall we go and deposit those jewels in my bank?"

Derek glanced at the clock. There was still time before the banks shut. The sooner he got rid of the cursed things the better, but Nathan was rushing him. He didn't want to part with them until Nina was safely out of England.

"One moment," he said. "If you don't mind, Mr. Nathan, I want to get my fiancee out of the country before handing over your property——" He turned to the door.

"Stop!"

Derek looked back. Nathan was standing at the window staring into the street. Derek saw him take out a large silk handkerchief and blow his nose.

CHAPTER 18

WHEN Nathan turned round he discovered that the room was empty. He went to the door, listened, and heard footsteps mounting the stone staircase. Looking over the banisters he saw Bortch coming up. Beckoning him into Derek's room, he closed the door:

"Well?"

"One of Soapy's gang, a half-caste Jap called Foxy, has just gone up the street," Bortch said in a low voice.

"Did he see you?"

"No. I waited till he'd gone."

Nathan swore. "You didn't see a car or taxi hanging about anywhere?"

The Russian shook his head. "I think he's alone. Where's Rathbone?"

"Upstairs, collecting things for the girl." He drew Bortch to the far end of the room. "He's found the jewels. Going to hand them over."

"Got them with him?"

"No. Won't say where they are; left them at his bank, I expect."

Bortch went to the door and listened. "How are you going to get rid of that Jap? You don't want Soapy to find out where Rathbone's hiding the girl."

Nathan stopped, his hands clasped behind him, his head poked forward, staring at the Russian. "I've been thinking of that. Why not let him follow Rathbone?"

Bortch whistled through his teeth, and stared at Nathan incredulously.

"Rathbone wants to get her out of the country. Just said so. I'll agree to that. Hudson will follow her thinking she's taking the jewels with her to her brother." A crafty smile parted Nathan's lips. "Nina's dangerous. I shall be glad to get her out of the way—and it will leave everything clear for me to get the jewels from Rathbone and pass them straight on to my American buyer."

Bortch nodded. "You're right. Soapy will see to it she never reaches her brother, jewels or no jewels; she knows too much about him. Dead men—and women—tell no tales—so you'll be safe, Nathan . . . and if there's a racket it will be Soapy they'll go for!" He rubbed his great hands together. "Cunning, Nathan."

"Look out, Rathbone's coming back."

Nathan pretended to be annoyed at being kept so long waiting; it was too late now to go to the bank. He introduced Bortch to Derek as one of his clerks who had come along to warn him he was being followed to the house.

"We'll go first," Nathan said, "to leave the coast clear for you."

Derek nodded. "They've raided Nina's flat again. Broke the front door this time, and made a pretty mess. That's why I was so long. But I've got them guessing, Mr. Nathan. They won't come here again."

"I shouldn't think so," Bortch agreed. "It's been a bad business, but you've fooled them very cleverly. I must say I'd like to know how you got the jewels back. Perhaps you'll tell us—later on?"

Derek nodded. He was in a hurry to get rid of them. "I'll tell Mr. Nathan everything to-morrow." He turned to the Jew. "Look here, I'm going to see Nina off to-morrow morning; the time hasn't been arranged yet, but I'll be able to meet you here at two o'clock."

"If you're satisfied that my property is in a safe place I have no alternative but to wait," Nathan said slowly. "There's just one thing before I go," he added: "Miss James doesn't know you've got the jewels? Well, you won't tell her. . . . Oh, I know I have your word—but you are very much in love, are you not? And she'd stop at nothing to prevent the jewels falling into any hands but her brother's."

As soon as they were outside the door, he said to Bortch: "We'll wait in the basement until he goes out—to make quite sure that Hudson's man follows him—and not us!"

Derek sat down at the bureau and, picking up the telephone, dictated a wire to Tom James at Cook's Office in Paris, saying that Nina would arrive at Le Bourget aerodrome in the morning, and asking him to wait there from 10 o'clock. If anything miscarried he would wire the aerodrome. Before leaving the flat he looked out of the window. Seeing nothing to excite his suspicions, he picked up Nina's suitcase and ran downstairs.

CHAPTER 19

DEREK took the tube to Queen's Road, Bayzwater, and then walked to Leinster Road. The car was standing where he had left it. He decided it would be safer to push it into a garage; if any of the gang happened to come prowling round it would only advertise his presence in the district.

He hurried back to Tom's lodgings and asked the housekeeper when she opened the door if everything was all right.

She seemed surprised at his question, and said, "Oh, yes, sir. Mr. James hasn't returned yet. I was just wondering if the young lady would like a cup of tea."

Derek said she could bring tea up for both of them. "I've learnt that Mr. James has gone to Paris on business. Miss James will be joining him in the morning. I've just brought her suitcase along; it would save a lot of trouble and inconvenience if she could stop the night here. That would be all right, wouldn't it?"

"Why, yes, sir, I don't see why not. Will she be wanting a bit of dinner or is she dining out, do you think?"

Derek said he'd let her know later on. He opened the sitting-room door, hoping to find Nina sleeping. The curtains had been pulled half across the windows; the atmosphere was heavy with cigarette smoke; Nina wasn't there.

"Nina."

As he spoke her name he heard a movement in the bedroom—quick, nervous steps as if she were walking up and down. He called to her again; the door opened and she came in. Her appearance shocked him. Her hair fell in a limp, lifeless mass over her forehead, her eyes were bright and feverish. She was twisting a half-smoked cigarette between her fingers.

"What a long time you've been, Derek. I was beginning to get scared."

"I'm sorry. I had an awful lot to do. But everything is arranged now; you needn't worry about anything." There was a trail of cigarette ash on the floor; in the fireplace he saw cigarette ends and matches. "Why didn't you do as I told you and lie down and try to get a little sleep?"

She laughed, moved away from him and sat down, then got up almost immediately. "Don't you realise I was half asleep when you left? In a sort of nightmare; hardly knew what was happening except that I'd escaped from those devils." She saw the

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suitcase, picked it up, and, putting it on the table, began to search through the contents. "You haven't brought it!" she cried. "The jar of cold cream—they've taken it!"

She closed the suitcase and stood staring at him resentfully. "I wish you'd never found me! They couldn't have discovered where I'd hidden them . . . and I'd have died rather than tell them. We shall never get them now—and we were so near to success." Her voice broke; she flung herself into a chair at the table and ran her fingers through her hair. "The theft is bound to be discovered now."

"It will never be discovered, Nina."

She wasn't listening to him. "It will mean war—revolution! Oh, God, I can't bear to tell Tom! It may ruin all the plans being made over here. . . . And they trusted Tom with the mission. Why, they may even suspect him, now!"

Derek went to her, but she moved away—wouldn't let him touch her. "Listen, Nina," he said, "neither you nor your brother will ever be suspected. The jewels are safe. I found them in the cold cream."

"Derek!" She stared at him with unbelieving eyes. "You've got them?" She rose, unsteadily, and put her hands on his shoulders, turning him round till he faced the light. "Where are they?" she asked in a low, tense voice. "Quick, show them to me, Derek. . . . Darling, you don't realise what you've done; you don't know what all this means."

He looked into her eyes, but he couldn't see into her mind; love blinded him to everything but his desire to save her because he loved her and wanted her. Yet he found himself beginning to doubt the evidence of his own senses—the confession she had made only a few hours ago. She was drawing him away from the window down on to the sofa, she was holding his hands in a fierce grip:

"Give them to me, Derek," she whispered. "We're not safe even here, if you've got them. I must go to Paris at once. The Rajah's there—on his way to England——" She stopped, as if afraid she had said too much.

"Hold on, Nina," Derek said, quietly. "You're going too fast. I know all about that Rajah—Nathan told me."

"Nathan! What did he tell you? It wasn't the truth. He wouldn't dare!"

"Dare you tell me the truth?"

SHE didn't reply. Now, for the first time, he felt his love weakening. He had to fight down a feeling of bitter anger against her. "Look here, Nina—I think I've proved my faith—anyway my love for you. It's your turn to stop all this subterfuge and mystery and tell me the whole truth. I know you must have been terribly tempted to do what you've done. Why not own up? Just because I've got you away from Soapy Hudson, for God's sake don't think you can persuade me to be your accomplice."

She got up and took a cigarette, but didn't light it. She stood with her back to the mantelshelf, leaning against it. "You don't seem to realise that every moment is precious," she said, harshly. "All right then, I was tempted—not by a handful of jewels as you seem to think, but partly to help my brother, partly to help my country perhaps; but what really tempted me was the excitement, the thrill of doing something dangerous—playing a star part. Perhaps you'll admit I'm a good actress?"

"You're acting now."

"I'm not! Where are those jewels?"

"They are in the lining of my hat, and my hat is hanging comfortably on a peg not a hundred miles from here. As soon as I've seen you safely off to-morrow I've promised to give them back to Nathan."

"You won't!"

"I will, unless you can prove that they don't belong to him."

She struck a match for her cigarette. "I can prove nothing," she said, slowly. "It's only my word against his. He's an I.D.B., if you know what that means—Illicit Diamond Buyer—receiver of stolen goods. You know what I am—a second-rate film actress. With your experience as a journalist, I suppose you think we're both capable of doing anything for money."

Derek didn't speak.

"I promised Tom not to tell a single soul," she went on, "but you've got me in a corner. Those jewels belong to the Rajah of Matala. They were stolen from his palace. They've belonged to the State for centuries. It's difficult for you to understand what would happen out there if their loss were discovered—they're more than jewels to his people. They are the sacred emblems of authority. For some years my brother has been tutor to the Rajah's son—a trusted member of the family. The story is too long to tell now, but the Rajah daren't trust anyone with the secret but Tom. He tracked the thief to London, found that he was in communication with a Russian called Peter Bortch—a satellite of Nathan's. You can guess the rest—or do you want me to go on? When Tom arrived in England and made his plans, I agreed to try and get a job in Nathan's house and watch. He knew that if the jewels came to London, Montague Nathan was the only man who would buy them. He bribed his parlor-maid to leave, and I applied for the post. You can guess the rest."

Derek watched her fingers twisting the cigarette into a shapeless mass. "Nathan told me that the jewels belonged to a young Indian prince who's got into debt, and had been forced to sell them," he said. "The utmost secrecy was observed to prevent a scandal—one of the reasons he didn't go straight to Scotland Yard."

Nina gave a twisted smile. "He told you that this afternoon, I suppose, to prejudice you against the truth—in case you got it from me? Well, which of us do you believe?"

CHAPTER 20

HIS love had been weakening because his faith in Nina hadn't been built on solid foundations, and, manlike, he had been brought up to mistrust his instincts. He looked at Nina, but couldn't see her clearly. Instead, he saw just a blurred and indistinct picture. She seemed to be fading away into a mist until she disappeared altogether.

God, how he hated himself! Nina, of all women in the world. He had placed her on a pedestal, and then knocked her off himself.

"I wouldn't stand there if I were you, Derek. This Hudson crowd will be combing London for us, and I shouldn't be surprised if Nathan's having you shadowed, too."

He stepped back, forcing himself to look at her, not knowing what he would see in her eyes—contempt? hatred?

"Cheer up, Derek," she said, huskily. "I don't blame you for thinking I was a thief. I shan't blame you if you still think so; but I shall have to fight you . . . poor Derek."

He smiled. "Don't pity me, Nina. I've been pitying myself. A man always does feel sorry for himself when he finds he's in the wrong."

She moved towards him impulsively, then stopped. Tobacco from the mangled cigarette filtered through her fingers to the floor. So quietly, he could only just hear her, she said: "You do believe me then, Derek?"

He nodded. The question suggested she wouldn't have been surprised if he'd thought her a liar as well as a thief. "Of course I believe you, Nina . . ."

"That's all right, then," she cried.

The light came back to her eyes, the color to her face. She threw back her head with a gesture he knew and loved, that she made when she was happy or thrilled. She held out her hands to him, but he didn't move.

"It's not all right," he said. "If you don't despise me you ought to. I talked a lot about my love, made the usual protestations—you must have heard them before from other men—of course, I told you that my love was different, and at the very first test it failed—"

She laughed, joyfully, rapturously, and her laughter shook him more than tears, more than anything she could have said.

"Derek, my angel—you don't know what you're saying. You've been magnificent. Now I'm recovering my senses: I'm only just beginning to realise myself—there can't be another man in the world who'd have done what you've done. You are worried, I know, because you believed the evidence of your senses, which Nathan corroborated. That's why it's so marvellous of you—believing I was a thief you risked your life, your reputation—everything, in order to find, and save me. If you'd thought I was innocent it would have been quite different. . . . Come here and put your arms round me, and hold me tight!"

He went to her and he put his arms round her, and he held her very tight.

"Let me go, Derek," Nina whispered at last. "I can't breathe . . ."

"Wait a minute." She picked up the suitcase and went into the bedroom. "I'm an absolute hag. My face looks like a half-baked pudding." He watched her through the door. "Oh, aren't you clever!" she cried. "I ought to be suspicious."

"Why?"

"Well, you seem to know just what a woman wants—thank heaven!"

DEREK moved away to the table and started to pour out tea, brought in just at the right moment by the housekeeper. As she changed her shoes and stockings Nina listened to the pleasant rattle of cups and saucers. Derek had found a frock and her handbag. She put the frock on. It was a relief to get out of everything she'd worn at that awful house on the Embankment—helped her to forget.

Derek straightened the cushions on the sofa, and put a footstool for Nina. He wanted to put off the moment when they would have to discuss the next move. They were so close, so happy, so perfectly at peace. It couldn't last.

Nina held out her cup for more tea. "Derek, aren't you glad—of everything that's happened?"

"I think so. I shall be when it's all finished."

She let her fingers touch his hand, and kept it a moment. "Don't let's be afraid—oh, I know you're not; but what I mean is, don't let's be afraid of—I don't know how to put it—of living dangerously! I believe it's fear of living that makes the majority of people shut themselves up in offices and shops, and, when they're not working, hide in their flats and villas like rats in their holes. I'll tell you something I've just discovered. Twenty-four hours ago I thought I loved you. Now I know I do! It's because we've done something together—got knocked about—doubted, feared, and all that. I've never been so happy as I am at this moment."

He knelt beside her and, with his arms round her waist told her his plans. There was no need to change them—only on their way to the aerodrome in the morning they could call at Verney's restaurant for the jewels and she'd take them with her to Paris.

"You'll come too, Derek?"

He shook his head. "If Nathan suspects, he may follow us—and you may be sure Hudson hasn't given up the chase yet. They both know I've got the jewels, and if I stop in London they'll be puzzled—and probably stop here, too. I only wish I could be certain of Tom meeting you in Paris."

"Send another wire to the Tournon Hotel,

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Montparnasse. He stayed there before he came over, and when I arrive to-morrow, if he doesn't meet me at the aerodrome, I'll drive straight there. If he's not there I'll take the jewels to the Crillon myself, where the Rajah is staying. There's a telephone downstairs, Derek. You can send a wire through that—and ring up your friend, Anthony Shaw, too."

There was a knock at the door. Derek jumped up, and gave a sigh of relief as the housekeeper came into the room.

CHAPTER 21

THE housekeeper asked if they would like some dinner.

"If you could get us something to eat about half-past seven it would be grand," Derek said. "I'm calling for Miss James early in the morning, at nine o'clock."

Nina glanced at him. "Must you go back to that flat, Derek? Perhaps Mrs. Jones could give you a bed here."

"I haven't got a vacant room in the house," Mrs. Jones said. "I'm sorry, I'm sure." She took up the tray, looked from one to the other. "Of course if the gentleman likes I could make him up a bed on the couch. 'Twouldn't be the first time someone's slept there!"

Nina laughed. "Why that'll be splendid."

Derek said she needn't bother about making up a bed—all he'd need would be a rug. He went out and bought a bottle of wine, a box of peaches, and some flowers. It seemed ages since he had dined alone with Nina; he wanted to make a little celebration of it.

When he came in he rang up Anthony Shaw. Everything was O.K. The machine would be ready waiting at 10 o'clock; they'd have to get off before the air-liner started for Paris, Shaw said. "And tell her not to bring a ton of luggage," he laughed, as he rang off.

Derek sent Nina to bed soon after they'd finished dinner. He'd have liked to sit up with her and talk; there was the future to be discussed, her work and their marriage. But sleep was essential to her after all she'd been through, if she was to be alert to-morrow. They were not out of the wood yet; danger still threatened them.

He lit his pipe, listened to Nina moving about Tom's bedroom. He thought how wonderful it would be when they were married. She was right; nothing that had happened would be wasted. All they'd gone through, the dangers overcome—and dangers still to be faced—gave color and even warmth to their lives, brought them closer together.

The old Jew was right; life was fantastic and without its fantasy it would be hardly worth living. He had read somewhere that the greatest virtue in the world was courage.

He looked at the door behind which Nina lay asleep. He couldn't imagine anyone with greater courage than she possessed, moral and physical. He pulled off his shoes, started to walk up and down the room. He didn't mean to go to sleep. He was afraid. He heard a church clock chime the hour. The house was silent, the street quiet. The night was passing and he dreaded the dawn—the moment when Nina would leave him on the aeroplane and fly away to Paris.

CHAPTER 22

"EVERYTHING'S going to be all right," Derek told Nina as they sat down to breakfast. "I went out early this morning to get a shave and had a good look round and I don't think Soapy's found out where we are. I'm pretty sure there wasn't anyone watching the place last night. The only suspicious person I saw was the milkman, with his little cart!"

She leaned across the table and kissed him. "Darling, I do love you when you're silly . . . . how many lumps in your tea? This is just like being married, isn't it?"

"Great fun," he said. But he wondered what she was really thinking. In a few minutes they'd have to leave, and they didn't know when they'd see each other again. She didn't seem to care. Of course, that was her pluck—women were always braver than men.

At nine o'clock he got up and said he'd call a taxi. "I think it will be wiser than using the car—it might be recognised."

Nina put on her hat and coat and locked her suit-case. "We've got heaps of time, haven't we? I don't want to hang about the aerodrome when we get there. Do you know I've never flown before, Derek. Shall I be sick?"

"Rather not. That's how I shall feel when I see the plane disappear into the clouds."

"There aren't any!" she cried. He was opening the door when she called him back. "Let's say good-bye now. And I want to tell you something. The old Rajah's simply rolling in money. He's sure to give Tom a pretty fat cheque. Whatever it is, he's going to share it with me—so I'll be able to bring you a nice little marriage dot!"

He hugged her, then went out quickly, rang up the nearest cab rank, and told them to send a taxi round. Then he called down to the housekeeper and paid her. "Thanks for all you've done, Mrs. Jones," he said, "you've been a brick."

"It's been a pleasurre, sir. I hope you'll be very happy, I'm sure; she's a sweet young lady."

She thought they were eloping! A good omen, perhaps. As soon as he'd got rid of Nathan that afternoon he would apply for a special licence. He waited till he heard the taxi outside, then opened the door.

Everything looked all right. A few girls and men hurried to the buses and tubes. He told Nina to get in, and followed her, quickly. Sliding back the glass panel behind the driver he told him to call at Verney's Restaurant.

Nina turned to him, surprise and admiration in her eyes. "Is that where you left your hat hanging on a peg? Oh, Derek, I'd never have thought of it. You're a genius!"

Derek smiled. "Brains, you know; brains! That's where these crooks fail. They've no imagination."

"Don't bank on that," Nina said; and shuddered.

CHAPTER 23

THE doors of the restaurant were wide open—the porter in his shirt sleeves was polishing the brass; inside, a man was busy with a vacuum cleaner. Derek jumped out of the taxi, and ran in. The porter stopped him, telling him they weren't open till twelve o'clock.

"I left my hat and gloves here yesterday in the cloak-room." He produced the check he had taken. He saw his hat hanging at the far end of the cloak-room; there were two coats, an umbrella, and a bowler. The porter watched him suspiciously as he took down his hat, slowly rolled it up and pushed it into his coat pocket. The jewels were still hidden safely in the lining. He could feel the hard, knobbly lump they made.

He saw Nina's face at the taxi window, watching anxiously for him. Directly he jumped into the cab she caught his hand, held it tightly.

"Wait a minute, Derek. D'you see that taxi just ahead? It passed as you went into the restaurant and I saw the man lean out and tell the driver to stop. He didn't get out. You see, he's still waiting there. I can't help feeling we're being followed."

"I only saw his head—he'd got rather a dark skin, I think."

The driver of their taxi looked round and asked where they wanted to go. Derek told him to wait.

A couple of minutes passed while they waited. Nina kept her hand in his, holding it tightly. They both kept their eyes on the taxi in front of them. Presently Nina whispered: "You found them all right, Derek?"

"Yes, and nothing has been touched."

"Give them to me, I'll put them in my suit-case.

He shook his head. "You're quite certain no one got out of that taxi, Nina?"

"Certain!"

IT began to look suspicious; yet Derek felt certain there'd been no one about when he went to get a shave; twice during the night and again at daybreak he had gone out on to the balcony of Tom's sitting-room and found the street absolutely deserted.

"Well, we can't wait here all day, sweetheart," he said, cheerfully. "I've got to go to the bank to get some money. We shall soon see if we're being followed. Even if we are what can they do? Can't hold us up in the street."

"It's been done, Derek."

"I've got a gun in my pocket, and they know I shan't be afraid to use it."

He told the driver to take them to the Southern Bank of the Strand. The City rush hour had commenced; people streamed along the pavement; light and heavy traffic flowed down the street; red, green and orange lights winked continually at crossroads holding up the traffic at intervals, then letting it go with a rush. Derek watched through the small window in the back of the taxi, but it was impossible to discover if the other cab was following them.

"It's all right—we've given them the slip," he reassured Nina. "Anyway, if it's Soapy's gang that's following us they'll wonder what the devil we're up to."

Progress was slow; they were continually held up, rushing along for a couple of hundred yards, then stopping, then on again. Nerve-racking business. Derek tried to make conversation, as did Nina, and each found it impossible to talk though there were thousands of things they wanted to say; vital things to be discussed; yet when either spoke it was only to utter some platitude. Derek reminded Nina that he'd put her passport into the pocket of her suitcase: "I found it on the floor with a whole lot of things they'd turned out of your bureau. Lucky they didn't take it. That would have stymied us."

"I wonder what time I shall arrive, Derek? Supposing I can't find Tom. The Rajah may refuse to see me. Don't suppose he's ever heard of me. . . ."

"You'll be all right."

But he was thinking. "Why shouldn't he go too?" He wasn't under any obligation to meet Nathan now. It would do the old Jew good to kick his heels about Coulson Mansions for a few hours.

The taxi turned out of Lower Regent Street into Pall Mall. Again Derek looked back, but could see nothing but an avalanche of traffic descending upon them. He took his hat from his pocket, opened the lining, and pulled out the silk handkerchief in which the jewels were wrapped.

"Better take them now, Nina. Where'll you put them?"

She held the handkerchief in her hand, her fingers feeling for the stones hidden in its folds. Then without a word she slipped it into the neck of her frock. "That's all right," she smiled. "They'll be quite safe there. They won't slip out—and can't be snatched! Lots of things one can learn from one's great-grandmother—even in these days of scanty clothing."

He put his arms round her. "Gosh, I do love you!"

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THE taxi drew up outside the bank. Before getting out Derek paid the driver and told him not to wait. Nina got out with him, and they stood a moment on the pavement, Derek swinging his hat in his hand ostentatiously. Then they went in.

"I'm being clever again, sweetheart," he whispered. "If they have followed us they'll think I'm depositing the jewels here."

He drew a cheque for twenty pounds, grinned at the clerk as he handed it across: "Hope I'm not too optimistic?"

"It's a pleasure to find a customer who is optimistic these days," the clerk replied. "How would you like it?"

Derek glanced at Nina—and sighed. There was something so comforting and flattering in that question: "How would you like it?" For quite a long time he had been saving up for their marriage. Nina didn't know, of course. She really knew very little about him or his finances. Money had never worried him. When he'd made it he spent it. When bad times came he'd done without. He'd never had the mania for amassing wealth. But now he realised with a shudder the power of money, for without it he might have failed Nina at a critical moment in her life.

"Can you give me five one-pound notes and the rest in French money?"

He turned to Nina. "That'll be enough for you to go on with in Paris anyway. You won't have anything to pay at Croydon or Le Bourget."

"I shan't want anything like that," she said in a low voice. She put her hand on his arm and squeezed it; he didn't understand until they were walking to the door again that she had been trying to warn him.

"Let's walk a little way," she said, under her breath. "Did you notice that man beside you? He was very short, with those queer, slanting eyes—almost Japanese, he looked; he was scribbling on a paying-in slip, and when we left he just scrunched it up and dashed into the telephone-box across the hall."

Derek tried to reassure her. It was natural she should be suspicious, and he was feeling a bit nervy himself. This game of hide and seek made them inclined to suspect their own shadows. He glanced back over his shoulder. Nothing like a Jap or a Chink in sight. He took Nina's arm and turned quickly into the courtyard of the Savoy Hotel. She looked at him inquiringly, but he didn't speak till they were in the lounge.

"Not taking any risks," he said quietly.

He led her through the lounge, down the flight of steps, and across the restaurant to an exit on the far side. Here a winding staircase led them to another foyer, and the Embankment entrance. The commissionaire called a taxi for them.

"Where to, sir?"

"Croydon aerodrome—and tell him to drive quickly."

They dashed along the Embankment. Cars carrying merchants to the City swept by them; crowded trams swayed complainingly along their steel rails. At Waterloo bridge the taxi joined a maelstrom of traffic; through the pale blue mist of the river the water sparkled in the sun; it was one of those rare summer mornings when London, slowly unveiling itself, looks really beautiful, refusing quite to reveal itself, lying majestic and vast on either side of its slow-running river.

Nina held Derek's arm tightly. She watched the gulls circling round and round against the blue sky; lazy, demoralised birds that had forsaken the open sea for the City; quite human, she thought; parasites, getting something for nothing.

"I wish you weren't going back to the flat this afternoon," she said. "Couldn't you have stayed in Tom's rooms for a little while—until the Rajah's got the jewels and it's all over?"

"Needn't worry about me. I'm quite looking forward to that interview with Nathan."

Here already was the aerodrome. Derek saw the surrounding country spread out, the grey roofs of the hangars, the tops of distant trees.

"You've got everything, darling—money and passport?"

That was the silly sort of thing one always did say! It would have been worse if he'd been seeing her off by train; on the platform of a railway station one became positively imbecile. He found himself rehearsing all the blatantly platitudinous remarks that had ever been made.

Suddenly the taxi swerved violently, the near wheels caught the kerb of the pavement as it was turning into the aerodrome, the brakes shrieked. A car overtaking had cut in in front of it. Their driver flung a mouthful of abuse after it as he straightened out the taxi. Derek put his head out of the window, tried to soothe the man's outraged feelings, and told him to drive on past the hotel and waiting-rooms to the entrance of the flying ground.

The car ahead had stopped outside the ticket and passport office. As they came alongside Derek flung out his arm and pressed Nina back against the seat. Three men had got out of the car, and as they ran up the steps he recognised two of them as Soapy Hudson and the doctor.

"What's the matter, Derek? Who are they?" Nina cried.

He told her. It was no use deceiving her. "I'm afraid you were right about that man in the bank. He must have overheard me and telephoned to Soapy."

"What d'you think they'll do—follow me?"

"Looks like it. I expect they think you'll be on the air liner. What about waiting till, they start, Nina?—then you wouldn't have to go at all."

She shook her head. "Hudson won't be taken in by so simple a game. Don't worry, Derek, I shall be all right."

"I can't let you go!" he cried. "If they suspect you've got the jewels—and they do——"

Nina slipped her hand into her frock, pulled out the silk handkerchief, and pushed it into his hand: "Take it—shove it in your pocket—anywhere, until we get to the aeroplane, and see how things turn out. If we find they're following me, you keep the jewels until you hear from me. You can follow to-night or to-morrow morning with them."

Directly the taxi stopped the driver jumped down and opened the door. "Did you ever see anything like it?" he fumed. "If I hadn't been nippy they'd have smashed us up. I'm going to tell that chauffeur what I think of him."

Derek paid him, adding a generous tip. "Yes, I should. There's a policeman on duty over there—report it to him. Insist on seeing the owner."

He picked up the suitcase, took Nina's arm, and hurried her to the barrier. As they reached it an official stopped them. Anthony Shaw strolled up and passed them through.

"You're a quarter of an hour late," he said. "My bus is at the far end of the ground; we'll have to rush, or they'll hold me up till the air liner gets away. Here are the passengers coming out already."

CHAPTER 24

DEREK looked back as they hurried across the aerodrome. Quite a crowd of people were coming through the barriers. They couldn't all be travelling. Some had come to see their friends off. He was almost sure he recognised Hudson—the only man wearing a bowler hat.

"What's happening?" Nina asked. "Are they following us?"

"Looks as if they intended following in the air liner . . . That infernal Jap in the bank must have telephoned Soapy. With any luck you ought to reach Le Bourget long before they do—don't wait for anyone or anything."

"But I must find Tom."

They had reached Shaw's machine. Derek looked back again. The passengers and their friends were still waiting in groups on the ground. He couldn't detect Hudson or the "doctor," but they, he knew, had a perfectly clear view of the Puss-Moth and all that was happening. With a pair of race glasses Hudson would be able to see everything that went on. He felt certain that they meant to follow Nina—yet if she didn't go neither would they, and the longer they waited the more time Soapy would have to get in touch with his agents in Paris, and put them on Nina's track.

"Come on," Shaw cried, "get aboard, Miss James."

Derek put his arms round her to kiss her good-bye. "I'll keep the jewels," he whispered. "You must go now—it will put them off the scent. I will follow when I hear from you."

"All right," Anthony shouted to the mechanic who was standing beside his machine. He took Nina's hand and helped her in, showing her where to put her feet. "I'll deliver her safely," he said to Derek as he clambered into the cockpit and leaned out, grinning. "May stop the night in Paris myself. I'll 'phone you when I return if . . ."

His voice was drowned in the roar of the engine. Derek stood back. He shouted to Nina who was leaning out, but she couldn't hear. He tried to signal to her. She nodded as if she understood. For a moment he forgot the jewels, Hudson, everything—except that he loved her and that she was leaving him . . .

Anthony Shaw waved his arm and then the light aeroplane began to taxi across the ground into the wind. Derek saw Nina's white hand for a moment. She dropped a scrap of paper which fluttered in the wind and fell at his feet. He picked it up. The pencil writing was nearly illegible: "Don't worry—quite safe with Shaw. Follow as soon as possible to hotel."

When he looked up the Puss-Moth was just taking off. It rose slowly, going straight for the hangars. Derek saw the crowd round the air liner watching it. One man took off his hat and waved it—a bowler hat. Soapy Hudson—damn him! But that surely meant he was following, and, if so, they had fooled him.

The Puss-Moth had cleared the hangers and was making a circle of the aerodrome. Now it banked steeply and Derek held his breath. Prayed Shaw wouldn't play the fool, or try any of his infernal stunts.

They had climbed about a thousand feet, and were flying in a south-easterly direction. The plane began to recede from sight. It looked like a small bird. Now it was only a speck—now it had gone!

Derek drew a long breath, put his hands into his trouser pockets, and, as he felt the jewels he cursed the mania men had for priceless possessions. What pleasure could any sane man get out of a few shining stones? It wasn't beauty they wanted—a sea-drenched beach in morning sunlight was far more beautiful than a crown of rubies, or a necklace of pearls. The sky every night glittered with jewels that only artists and poets bothered to look at.

He began to walk towards the air liner. The only thing now was to play Soapy's game and try to bluff him. To avoid him might make him suspicious. He quickened his pace as he saw the first passenger going up the steps of the air liner, a woman. Two others followed her. Soapy, the "doctor," and another man stood talking at the foot of the steps with their backs to him. They had seen him all right, he knew. He drew closer. The last passenger went on board. He saw the pilots climb in. For a moment Derek thought they had guessed his trick, thought of bolting off the ground and getting away before Soapy's gang could follow

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him when an official spoke to them and the "doctor" and the other man disappeared up the steps inside the cab.

HUDSON remained behind. The ladder was raised and the door closed. Derek waited a moment, then as the aeroplane began to move he slowly strolled across the ground.

He was certain Hudson was following him but he resisted the temptation to look back. There was a motor coach outside the barrier waiting to take passengers back to the Haymarket. Derek jumped in. Half a dozen other people followed him. As it started he saw Soapy's car turn and follow them out of the gates.

He was glad he hadn't handed over the jewels to Nina at the last minute. He had been tempted to—to get rid of them. But it wasn't likely Soapy would bother about him now.

Yet he found all the way back to London Soapy's car kept just behind the motor coach. When they reached the Haymarket it stopped and Hudson got out. The chauffeur drove away.

"Curse him!" Derek thought. "He's not taking any chances. If he's going to follow me, I'll keep him busy."

Strolling casually along the street he crossed the Circus and entered a departmental store, dodging in and out among the customers in the fruit and flower department. He went out again by another door, crossing the road quickly, running through a narrow passage into Wardour Street, and turning down towards Leicester Square.

Though the pavements were crowded and the sun shining brightly, he felt as if he were living in a nightmare—one of those awful dreams where one is being pursued, and daren't look round, knowing danger is close behind, following, relentless, refusing to be shaken off. He walked quickly among the crowd then, stopping to buy a newspaper, found himself standing outside the Empire Cinema. A few people were going in for the midday performance, and without waiting another moment, he dived in, took a ticket, and entered the dark hall. He sat down in the middle of the stalls.

Now he began to breathe freely again. The darkness was reassuring, but at the same time it intensified the nightmare feeling. Men and girls were continually coming in, but the theatre was only quarter full. He saw them at intervals passing, black shadows, silhouetted against the screen. Now and then he saw a white face illuminated by the reflected light. He tried to concentrate on the programme—news, followed by a crook film. Ought to be interesting—playing a part in real life himself. He wondered what Soapy would think if he were there, too.

His brain went round and round in a circle, following Nina to Paris. She would have arrived by now—on her way to the hotel. If Shaw was with her she'd be quite safe. He remembered he was meeting Nathan at his flat at two o'clock—he'd have to go there, anyway, to get Nina's telegram.

Stooping down he struck a match and looked at his watch. He was startled to find it one o'clock already. He got up and went out. The morning had gone, and he'd made no arrangements. He walked to the Southern Bank in the Strand again, drew out some more money. Couldn't risk failure for the sake of a few pounds.

He was getting hungry now. He'd feel more like tackling Nathan after a good meal and a bottle of beer.

He walked down to Simpson's. Even though modernised there was an old-fashioned, staid atmosphere about the place that was comforting. Everyone looked so respectable and prosperous. Guileless English waiters, good English beef. He lingered over a cup of coffee and a cigarette. He had got rid of Hudson all right. He had only to settle with Nathan, wait for Nina's wire, and he could leave by an evening train for Paris.

He sent for an A.B.C. and looked up the different routes. When he left the restaurant he told the commissionaire to call him a taxi and while he waited for it he had a good look round. He got in quickly, drove to Coulson Mansions, feeling secure once again. He had outlived the nightmare. His brain was working clearly, almost mechanically, again. Now fear had gone he began to get a thrill from the game he was playing. He was playing it for Nina, so he couldn't fail. He simply wouldn't think of failure. When he reached the flat he told the taxi-driver to wait; in the event of Nathan putting up a fight the cab might be a useful means of making a quick get-away.

He walked very quietly up the stone staircase, stopping on each landing to listen for following footsteps. As he reached the fourth floor he saw Nathan's huge figure outside his front door.

CHAPTER 25

NATHAN had arrived punctually; when he found that Derek wasn't at home he waited patiently for the first five minutes without any misgivings; but when ten minutes had passed and there was no sign of Derek he began to walk quietly up and down the corridor, his head bent, his eyes on the ground. Now he was beginning to wonder if he hadn't perhaps made a mistake in his reading of Derek's character. If so, it was the first he had made in his life.

He stopped in his walk, and leaned over the banisters, listening. Someone was coming up the stairs. He stepped back and watched, reflecting that whatever happened he had taken the only course possible; if the Hudson gang had succeeded in keeping the jewels they would have been lost for ever. The footsteps came closer. He raised his head, saw a telegraph boy, who hesitated as he reached the top step, glanced at Nathan, and said:

"Telegram for Rathbone; is this number nine, sir?"

Nathan nodded. "That's right." He pulled a bunch of keys from his pocket and held out his hand. As the boy gave him the wire and started to walk away Nathan began to fit one of the keys in the lock.

The messenger ran downstairs. Nathan turned over the envelope, slowly tore it open, and read: "Arrived safely. Tom missing. Staying at Crillon. Bring them at once. Love, Nina."

Nathan put the form in his pocket. He leaned against the door again, a faint smile parting his lips. The first lesson he had learnt at school was punctuality. . . . He remembered the old adage which his first schoolmaster, a very simple old man, had been fond of quoting, at which the other boys had always jeered: The early bird catches the worm. It was remarkable how the supply of worms never failed.

Half an hour passed, but now Nathan waited quite complacently. He knew Derek would come. When at last he arrived and began to apologise for being late Nathan cut him short by apologising himself.

"I was beginning to think you'd failed me," he said. "Forgive me for doubting your good faith. I hope everything's all right and you've got Miss James safely away?"

Derek didn't reply until he had opened the door and they were in the sitting-room. He pointed to a chair. Nathan put his hat and stick on the table and sat down.

"I would like to compliment you, Rathbone," he said, "not on your courage, but on the intelligence you've shown in outwitting crooks of international reputation. I dare say you'll be glad to get the jewels off your hands, though; while they are in your possession your life is in danger."

Derek went to the bureau, got out his passport and some papers he wanted, keeping his back to the Jew. "I'm afraid I've got a disappointment for you, Mr. Nathan," he said. "You warned me when you told me the little story about the Indian prince that Nina might have another for me. If you hadn't told me anything, it's possible I might not have believed her. As it was the fact that you trusted me implicitly weighed very heavily with me. That was cunning of you."

Nathan said, "I know an honest man when I see one; with women it is a little more difficult. You're going to disappoint me, eh? Well, explain, for delays are dangerous."

Derek shook his head. "There's no danger for either of us. To-morrow morning the Rajah of Matala will have the jewels that were stolen from him and passed on to you in his possession again. You're an illicit diamond buyer, aren't you? Well, the game's up!"

SLOWLY Nathan raised his hooded eyes to Derek's face. He showed neither surprise nor resentment. Just the faintest curiosity. "So, she told you that? I warned you she'd stop at nothing. But I hope, young man, you will keep the secret; because if you happened to repeat it I should be forced to take action against you both to defend my good name. Come, come, you're a journalist, aren't you? You know your London? Why, my reputation is unassailable. We're wasting time. D'you think because you've got Nina James out of the country that I can't set the law in motion if I choose, and have her arrested within 24 hours? I told you I was prepared to be generous. I'm not here to bargain, and though this girl may have duped you into trying to blackmail me it won't work." He picked up his hat and stick, and rose. "Put those jewels on the table, Rathbone. I know you've got them."

He stepped towards Derek. "Give them to me," he repeated, "or I shall ring up the police and have you arrested—and searched!"

Derek got out of the way. For the moment he was staggered. Nathan was so calm, so sure; not the faintest suggestion of bluff. He tried to think back, to remember everything that had happened. It all seemed a hopeless jumble now. He had been forced to act precipitately. For the first time he asked himself why had Tom James rung up Nathan the night he found Nina had been taken away? Why had he disappeared out of the country without apparently caring what happened to his sister? He saw Nathan pick up the telephone.

"Wait!" he said.

The Jew kept his eyes upon Derek. "I don't think you are to blame. It was I who was wrong in thinking you were too intelligent to be fooled by Nina James and the man she calls her brother . . ."

He paused as Derek started, his hands clenched, the blood drained from his face. "Take care, Nathan!" he cried.

Nathan shrugged his shoulders. "The police may not be so nice when they arrest her in Paris!" Suddenly his manner changed, his voice grew hard. He raised his head and looked at Derek threateningly: "We've talked enough. Hand over the jewels!"

Derek didn't speak. Nathan picked up the receiver and put it to his ear. "Exchange! Give me the nearest police station. Quickly!"

Derek moved suddenly, not towards him but towards the door. "Come with me to Paris now! See Nina with me and hear what the Rajah himself has to say."

"It's too late," Nathan answered harshly. Almost imperceptibly he moved closer to

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Derek. "Hullo? Marylebone Police Station? I want to speak to the inspector."

Again Derek stopped him. "All right, Nathan! Swear those jewels honestly belong to you and you shall have them."

Nathan kept the telephone in front of him, the receiver to his ear. "Hold on a moment," he said softly. He veiled his eyes so that Derek could only see the long narrow lids: "Lay them on the table."

Derek put his hand in his trouser pocket, hesitated, turned his head towards the door, listened, then whispered, "Someone's coming."

Nathan's eyes slowly opened. He kept them fixed on Derek. "Your door is locked, isn't it?"

Derek nodded and pulled the key from his pocket. Then he stepped quickly to the door, and stood there a moment bending forward as if to listen.

Suddenly he pulled it open, jumped outside, and locked the door at the same instant as Nathan, inside, flung himself against it.

Derek rushed headlong down the stairs. He heard Nathan hammering and shouting. As he reached the pavement he just escaped colliding with a policeman. He flung himself into the taxi shouting: "Piccadilly!" to the man.

As they started off he heard the sound of a window being flung up high above the street.

CHAPTER 26

NATHAN, leaning out of the window, saw the policeman look back as Derek dashed past him and jumped into the taxi, then continbe on his beat; he watched the taxi turn round and begin to move in the direction of the main road. At the same moment a man in a light coat and brown hat ran out of the garage opposite and up the street. As Derek's taxi reached the main road it was stopped by the traffic. The man who had followed stopped, too, and then suddenly diving into the traffic jumped into an empty taxi, which waited until Derek's cab moved off, then followed behind.

Nathan drew back and closed the window. One of Soapy Hudson's men—probably the Jap. He knew what had happened. Soapy had kept a watch on Derek and Nina, as he had expected; Soapy therefore knew of Nina's departure to Paris—probably he had followed her himself. It seemed queer, though, that he should still be keeping a watch on Derek.

He tried the door again; the key was probably still in the lock; it was impossible to see. He smiled grimly. He had been bluffing Derek about ringing up the police and his bluff had been called.

A desperate as well as an intelligent young man. The telephone bell clicked intermittently—the exchange still getting his signal. He put the receiver back, took a cigar from his case, carefully cut it and lit it. He was trapped. In order to get out he'd have to attract the attention of the first person who passed on the staircase, and it wouldn't be very easy to explain his position.

Then he remembered the fire escape, went into the bathroom, and looked out. He'd have to wait until it was dark before using that. Again he smiled and thanked God he had a sense of humor. That was something a man like Soapy Hudson didn't possess. He pictured Derek in his taxi convulsed with laughter—only the idiot didn't know he was being followed.

He went back to the sitting-room and rang up the Haunch Street Cafe; Andrew told him Bortch had not been in. Nathan tried his lodgings with the same result, then he got on to a small Soho club and found him there. He told him what had happened.

"I waited in till two o'clock," Bortch said, "in case you wanted me. I'll come round at once."

"No; hold on a minute." Nathan fetched an A.B.C. from the bureau. "There's a train leaving Victoria for Paris at four o'clock. It's just twenty to four now. Drive to Victoria at once, and if Rathbone is on the train follow him. You'll have time to wire me from Dover. The Jap is on his track, too. If he crosses on the boat to Paris don't lose sight of him. He's got the stuff on him, but I'd rather he kept it than Soapy's people get hold of it. Understand?"

He thought he heard Bortch laugh. He had many scores to settle with Hudson's gang: "I get you. If he's not on the train I'll come straight to Coulson Mansions."

Nathan rang off, sat down in front of the bureau, and inhaled the smoke of his cigar.

His eyes fell on some manuscript beneath the blotter on the bureau, thin, typewritten sheets—very badly typed, too. A play. He began to read it while he wondered how long the Jap had been waiting in the garage opposite, wondered whether he had telephoned Hudson and told him that Derek had returned to his flat. If so, Hudson might come along himself, if he was still in London.

He turned to the next page of the manuscript. The dialogue interested him; the author knew how people really talked, had a sense of the dramatic; influenced by the Russian school. Nathan lay back in the chair, didn't notice it was an infernally uncomfortable chair; he was interested. Like most Jews, he was interested in the arts. Occasionally he turned precious stones into an old master or rationed his cigars to buy a piece of china that pleased him. After all, these things were an investment—so was a good play.

SOMEONE passed along the corridor, but Nathan didn't hear. Once or twice he chuckled: a lover who was also witty—quite a pleasant discovery. The telephone bell rang insistently before he got up to answer it.

"Yes?" he said in a low voice.

It was a foreign voice that answered him, but not Bortch's. "That Mr. Rathbone's flat?"

Nathan held the mouthpiece away from him. After a moment he said: "Yes, Foxy. Hudson speaking. Get on with it."

There was silence. Then the Jap said: "Can't hear you very well."

"What's happened?" Nathan said.

"It's a bad line," the Jap repeated. "Can you hear me, chief?"

"Yes!" Nathan shouted. "Get on with it."

"After phoning you, Rathbone came out of the flat and jumped into a waiting taxi. I followed him to Piccadilly Circus, where he dived into the underground and I lost sight of him."

"Where are you?"

"Telephone box in the underground, Piccadilly Circus."

"Wait there for me."

Nathan rang off. He folded up the sheets of manuscript carefully and replaced them under the blotter, knocked the ash off his cigar. He glanced at the clock. The boat train would be just about leaving Victoria. He got up and stretched himself. He'd have to go now, even if he chanced using the fire escape staircase. He looked at the A.B.C. again. Going via Dieppe he could reach Paris at half-past five in the morning. He picked up his hat and stick and was just crossing to the bathroom when a knock on the door stopped him.

He heard the key being turned in the lock. Without a moment's hesitation he stepped to the door, turned the knob, and pulled it open, standing behind it so that he was hidden from sight.

CHAPTER 27

NATHAN waited but no one came into the room. Whoever was on the other side of the door was evidently on his guard. It couldn't be Bortch, for though the Russian had imagination he was foolhardy. More likely to be the crafty little Jap who, suspicious, had come to see for himself if it really was his chief who had spoken to him over the telephone.

The Jew glanced over his shoulder; the door leading to the bathroom was open. The sitting-room windows were closed: he fingered his cane, a fine piece of malacca, gold-mounted; not much use as a weapon and, anyway, he wouldn't like to have it broken. On the table he saw a china vase of flowers. It looked like real Satsuma; not fashionable now, though, so not really valuable. Behind him on the bureau was the telephone, quite a useful weapon in an emergency. He was not afraid and obviously the other man was—that showed unintelligence.

"Won't you come in?" he said.

Instantly, without making a sound, Hudson stood before him, one hand in the coat pocket of his smart lounge suit. "What the devil——" he said, staring in frank amazement at Nathan; but he kept him covered with the gun hidden in his pocket. Nathan slowly closed the door and stood leaning carelessly against it. "What can I do for you?" he asked. Hudson's dark eyes made a quick survey of the room, then came to rest on Nathan's face. The Jew smiled: "I'm afraid you've made a mistake, haven't you?"

"I never make mistakes."

That was the remark of a fool, thought Nathan. "See here, Nathan," Hudson continued, "you're just the man I want to talk to. Take that smile off your face."

Nathan laughed. "You don't like me to be amused?"

"No; somebody laughed at me once—only once."

"Derek Rathbone's laughing at you now, I'm afraid."

"Where is he?"

"On his way to Paris."

Hudson's hand moved inside his coat pocket. "You've got those jewels, Nathan?"

Nathan shook his head. Hudson was rattled, and when a man was rattled he did foolish things. He looked at the telephone—firmly fixed to the wall by a stout cord. He moved towards the table and picked up the china vase.

"Stay where you are and put up your hands," Hudson said.

Nathan put down the vase, but remained standing by the window. The telephone bell rang. Hudson jumped to the instrument and put the receiver to his ear.

"Hullo!" he said, softly. "Yes." He smiled at Nathan. For a few moments there was silence, while Hudson listened to the voice at the other end of the wire. Then, without a word, he slowly replaced the receiver. Nathan said:

"I must apologise for deceiving your Japanese spy, Foxy. He followed Derek Rathbone and rang up to say he'd lost sight of him in the underground at Piccadilly. I told him to stay there."

"It wasn't Foxy who was speaking. It was your Russian friend, Bortch. He wanted to tell you that he'd got to Victoria Station, and is certain that Rathbone is not on the train."

He threw himself on the chesterfield, pulled a gold and platinum cigarette-case from his pocket, and lit his cigarette with a gold lighter. "Now I'm beginning to understand things. Sorry if I was rather abrupt when I came in, Mr. Nathan."

"Don't apologise," Nathan said, quietly, "though for a professional gentleman you were rather—gauche."

HUDSON showed his teeth in what was meant to be a smile. He hitched up his carefully-creased trousers and crossed his legs.

"Our intelligence departments seem to have failed us both at the critical moment, Nathan," he said. "You succeeded in running Rathbone to earth while I was keeping an eye on his very attractive sweetheart. She's clever, that kid. I could have sworn she'd got the stuff, but now it

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looks as if Rathbone was holding on to them."

"It looks like it," Nathan murmured.

Hudson looked at him out of the corners of his eyes. The crafty old devil—what did he know? How did he come to be locked up in Rathbone's flat? "Look here," he said, "it seems certain to me that the boy has them on him, or he wouldn't have locked you in here and bolted. I don't know how he did it——"

NATHAN told him.

"Bad move that," Hudson said, twisting the cigarette between his fingers; "he knew you wouldn't risk bringing the police into it."

"Oh, no he didn't—that's why he ran away. He was afraid of being searched."

"Then he has got them! And he's still in London. We mustn't let him get out. Between us we can stop him; we can have all the exits from London watched. What do you say? I'm willing to go fifty-fifty with you."

Nathan shook his head, picked up his hat and stick. "No, thanks, Hudson."

"But you've got to!" Hudson cried, "and you've got to look slippy about it."

Nathan shook his head. "If I can't recover my property by myself I shall have to put up with the loss—or call in Scotland Yard."

Hudson moved closer to Nathan, until their bodies almost touched. Once again he slipped his right hand into his coat pocket. "You can't put the same old bluff across me as you put across the kid. I know all about you, Nathan—receiver of stolen property; well—you buy it then, knowing it's stolen!"

"I buy what's offered me in the open market. I'm careful from whom I buy, too. I never touch crooks and gangsters. I don't intend to now."

Hudson pressed the point of his gun to the pit of Nathan's stomach and looked up at the Jew's grim face. "Take care," he said. "If that's meant as a threat there's only one answer. My gun don't make a noise—and if your dead body was found lying in Rathbone's flat with the door locked on the outside, just as he left it, and the police happened to get to know he was trying to leave the country—it would look pretty black against him, wouldn't it? And no one knows I've been here. Think again, Nathan."

Nathan looked at the end of his cigar. It had gone out. Suddenly he jerked his head up, listening, then slowly put his hand on Hudson's shoulder. "Someone knocking at the door, Hudson. Better go and see who it is."

Hudson didn't move. "Damn you, Nathan," he hissed, "if this is a trick——"

He glanced towards the bathroom, then stepped back quickly, pulling the automatic pistol from his pocket and keeping Nathan covered. "Open the door yourself—and if I don't like your visitor you'll both take a ride to the next world."

Nathan shrugged his shoulders as he spread out his hands with an expressive gesture. "I'm sure you've nothing to be scared about, Soapy," he said in a cynically gentle voice. He deliberately turned his back on Hudson and opened the door.

Bortch came into the room. He stopped abruptly as he saw Hudson. "Put that thing down," he said, "and keep away from the window. There's two plainclothes cops outside." He turned to Nathan. "You got my message?"

Nathan nodded. "Mr. Hudson answered the telephone. You said Rathbone was not on the train; you're certain of that?"

"Absolutely; train half empty. Couldn't have failed to spot him if he'd been there."

Nathan slowly nodded his head and smiled at Hudson under his heavily-lidded eyes. "Looks as if he'd communicated with Scotland Yard and had those detectives sent to watch in case I tried to get away. He didn't know he'd catch both of us, Soapy, did he? I wonder what he told them."

Hudson was livid. He dropped his gun back into his pocket. "Well, Scotland Yard's got nothing against me, so I'll leave you, Mr. Nathan, to talk over your plans quietly with your Russian friend."

He tipped his bowler hat at an angle over his left eye, walked slowly out of the room into the corridor. Nathan signalled to Bortch, who jumped forward just as Hudson was going to close the door. His hand was on the key of the lock, ready to turn it. With a quick movement Bortch caught his wrist, twisted it round, seized the key, and slammed the door in Hudson's face. He waited until he heard him going downstairs, then a grim smile spread over his rugged features.

"Losing his nerve, is Soapy."

He went to the window, looked out, and watched him drive away in his car.

"What about those detectives?" Nathan said.

"They haven't arrived yet. I said the first thing that came into my head." Taking a tobacco pouch from his pocket he began to roll a cigarette. "What's the next move? You ain't going to let Soapy get hold of the goods?"

"No. . . . I'd rather Rathbone kept them. Go back to the club, Bortch. You can get a couple of good men there? There's only three more trains to Paris to-night from St. Pancras, Victoria, and Waterloo. Hudson will have his men watching all of them. You or one of your men do the same, and wireless me from the boat. You're not to interfere with Rathbone, but stop any of Soapy's gang getting hold of him. If Rathbone remains in London I may go over to Paris myself."

"You think the girl may have the jewels after all?"

"No—but if we can't get them back, Bortch, it will be safer to be on Rathbone's side than Soapy's. And if I happen to see the Rajah before Rathbone I could clear myself—and perhaps win his gratitude." He took a roll of notes from his pocket and handed them to Bortch. "Don't waste time, and don't spare expense. Remember, our principal object is to stop Hudson getting the jewels . . . but, of course, if the opportunity occurs, without any risk, of taking them from Rathbone, don't hesitate."

CHAPTER 28

DEREK got out of his taxi at the bottom of Shaftesbury Avenue on the corner, and ran quickly to the entrance of the Underground. As he reached the stairs he glanced over his shoulder, and saw the half-caste Jap getting out of another taxi just behind the one he had discharged. He stumbled, almost fell, recovered himself, and dashing down the steps, ran round the huge circular booking stall.

Half way round he stopped. The rush hour hadn't commenced, but there was the usual crowd of women wandering aimlessly about, staring into the show windows of the shops lining the hall. Derek dodged between the automatic ticket distributors, and stood behind one of the bureaux for giving change. He was breathless from the shock of discovering Soapy's man still following him. Having shaken Hudson off, and locked Nathan up in his flat, he'd felt certain of getting safely away. He had still time to get to Victoria if he could elude the Japanese.

Now he saw him again, passing before the moving staircase. He stopped a moment to look down, then came on, his slanting eyes darting to left and right among the crowd. Derek waited until he had passed him and turned the corner, then he went down the moving staircase. Directly he reached the bottom he dived down the tunnel nearest him; a train was drawn up at the platform; he leaped in as the doors closed, and dropped into a seat. The train took him to Oxford Circus. He glanced at his watch; a taxi would get him to Victoria in time to catch the boat train, but though he had shaken Foxy off, the half-caste was almost certain to go to Victoria himself. He might get through to Soapy . . .

The safest place for him at the moment was the Underground. He decided to stop there until it began to grow dark. He didn't know whether Nathan's attempt to ring up the police was bluff; if not, he'd have Scotland Yard to contend with, too.

Again he looked at his watch. Nina would have telegraphed by now, and Nathan would receive the telegram. The cunning old Jew would find some way of getting out soon, and he, as well as Hudson, would be watching every route to Paris.

He made up his mind to lie low until the morning. They would probably think he'd got clear away then, and he might be able to get the early boat train from Victoria.

He sat in the train till it reached Watford, then went into the town and sent a telegram to Nina saying he would arrive at four o'clock the following day. When he had done that he returned to the tube, changing trains continually so that he kept away from the centre of London.

By nightfall his nerves were on edge. He was ravenously hungry. Soon after midnight he would have to go above ground, and then the streets would be empty, and he would be more noticeable. There was a night-club in Tisdall Street which he used to frequent before he met Nina. Most of the members were connected with the stage or films, and it was kept open until the early hours. He would be safer there than in an hotel, and the music, dancing, and cabarets would keep his thoughts occupied.

It was half empty when he arrived. A few people were lingering over their dinner. A man sat at the piano, improvising. Dancing hadn't begun. Derek chose a table at the far end of the room with a comfortable sofa seat. The lights were soft and mellow, the decorations unobtrusive and pleasing.

Derek discovered he was enjoying his dinner, and when he had finished and was smoking a cigar a pleasant sense of security returned to him. If only he could be sure Nina was safe and happy, if only he could forget those infernal jewels in his pocket. But he was far better off here than he would have been in an hotel. Though he was terribly tired he couldn't have slept a wink.

Just before eleven o'clock the band came in and began to play. The two professional dancers took the floor, and one or two couples followed them. Finding it difficult to keep his eyes open, Derek began to nod.

CHAPTER 29

DEREK roused himself sufficiently to go to the telephone and ring up Anthony Shaw. His man answered and told him that Mr. Shaw had not yet returned. Derek felt relieved. That looked as if he were staying in Paris and looking after Nina. Perhaps they were spending the evening together in one of those small restaurants in Montparnasse . . . An entertaining fellow, Shaw. Could dance jolly well, too. Derek felt a twinge of jealousy—damned silly at such a moment.

He was falling asleep again. The club was filling up now—a lot of people on the floor. The band was playing a tango. He recognised Reeves, of the "Evening Post," and tried to catch his eye, but Reeves was very much engaged with a Spanish-looking girl. He'd have to do something to keep him awake. He looked round the tables trying to see someone he knew who would dance with him, and saw Joan Gray sitting at a table with another girl and a chinless youth, a harmless-looking idiot—the type who always had to take two girls out to supper because one would never face the boredom alone.

He hadn't seen Joan for months. He knew she was dancing at the Pavilion,

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They'd always been very good friends, and now he realised if he hadn't met Nina their friendship might have grown into something stronger. He waited, hoping the chinless youth would take the other girl on to the floor.

The floor was crowded, the atmosphere heavy with perfume and cigarette smoke. Derek's head slipped forward until his chin was resting on his chest. He jerked it back with an effort, but it rolled helplessly from side to side.

He awoke with a start. He felt guilty at having been asleep in public, knew he looked ridiculous. He rubbed his eyes. Joan had seen him. She was leaning forward, her elbows on the table, laughing at him. The band was taking a rest, and a well-known comedian at the far end of the room was telling funny stories. When he had finished his turn, Derek got up and walked across the floor, sat down beside Joan. She introduced him to her friends. The chinless youth put up his monocle and stared:

"Damned funny—were you doing it on purpose?"

"Doing what?" Derek asked.

Joan slipped her hand through his arm. "My dear boy you've slept solidly for hours while the comedian was telling his funny stories, punctuating each one with a snore. It was the only thing that made them funny!"

"Oh, Lord! Sorry. Had rather a heavy day."

"Racin'?" the youth asked.

"More or less," Derek grinned.

The band began to play again, a Cuban tune. Joan waited till the others were on the floor, then she said: "Nice to see you again, Derek. Thought you had washed me out. How's literature or law, or whatever you're doing?"

"I've been busy falling in love," he blurted out.

It was a relief to tell someone, and at that moment Joan was the only person. She glanced at him, knew he was serious. She squeezed his hand.

"I'm jolly glad. I'm engaged, too—it's a secret in case it doesn't come off—not marriage, but America."

"That's fine! You deserved a bit of luck, Joan."

"Don't know about deserving it, but I needed it. Was absolutely on my beam ends. And now if I do go to the States I shall be simply rolling in money, and I mean to roll in it, too. No hoarding for me. Look at the hoarders to-day—where are they?"

"In the consomme!"

As he spoke Derek looked up, conscious that someone's eyes were upon him. He saw a woman in a crimson velvet dress looking down at him with an amused smile. For a moment he didn't recognise her. He was only conscious of the large voluptuous mouth, the glossy, black hair, and the long diamond ear-rings that swung from her ears. She was dancing with the professional.

"Don't you know who that is?" Joan whispered. "She doesn't come here often, but she fascinates me. She's what I call really evil-looking."

DEREK didn't speak. He watched them go round the room. He half-rose, sat down again. "Who is she with?" he asked.

"Oh, she arrived with some poor little pigeon waiting to be plucked. She disappeared for about 10 minutes, and then came back. Her husband's joined her now—that good-looking bounder at the third table on our left."

Derek turned slowly, and saw Soapy Hudson, a large cigar between his teeth. His back was half-turned towards them. Derek leant back against the seat slipping his hands into his trousers pockets.

"Not going to sleep again, Derek? Anything wrong?"

"Rather not."

HE drew closer to Joan, put his arm round her with a quick movement. The Cuban dance changed to a noisy foxtrot.

"Listen, Joan," he said, under his breath. "I want your help. . . . Don't take any notice of what I'm doing!"

She felt his hand on her back, started, recovered herself instantly. Then Derek said, "Shall we dance?"

She got up and stood facing Hudson's table so that her back was towards Derek for a moment. He didn't speak till they were on the floor.

"Tell me," she said, "what have you put down my back?"

He held her close. "Something very precious. Keep it safe for me till to-morrow morning."

"But what is it, Derek? What's happened—why have you given it to me?" she whispered.

"Those people—Bill Hudson and his wife——"

He felt her hand tighten on his arm: "All right," she said. Then in a louder voice: "I wish you'd come over to the States with me!"

Mrs. Hudson was dancing close beside them. "I wish I could," Derek replied, laughing, "but I've got to go to Paris on business in the morning!"

The truth was the last thing Mrs. Hudson would believe if she heard him. He was wide awake now, his brain working quickly. He knew he could trust Joan, but he felt it was pretty rotten of him to use her. She didn't know what she was up against. But his luck was out. Mrs. Hudson's visit to the club was purely accidental he knew. And seeing him there she'd telephoned Soapy. Now Derek had to act and act quickly. While he remained in the club he was safe. He could wait there till four or five in the morning, but directly he left, Soapy would be on his heels, and he'd have men waiting outside, of course—had probably brought a few in with him as guests!

The club was in the basement so there was no way of seeing into the street.

"Let's go to the bar and have a drink," he suggested.

The bar was in an alcove at one end of the room; the crowd on the floor hid the tables from sight. He ordered a couple of liqueur brandies.

"Well, here's to a big success, Joan!"

"Thanks—I hope you'll be fearfully happy, Derek. I wonder when I shall see you again?"

He put down his glass, turned round with his back to the bar, slowly lit a cigarette, watching the dancers through a cloud of smoke. Without moving he said: "To-morrow morning. Quarter to nine. Victoria Station. Boat train." Then turning to her smiling, he added, "I'm leaving now—almost any moment."

Joan bent over the large goblet, inhaled the bouquet of the brandy. She seemed to be hesitating, then Derek heard her say softly: "O.K." She sipped her liqueur. "It must be fine to be in love," she said. "I've always felt that if one really loved one could just do anything."

He was glad she said that. Just what he wanted. He took her hand, and squeezed it. "You're wonderful—I'll take you back to your table. I'd like to dance with the chinless wonder's partner. If I'm seen too long with you they may suspect."

Again his luck was out. There was no one at Joan's table. Derek said, "Thanks, very much; perhaps you'll give me another dance later on?"

"Love to," Joan said as she sat down. She picked up her bag and began to make up her face.

Derek turned to go back to his own table. As he passed Mrs. Hudson's table she looked up and smiled at him. Without a moment's hesitation he stopped, suddenly inspired to force Soapy's hand. They were all gambling; the Hudsons didn't know whether he had the jewels or not. He bowed: "I was afraid you'd forgotten me, Mrs. Hudson."

"Impossible! I didn't think we should meet so soon again, though."

"Will you dance?"

Soapy glanced at him then, a quick searching glance, a mixture of surprise and contempt in it. His wife got up, and as Derek put his arm around her and they moved across the room he saw Soapy rise and disappear in the direction of the bar.

Derek caught Joan's eyes. She was smiling at him, but he wondered if she understood. Here perhaps was his chance of getting away. It only needed a little imagination, a little courage, and a lot of cheek. Lola Hudson's sleek head almost touched his face; her body was pressed close to his. She danced well.

"Do you often come here?" he asked.

"Quite a lot, lately—there are so few places in London where one can dance now."

"One certainly can't in this crowd. I was admiring your performance with the pro. just now."

SHE looked up at him. "He's not bad, but really I'd rather dance with you. Professionals," she said, "are apt to lose all their originality—and all their powers of conversation." She glanced at Soapy's empty seat.

Derek smiled down at her. "What do you like talking about?" he asked.

"Myself, of course," she laughed; "and everything. Life's so interesting, isn't it?"

He looked deep into her eyes: "Amazing! . . . I say, let's go on to The Peanut. There's a topping band there, and the floor's never crowded. I want to talk to you."

"What about?"

They were near the exit. If only he could get her through without Soapy noticing. He didn't know what he would do with her then. The gang wouldn't follow him while they were together.

"I've a very jealous husband, you know," she laughed.

"Not without reason."

He was beginning to feel the thrill of the game, wondering how long he could keep it up. "Come on, let's go—just for an hour," he said.

She stopped dancing, raised her face to his, her lips parted, her eyes shining. "You're a very dangerous young man. I would like to know you better . . . honestly——"

Suddenly without the least warning the lights went out and the club was plunged into darkness. The band stopped playing. "What the devil——" a harsh voice asked.

There was a moment's silence, then a crash as if a table had been overturned. A woman shrieked, and a voice from the corridor outside shouted: "Police! . . . Look out—the club's raided!"

There was a wild stampede, people rushing blindly. The proprietor of the club climbed on a chair and tried to make himself heard. "Keep calm, everybody—there's nothing wrong. The lights have fused . . ."

Derek made a dash for the exit. He could see the heavy curtain swinging to and fro as if the doors above had been opened. Lola Hudson was clinging to his arm. "Don't leave me," she cried.

He shook her off. She wasn't necessary now. He reached the curtains, heard a noise like the explosion of a bomb, saw lights dancing before his eyes. He was dimly conscious of spinning round, and falling. . . .

For a moment he was stunned. He tried to rise, but his arms were pinioned behind his back. The next thing he knew was that he was being carried along the corridor. A gag was thrust into his mouth.

A voice—he thought it was Soapy's—said, "Give him another."

There followed a terrible drumming in

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his ears, bright flames shot up before his eyes. He found himself sinking, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Mrs. Hudson was saying: "A very dangerous young man! —a very dangerous young man!"

He tried to stop her, but she would go on repeating it. He wanted to tell her something. He wanted to tell her where the jewels were, but he couldn't remember. He had dropped them somewhere. Quite safe! . . . The Rajah was very, very pleased. He stood in front of him, bowing and smiling. "So clever of you, Derek; just what I should have done myself."

Marvellous!

DEREK rolled over and tried to raise his head. As consciousness returned, he felt as though his head were splitting in two; he heard the band playing. The drummer was beating his drum furiously, and clashing his cymbals. He wished they'd turn the lights up; he was in utter darkness. He'd have to hurry or he would be caught. He made an effort, got to his knees, crumpled up again immediately, his elbows striking the floor sharply. For a few minutes he lay quite still, pressing his forehead against the cold stone.

Now he realised that he was not in the club; gradually the drumming and clashing of cymbals ceased, and there followed an almost unearthly silence. He began to remember.

He got to his knees again, crawled a little distance, and came up against a stone wall; he felt the surface with his hands, rough and damp. He found his automatic lighter, lit it, and by the pale flame saw that he was in a large, vaultlike place.

A cellar! Soapy Hudson's cellar that was flooded when the Thames rose! Where they kept the sherry! Funny! He would have laughed if his jaw hadn't ached so badly.

He propped himself against the wall and looked at his watch. Four o'clock. He must have been unconscious for a long time. He tried to remember just when the raid at the club had taken place. Automatically he began to wind up his watch. His brain was still clouded. Memory returned in spasms. . . . Of course, it hadn't been a raid at all. The whole thing had been fixed by Soapy Hudson.

If only his head didn't ache so. . . . Horrible cymbals and drums crashing again. Of course he'd been dancing. He remembered a violent, exciting perfume. Hudson's wife! He'd been dancing with her. Again he felt an overwhelming inclination to laugh. Now he remembered that Joan had the jewels. She was meeting him at Victoria Station at a quarter to nine. He'd fooled them all! He'd only to get out of this infernal cellar and catch that train and in a few hours the Rajah would have his precious stones and he'd have Nina.

The thought of Nina roused him. He struggled to his feet, and held his head tightly between his hands. He felt sick; the ground beneath him was swaying. He couldn't see a yard; the darkness was impenetrable. He fumbled for his lighter again, saw the walls of the cellar going round and round, and took a step forward, feeling his way slowly and cautiously.

He came to a flight of steep, narrow steps. Holding up his light he saw a small door at the top. Very carefully he climbed up, lifted the rusty latch, and found it securely locked. Gripping the latch firmly he aimed a blow at the bottom of the door with his foot, lost his balance, and fell backwards down the steps.

CHAPTER 30

DEREK opened his eyes, saw a pale yellow flame flickering on the steps above him, a little ghostly flame, very comforting. It made him think of Nina's hair, pale yellow—and firelight flickering, and a comfortable arm-chair.

"That's better," a quiet voice said. "Don't move."

He took a deep breath and sighed. He didn't want to move. He was comfortable, his head pressed against something warm and soft. Arms were holding him tenderly —couldn't be the arms of a chair. It didn't matter. He felt pleasantly unconscious, didn't want to be disturbed. Cool fingers smoothed his forehead. Presently the quiet voice said: "Try and swallow this."

A woman's voice! He wondered who the devil it was; he raised his head, focused his eyes on the face just above his—dark eyes, red lips.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Lola. . . . Don't worry. You'll be all right in a minute."

Now the cool hands were holding a glass to his lips. Obediently he opened his mouth and swallowed. Hudson's old sherry—no—cognac, round and soft. He felt a pleasant glow warm his body. As the blood began to run through his veins his brain cleared. He saw the steps down which he had fallen, the flame from the candle illuminated the little black door.

"I was trying to get out and I fell," he said.

"I heard you. I was just coming down to see how you were getting on."

SHE held the glass to his lips again. He pushed it away and looked at her, smiling: "Lucrezia Borgia?"

"No, Derek! I want to help you! I'll get you out of this. Try and pull yourself together."

He took another drink and sat up; wondered if he were dreaming.

"Don't move!" she said softly. "Put your head here again. I promise you're quite safe—and you've plenty of time."

He relaxed, let his head fall back against her breast; fooling him probably, hoping she'd get him to say where the jewels were, while Soapy waited behind that little black door. Very clever actress!—what was it Nathan said about women—or perhaps it was roses? It was the smell of roses that seemed to dull and confuse his senses . . . dark, red roses.

"Just why are you being so nice to me?" he asked. She didn't speak. "Of course, I know what you want—but you'll never get them now."

"I don't want them, Derek."

"But, Soapy——?"

"Soapy!" She spat the word out viciously. "Soapy's gone just a bit too far this time. I'm through with him. See what he's done to me!"

She pulled the lace off her shoulder, where finger-marks had bruised and scratched the skin, through the satin nightgown.

"Swine!" Derek said; but he was thinking of Nina.

"Because you were too clever for him, Derek. You've been very clever. No one's got the better of Soapy before. That's why I——"

Derek moved away. She took his hand. "I'm feeling much better now," he said.

They were sitting opposite one another on the stone floor—two ghostly figures in the pale candlelight. "This is really rather funny," he said; and then they both laughed under their breath.

"Are you very badly hurt?" she asked.

"He gave me a pretty nasty crack, but I've a hard head. He gave me another when I was down."

"I know—that's what made me mad with him. A man who loses his temper at his job is no good."

She got up, took the candle and, bending over Derek, examined his head. "There's blood on it. Shall I get some water and bathe it for you?"

"I shouldn't bother. I'm feeling fine now. I say—why are you being so decent to me?"

She didn't reply at once; she was holding out the candle. Perhaps it was their strange surroundings; perhaps it was the little yellow flame and the black background that leant a certain magic to her dark beauty. Whatever it was, Derek felt suddenly drawn to her.

Then he remembered she was probably only fooling him.

CHAPTER 31

"NEVER ask a woman why she does a thing," Lola Hudson said. "It's because men are always asking women 'why,' that they lose them. If you find that girl, Nina, again, don't ask her why she stole the jewels——"

Derek got up. "You're a queer woman. You're very lovely, too."

She pulled the green wrap around her. "Am I?" Her eyes softened. "It's dark down here!"

Derek glanced at the door. "Well, what are you going to do with me?"

She looked at him smiling, then her eyes narrowed. Turning her back, she walked slowly up the steps. He heard the key in the lock, saw the door open. Looking over her shoulder she put her finger to her lips, and beckoned to him.

He watched her as she held up the candle. The flame was blown to and fro by a draught of air coming down the flight of steep wooden steps behind her. Derek had an idea that someone was waiting for them at the top of that steep staircase.

"Are you suddenly afraid, Derek?" she asked.

"Yes. I am a bit."

"Of me? She smiled seductively. Now she reminded him of Delilah and he laughed softly. Not much of the Samson about him!

He climbed the first three steps, then stopped. Through the lace of her nightgown he saw the red weals on her shoulder. They gave him confidence—suggested a strong motive for her coming to his rescue.

"You're still wondering why!" she said, and now there was a note of harshness in her voice. "Experience has taught me that all men are fools—or knaves. I thought you were different."

He went quickly to her side and looked boldly into her eyes. "You know why I hesitate . . . You know I am in love! If I weren't, do you think I should be in such a hurry to get away?"

"In love!" She laughed. "Is it worth while?"

He didn't reply. He was beginning to feel convinced that she wasn't acting. He tried to keep his mind a blank so that he shouldn't question himself, or her, but just accept everything she said, and trust her as he had trusted Nina and Joan. He had read somewhere that faith was the only shield man had against woman. Suddenly the candle went out. Whether she had blown it, or whether it was the wind, he didn't know.

"Still afraid?" she whispered close to his ear.

"No!"

And then, whether by inspiration, instinct—or to prove himself, he knew not, but he bent forward and kissed her. He felt her hands steal round his neck, holding him for a moment; then she drew away.

"Listen," she said, "the door above leads into the pantry. The hall is just beyond, only a yale lock on the front door. Walk straight out—I'll close the door behind you. You'll find a taxi in the all-night rank on the corner of the main road. By the way, have they taken your money?"

He felt in his pockets: "No, that's all right—and my passport. They only wanted —the jewels."

She nodded, went up the steps and opened the door at the top. Derek stood blinking his eyes in the cold, grey daylight.

"So you're off to Paris this morning, Derek?"

"Yes."

"Soapy heard from Paris this morning

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that Nina had visited the Crillon with the man who flew her over, but they discovered she hadn't delivered the jewels, and she's being shadowed, so you'll have to be careful. The last message was that she's trying to find her brother. They'd been waiting for him and caught him at the Tournon! They've got him at 17, Rue Charles Lafitte. Here, you'd better take a hat—one of Soapy's. You look a bit queer, you know."

He took it and walked to the door, then came back.

"Don't waste time," she said, harshly.

"We shall meet again."

"I don't think! But it's been quite fun, hasn't it?"

"Fun?"

"Yes. That's all I live for—excitement. That's why I married that great stiff upstairs—oh, it's all right—he'll sleep like a log—I gave him something in his final night-cap. Excitement, Derek — what every woman wants. Creation or destruction—that's life. Now, get out!"

She followed him to the door and watched him go down the steps and walk along the street. As he disappeared she put her hand over her mouth, and slowly closed her eyes.

Excitement!—Gosh, she'd got plenty waiting for her when Soapy came to his senses.

CHAPTER 32

DEREK waited just inside the barrier on the Continental platform at Victoria. It was now ten minutes to nine and Joan hadn't turned up. He'd taken it for granted that she'd got out of the club all right after the mock raid, but when he remembered her only escort was the chinless wonder he began to feel anxious. As he watched the hands of the clock go round he continually reassured himself, and tried to control his nerves, but every moment the strain became greater. It would be too cruel if at the last moment he was cheated of success.

He still felt pretty cheap. After leaving the Hudsons' house he had driven to a restaurant, bathed his head, and had a wash and brush up and a shave. Then he had eaten a good breakfast and drunk several cups of coffee.

Five minutes to nine. The passengers were taking their seats. He was beginning to feel desperate, realised the risk he had taken in passing the jewels on to Joan without saying anything about them. After all he didn't know really much about her. Nor she about him.

And then he saw her, running across the station. She was stopped at the barrier, had to go back and get a platform ticket. She put her arm through his when they let her through, and together they walked along the platform to the compartment where he had booked a seat.

"So sorry," she panted, "thought I'd never do it. I changed directly I came in and sat up in an armchair, knowing what would happen if I went to bed. Of course I went to sleep, and had a ghastly nightmare——"

"That's all right," he interrupted her. "You've got here in time."

"Poor Derek. You're looking ghastly—I'm a bit of a hag myself. Of course, I'm quite potty—I'd almost forgotten . . . Here!" she held out a small box. "Some chocolates for you. I remembered your weakness, you see—thought you'd like to munch them on the journey!"

He took the box, glanced at her. She smiled reassuringly, and he put it in his pocket.

He got into the corridor and leaned out of the window. "I'll explain everything when I come back," he said. "You've been splendid."

"Sure you haven't forgotten anything?" she said, lightly. "Got your ticket, passport, and everything?"

The train began to move. Derek leaned out of the window, watching her. She fluttered a handkerchief and he watched the scrap of white linen till a curve in the platform hid her from sight. Then he went into his compartment and sat down.

He opened a newspaper and spread it out in front of him. He probably did look pretty queer. But he felt fine! Nothing could stop him now. Directly he reached Paris he'd drive straight to the Tournon Hotel.

He resisted the temptation to open the box of chocolates until he was on the boat, then he locked the door of his cabin and untied the silver cord that bound it up. Chocolate almonds! He began to shake them out slowly. Still nothing but almonds!

He emptied the box, tore open the paper at the bottom. The jewels weren't there. He picked up one of the chocolates; not big enough to hold even the smallest of the stones—and besides Joan wouldn't have had time to conceal them in that way.

His first thought was that she suspected him—had fooled him. He got up, and flung open the porthole to get a breath of air. The atmosphere of the cabin stifled him. He saw the harbor receding from sight and the white cliffs shining in the sunlight. He turned to the bunk again, picked up the empty box and flung it through the porthole.

His eye fell on the cover. Blind with rage and disappointment he was about to throw that after the box when he saw that it was padded inside as the other part had been with paper and cotton wool. He tore it open and felt something hard and knobbly.

There lying in the strips of colored paper he saw the great ruby and the two emeralds.

CHAPTER 33

THE train drew into the Gare du Nord. The instant it stopped, Derek jumped out and walked quickly down the platform. He was the first to pass the barrier. Just as he reached the exit and was looking for a taxi he felt a hand placed on his shoulder. He jerked himself free and swung round to find himself face to face with Montague Nathan.

He was too surprised to speak, too shaken to see any humor in meeting the man he'd left safely locked up in his flat. Nathan smiled: "One should always be prepared for the unexpected, Mr. Rathbone," he said.

Derek grabbed the arm of a passing porter: "Get me a taxi," he said in French. He pulled a handful of silver from his pocket. The man opened the door of a yellow cab. "Voici, monsieur!"

Again Nathan put his hand on Derek's arm, holding it tightly. "One moment," he said. "I've been waiting to warn you. Don't go to the Hotel Tournon!"

Derek glanced at the man holding open the door of the cab, then he looked at Nathan—remembered that he must have received and read the telegram from Nina. But she had got his telegram saying he would arrive about four o'clock, and she would be waiting for him at the Hotel Tournon. Yet, there was something about the Jew's voice and expression that made him hesitate. A very different type of man from Hudson; a really clever man with all the cunning and intelligence of his race. Was this a last desperate attempt to get back the jewels? He'd paid a pretty big price for them probably—and the profit he would make on their sale would be enough to make him take almost any risk.

"I should have thought you'd have realised by now that the game is up," Derek said quietly. "If you don't clear off I'll call to the agent of police over there."

Nathan withdrew his hand. "If you go to the Tournon you will lose your life, as well as the jewels. Hudson's men are waiting there for you."

Derek was getting into the taxi, but that stopped him. He turned back. "Hudson's out of this now—and if you are wise you'll drop out, too."

Nathan spread out his hands. "If you insist on going to the Tournon Hotel may I come with you? I can't stop your being murdered, but I might be able to warn the police in time to prevent the thieves from getting away. . . . I know everything that's happened. I know more than you. I know that Lola Hudson has double-crossed her husband. He's on his way to Le Havre to join the Isle de France which sails for the States to-morrow. The gang in Paris have got instructions to get you at all costs, and then join him on the boat . . . with the jewels! They've nothing to fear. An Englishman murdered in Paris. Lola won't dare open her mouth; too much involved. It wouldn't be safe for me to give any information."

"How do you know all this?" Derek asked dubiously. "And why are you so anxious to save me?"

"Perhaps I'm thinking of myself," Nathan said. "If I did save your life, and the jewels, you'd be grateful, eh? So would the Rajah."

Derek hesitated. What possible danger could there be in going to the Tournon? The idea that he could be murdered and robbed in one of the busiest quarters of Paris was too fantastic. He threw the porter some money, and jumped into the taxi. "If what you say is true," he cried to Nathan, "come with me!"

As the door was closing, Nathan joined him. "Tell the driver to pull up at the corner of the street," he said. "I've no intention of stopping any bullets—but I may be able to stop your murderers!" He glanced at Derek. "You see, I still hope to convince you."

Derek leaned back in the seat, his arms folded, his legs stretched out. If Nathan made a movement he was ready to kick his foot through the glass window behind the driver; though he felt quite secure now—the Jew was far too subtle to try any gangster tricks.

For a little while they drove in silence. Suddenly Nathan said, "Excuse me, but where did you get that hat?"

Derek put his hand up to his head unconsciously and took off Soapy's large hat. Then he leaned forward and looked out of the taxi window. At the same moment Nathan threw his arms round him from behind, and smothered his face with a large handkerchief.

Derek gasped, drew in his breath, filled his lungs with the sickly-sweet fumes of chloroform. He put up his hands, tried to shout, but the effort was too much for him, only hastened the anaesthesia. His ears began to drum, his legs and arms grew limp. He struggled into unconsciousness.

Nathan kept the saturated pad under Derek's nose, and tied the handkerchief lightly round his head, while he searched the lining of the hat. The jewels weren't there. He searched his clothes, found them in the waistcoat pocket, wrapped up in some layers of silver paper. He transferred them to his own pocket, and, taking out one of his cards, scribbled on it: "With Montague Nathan's compliments," and put it on the seat beside Derek.

THEY were just crossing one of the bridges over the Seine; he pulled the handkerchief off Derek's face, threw it out of the window, and waited until they reached the Boulevard St. Germaine, then stopped the taxi. Propping Derek up, he put his hat on his head, and as he jumped out said: "See you later at the Crillion."

He told the driver to go on to the Tournon Hotel. The cab started with a jerk and Derek rolled forward, then back. The breeze through the open windows dissipated the fumes of chloroform. His hands opened and closed convulsively as he fought

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to regain control of himself. He hadn't entirely lost consciousness.

He had experienced the sensations of a drowning man—after the first fight realising his impotence, unable to struggle any more, quite aware that he was sinking into oblivion. And now as the fresh air revived him, as his lungs expanded, it didn't seem to matter what happened to him—so long as he wasn't called upon to make any effort.

His first conscious desire was to be sick. The taxi turned down a narrow side-street near the Odeon, and stopped suddenly, throwing Derek on to the floor. A youth in baggy corduroy trousers, blue shirt, and large cap, darted from the passage leading to the hotel and flung open the door of the taxi. Derek propped himself up with his hands, and stared at the sign swinging above the entrance of the hotel. Everything was quite clear now; coldly, painfully clear. He tried to rise, sank down again, fumbling in his waistcoat pocket. The jewels weren't there; he knew that; no need to search. He heard Lola Hudson's voice saying: "You've been very clever, Derek."

The youth who had opened the door stepped forward and peered into the cab. When he saw Derek he put his fingers to his lips and gave three shrill whistles. The driver turned in his seat, looked round, then jumped down and tried to pull Derek to his feet.

One or two people passing on the pavement stopped to stare; the concierge came out of the hotel to see what had happened, but before he could reach the taxi two men rushed past him, pushed the driver aside, and bent over Derek. Derek recognised one of them as the "Doctor." He tried to seize him, but Jim Carver held him down, and the other man grabbed his hat. As he did so, he saw Nathan's card lying on the seat.

A warning whistle from the pavement made them draw back. Two gendarmes were forcing their way through the crowd that had collected; as they reached the taxi Carver and the other man slipped through the chattering, gesticulating people and disappeared. Derek tried to follow them, but he was hemmed in. He shouted, but in the hubbub no one took any notice of what he was saying. The cab driver and the concierge both began talking at once. One of the gendarmes kept the crowd back, while the other, holding Derek's arm, led him into the hotel. They refused to listen to him until they'd taken a statement from the driver of the taxi.

With much pantomime the driver explained that he had picked up two gentlemen at the station; one had stopped the cab at the Boulevard St. Germaine and got out, telling him to drive on to the Tournon Hotel. When he arrived he found the other fare lying at the bottom of the cab. Drunk? He couldn't say. He had seemed a little excited, perhaps, at the station—one never could tell with Englishmen.

The concierge, a slow-witted, but kindly man, brought Derek a glass of water. "Now, monsieur," one of the gendarmes said to him, "will you explain?"

"Give him time," the concierge said. "Give him time!—you can see he is not well. Maybe it is the heat—the journey that has upset him. For myself, if I take a glass too much in this weather I go to sleep in my office, and the devil himself cannot wake me."

The telephone bell had been jangling intermittently. The concierge said "Pardon! I see who it is."

WHILE he was talking, Derek had been thinking. These two agents of police wouldn't help him. If he attempted to tell them what had happened they'd probably take him off to the station while inquiries were made. He remembered Nathan's warning, and that it was he, himself, who had suggested Nathan coming with him in the cab. And the wily old Jew had chloroformed him and bolted with the jewels. What a born fool he was!

He looked up vacantly. "Yes?" he said. "I'm afraid that is the truth. I had a drop too much—and the journey—and the heat——" He shrugged his shoulders. The gendarmes both began to speak at once when the concierge stopped them.

"If you please, a message from the Crillon Hotel. Would you please tell me your name, monsieur?"

Derek jumped up and went to the telephone. "My name's Derek Rathbone. I came here to meet a lady—Nina James."

The concierge gave him the receiver and turned to the gendarmes. Now it was quite clear. He could explain everything he said. . . . First, the young lady's brother arrived at the hotel and then disappeared; after him came the young lady and a friend—her lover, obviously; and now this gentleman—her husband—who else? Most certainly it was a romance.

"Zut!" exclaimed one of the gendarmes, "but who is the friend of the brother—and why should the husband arrive at the bottom of the taxi—drunk?"

The concierge shrugged his shoulders. Did not English husbands always get drunk when their wives ran away from them?

Derek wasn't listening to what they were saying. Captain Ronald Graves, the English A.D.C. of the Rajah of Matala, was speaking to him from the Crillon. Would he come round at once? Yes. Miss James was at the Crillon and everything was all right, but he must come round at once. Derek hung up the receiver, took three hundred-franc notes from his pocket and handed them to the concierge. "I am quite all right now, gentlemen," he said to the gendarmes. "The lady I expected to meet here is at the Crillon. If you are satisfied——"

The gendarmes exchanged glances, shrugged their shoulders, looked at the concierge. Derek said he was sorry to have caused so much bother. "Perhaps you will drink my health after I've gone?" Without waiting for a reply he dashed out and jumped into the waiting taxi. "Crillon Hotel," he shouted. "A hundred francs if you get me there quickly."

CHAPTER 34

A GORGEOUSLY - apparelled native servant was waiting for Derek in the vestibule of the hotel. They went up in the lift to the Rajah's suite on the third floor. Derek was shown into a large room overlooking the Place de la Concorde.

Nina was standing by one of the open windows. He stopped as he saw her against the background of green trees of the Champs Elysees and the falling water of the fountains. There were several other people standing in a group at the far end of the apartment, but Derek didn't see them. There was only Nina and the sunshine and the trees and the falling water. And now he was holding her in his arms, and kissing her golden hair, breathing in the scent of jasmine.

"His Highness the Rajah of Matala!"

Slowly Derek released Nina. She stood beside him, holding his hand. He saw a tall, handsome man in morning dress, a brightly-colored turban on his head, slowly crossing the room towards them; stroking his black beard with a jewelled hand. He stopped in front of Derek and his lips parted in a smile, his dark eyes flashed.

"I am very relieved to see you, Mr. Rathbone." He held out his hand. "We are deeply indebted to you."

"I don't understand," Derek said. "I'm afraid I've—made an awful mess of things."

Then he saw Nathan at the far end of the room standing beside Tom James. He put his hand to his head, looked at Nina, and then at the Rajah. Perhaps he was drunk. Perhaps all this was a nightmare—the result of the blow Soapy Hudson had given him on the head.

"I realise why you are puzzled," the Rajah was saying, "but Mr. Nathan will explain the rather drastic steps he took to ensure the success of your mission. All that concerns me, Mr. Rathbone, is that you risked your life to serve me. Therefore henceforth there is a bond between us that nothing can break. You must forgive me for leaving you now, but we start for England almost immediately. I hope that you and your fiancee and her brother will honor me with your company at dinner in London next week."

Bowing he left the room. There was silence for a moment after he left, then Anthony Shaw, who had been standing behind Nathan, came over to Derek. "Any more orders for the Puss-Moth?" he smiled, "because if not I think I'll get back to Jermyn Street and have a spot of sleep. After twenty-four hours rushing round Paris, the A.D.C. and I dug Tom James out of some filthy hole up in Montparnasse this morning!"

"It was a jolly good effort," Tom James smiled. "I don't think we can let you go, Shaw, until we've celebrated. I'll book a table here for four to-night and afterwards we'll go on to the Caucasian."

Derek was looking across the room at Nathan; the others had temporarily forgotten him. But for Nathan, Derek thought, he might have failed at the last moment. He might even be lying in an upper room at the Tournon with a couple of bullets in his back. Funny old devil, he thought—why had he done it? What had been his game?

The Jew raised his head and looked at Derek as if he knew what was passing in his mind. "I was thinking of myself first," he said, quietly, "of the jewels next, and then a little of my charming parlor-maid! But of you least of all." His eyes opened wide and he smiled. "Youth can always be left to take care of itself." He joined the others by the window. "What are you going to do with me?" he asked Tom James. "So far the Rajah hasn't asked any questions."

Tom glanced at Derek, then at Nina, then he turned to Nathan. "The East never questions; it only answers. If you're ready to go I'll see that one of the Rajah's cars takes you to the station."

Nina put her hand on her brother's arm; "I don't feel our party to-night would be complete without Mr. Nathan," she said.

Nathan nodded his head. "The old Jew would be very happy to join you—and perhaps we could combine business with pleasure. You've cheated me of one fortune, Derek Rathbone; but there's a play I read when you locked me into your room which might earn me another if I found backers for it. I could also find the leading actress—since she left me without giving a month's notice!"

Nina rang the bell. "A table for five in the restaurant to-night," she said to the servant who answered it.

"Very good, madam."

"And see that the table is decorated with—roses!"

"Why roses?" Anthony Shaw asked.

Derek, lighting a cigarette, said: "When you grow up, Tony, you'll know you should never ask a woman 'why!'"

Shaw grinned. "Well, why shouldn't we go down and get a cocktail, you chaps?"

As the door closed behind them Derek took Nina's hands: "When are you going to marry me?"

"To-morrow, if you like," she smiled.

He took her in his arms. "Darling, I was so busy I forgot to get a licence! It will have to be the day after to-morrow!"

(The End)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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